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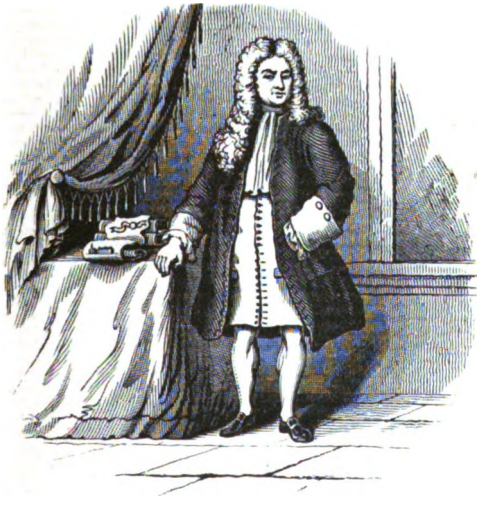
THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

VOL. LII. OCTOBER, 1886—JUNE, 1887.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-second Volume with the number for October, 1886. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is $3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Thompson's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LII. OCTOBER, 1886. NO. 1

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '87.

ANDREW F. GATES, CHAS. H. LUDINGTON, JR.
WILLIAM KENT, WILLIAM L. PHELPS,
JOHN N. POMEROY.

A PLEA FOR HOBBIES.

"EVERY enthusiasm that has ever been indulged in has been ridiculed as a hobby;" writes a certain essayist. A broad assertion, too broad it seems at first thought, but nevertheless substantially true. It finds a partial explanation in the difficulty most men have in appreciating the bent of other minds, when materially different from their own, and in arriving at any cause satisfactory to themselves for the existence of the "whimsies and manias," that enter as elements into so many of the natures with which they are thrown in contact. We cannot readily understand such characteristics; so we class them all under the head of hobbies and deem that a sufficient explanation. How is it, we wonder, that our acquaintance Brown can expend his entire time and energy in the society of abstruse formulæ and dreary calculations, or this fellow over his endless tables of cousinships traced to an infinite degree, or that, in simply amassing a collection of the "disjecta membra" of art, which Mrs. Malaprop patronizingly calls "articles of bigotry and virtue," or still another, upon the development of some cherished Utopian scheme for

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the readjustment of society? It seems inexplicable to us. So we are prone to end by posing like the Pharisee, to return thanks that we are not as these men, and more than often to ridicule their eccentricities and put them all down as "men with hobbies."

But in reality ought they to be pitied or considered legitimate subjects for ridicule? Decidedly the major part should not. But this suggests a division of hobbies which we are forced to make at this point. To begin with, there is, we acknowledge, a sizeable army of cranks in the world, whose vagaries it would indeed be hard to justify. Vegetarians for example, and certain blind disciples of socialism, and inventors, whose patience outweighs their brains, should find a place in the category. All these we may leave to the mercies of their fellow-men. They rarely deserve any kinder treatment than they receive.

In the next place, to take up the other extreme, we see manifested all about us among our acquaintances, exaggerated personal peculiarities and pronounced tastes and opinions, which under the proposition with which we set out should be styled hobbies. Take the match-making dowager, and that neighbor of ours, whose invariable conclusion after a thing is all over is "I told you so," or the practical joker, whose ideal of happiness is a world where everyone shall be lifting the chair away when his neighbor is going to sit down and where he alone escapes being made a victim, and the level-headed tactician who is always over-guarded in committing himself to a promise or plan, or the anti-tobacconist, or that man who is forever dilating upon his own physical ailments. They will pass muster, perhaps, as types of the class we have reference to. They sometimes annoy us and often prove intractable subjects to deal with; but after all think, if you can, of mankind without such peculiarities of belief and of dislike and attachment. Half the qualities that go to make up what we are so fond of denominating the "characters" of the world would have to be eliminated. It would be like chipping the boldest, most angular peaks out of a striking bit of mountain architecture. The result would be a

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symmetrical row of knobs, no doubt, but how unpicturesque and commonplace! Half the personages we love, admire or heartily detest in literature or real life would have to be smoothed and scraped down, and their quirks and oddities planed off, and we should have finally only a host of lay figures cut from a few depressingly trite models. Do we commonly think the less of our acquaintances on account of their idiosyncracies? On the contrary, we become the more attached to them. Such peculiarities lend a sort of piquancy to character that we cannot fail to relish. A pronounced taste or mode of thinking individualizes a man. It marks him off from the quota of our acquaintances whom we know simply as agreeable, good-hearted fellows.

The last division we would make is that of rational hobbies ridden in a rational manner—or more exactly, perhaps, favorite pursuits followed for pleasure, or natural tastes gratified in moderation. All sorts of collections are in reality hobbies, or the natural sequence of hobbies—of pictures, pottery, manuscripts and the like. In what strange channels will this mania often exhibit itself! Every one knows what extreme pride Frederic the Great took in his body-guard of giants. Then to descend to something more humble, one hears continually of such things as walking sticks, snuff-boxes, pipes, being gathered for collections, and living animals of all sorts, play bills, bits of wedding cake, and even toothpicks. Again the dabbler in literature or musical composition, the amateur chemist or the botanist, have all a source of enjoyment and a field for recreation that is invaluable to them. Such hobbies are the pastime of the busy man and the resource of the wealthy. Constant application of the mind in one channel wears out the energies and narrows its scope. The pursuit of some well-regulated hobby in such a case would prove a stimulus in the intellectual life. It would serve as a mild sort of mind-gymnastics that would refresh rather than weary, and conduce immeasurably to mental healthfulness. It is just as necessary in its way as is the hour's drive on the avenue. We cannot keep the mind alone in-

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cessantly at work without impairing the whole physical structure. No more can we over-exercise any single faculty of the mind except at the expense of the others that remain unused. Sooner or later we shall inevitably find all our powers crippled and valueless. We may venture, therefore, to prescribe a hobby to a business man as a kind of "life elixir."

"Tastes are not, as a rule, exorbitantly expensive; they are certainly much cheaper than vices," says the *Saturday Review.* This is another strong point in their favor. To be sure we often hear people deplore the expensiveness of hobbies; but unadvisedly, we believe, and without foundation. A hobby doubtless involves some outlay of money in every case, but generally speaking it is money which otherwise would go for some object less worthy and less harmless. There is abundance of further argument in favor of a well-regulated hobby. There is always the possibility of a man's becoming famous as a specialist in the line of work he may pursue, or as an authority upon the objects which he devotes himself to collecting provided, he be enthusiastic and thorough. Instances in point are readily found. Robert Hoe's hobby was the printing press; Wendell Phillips', the rights of the negro; and Franklin we know would never have been able to announce to the world the identity of the lightning and the mysterious force he could store up in a simple Leyden jar, had he not been a devoted student of electricity. Hobbies, again, are an inexhaustible source of enjoyment and comfort to their possessor. Is not the mathematical enthusiast supremely contented with the companionship of his roots and equations. Imagine how our friend the electrician would despair if separated from his precious batteries and shunts and condensers. Do we ever hear that even the old Spaniard, Ponce de Leon, was not happy in his bootless quest for the Fountain of Life. Again, a well-ordered hobby is indicative of, if not an altogether trustworthy index to character. It at least implies the possession of certain personal qualities that lend strength to character, and we should not be far wrong in asserting the truth of

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the proposition—as hobby, so man. To have no pronounced taste or pursuit, on the analogy of no enemies, no friends, although no positive argument, speaks poorly for the intellectual calibre of a man. For, taking the word in its broadest sense, there are only two classes of men who are incapable of cherishing a hobby. They are the selfish, cold-blooded, unenthusiastic automaton, who works through life like a machine, pities and sympathizes with nobody and never knows what true enjoyment is, and the feeble-minded weakling, a blank in society, who possesses neither the energy nor the ability to support one. And, moreover, to repeat what was said before, eccentricities do not often detract from the affection a man receives from his fellows. Lastly, a hobby may prove efficacious in distracting the mind from sorrow or melancholy. It serves to draw the thoughts into a more cheerful and often a healthier channel. In case of trouble or ill fortune some such pursuit to turn to, with which we may bury ourselves for a time, is a powerful panacea for mental derangement. Cowper, in his later life, after reason had been for years clouded in madness, devoted himself heartily to the care of pets in order to divert his thoughts from the melancholy that brooded over them. In fine then we may draw but one conclusion as to this third class of hobbies, namely, their desirability and advantage to their possessor, especially if he be a man engaged in the activities of a business life.

Now to define briefly the application of our conclusion to ourselves. We have decided that a hobby in moderation is eminently advantageous in after life. The earlier then that we can discover some such pursuit that will accord with our tastes, the more enthusiastically we shall adopt it and the stronger hold it will have acquired upon our nature when its need shall be most felt. Men in college have at their disposal both the energy and the time to devote to such an end. As exercise intellectually it is not a necessity, but such a hobby if honestly followed would broaden as well as strengthen the mind. Hobbies of an æsthetic character are more than often additionally

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desirable as accomplishments. They are in every case steadying in their effect and act like ballast to keep one from inclining dangerously towards occupations less worthy of him.

It is unnecessary, as well as uncalled for, to do more here than hint at the nature of the pursuits that would seem most desirable. For of course a man's individual tastes must be his guide. To attempt to force ourselves into an enthusiasm for entomology if our natural bent was artistic, or to labor away at music or etching if we had a liking for photography or electricity, would be wholly idle and fruitless. Our pursuit must not be looked at simply as a duty; if so, the chances are immensely against success. Let it be above all a hobby in harmony with our natural tastes, and let it never be followed so persistently as to render it altogether irksome. In a word, a thoroughly congenial hobby rationally handled cannot but prove a safeguard, a relaxation from routine work, and a resource for the ubiquitous odd hour.

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AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

The pleasant summer now has passed away,
And autumn mild puts on her gay attire,
The leafy grove has doffed its verdant dress,
In gold and crimson shows its lovliness.
All nature doth the poet's heart inspire,
The minstrel in accord with nature's song,
Bethinks him of his blithest roundelay,
And tunes afresh his rich harmonious lyre,
To catch the strain, its melody prolong.

And as with reverent hands the string he sweeps,
The memories of happy days arise,
The dreams of pleasant hours past and gone,
The thoughts of those bereaved, and those who mourn,
And those who still endure life's miseries.
His lyre now takes up a mournful strain
Until its chords are hushed—the minstrel weeps,
His heart-strings torn with bitter agonies,
Till holier thoughts bid him be calm again.

Shall man alone be sad, while nature bright
Like some coquette assumes bewitching guise,
Now pettish frowns in scorn, now gracious smiles,
And now alluring woos him with her wiles
And trills her swan-like song before she dies,
When winter stern with keen and poisonous sting
Doth pierce her tender heart and cast a blight,
Then spreads his ermine mantle o'er her eyes
Till driven off by balmy airs of spring?

The soul of man is like to nature's germ—
A seed which God implanteth on this earth
On which God's holy image is impressed,
Though in an earthly husk the seed is dressed,
The husk must die, and to the plant give birth.
Then comes Death's wintry frost,—'tis not eternal,
His sovereignty abideth for a term,
Until the seed hath burst the bonds of earth
To spring and bloom in Heaven's garden vernal.

—*Alfred Raymond.*

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DON IPPOLITO.

AS is the case in most of Mr. Howells' earlier works, the characters of a "A Foregone Conclusion" are few in number. Unwilling to risk any confusion or lack of clearness in the delineation of character, he confines himself to three more or less conventional Americans as a background for the Venetian priest, who is the chief interest of the story.

Mr. Howells is an avowedly great lover and student of Italy and her manners and customs, and the character of Don Ippolito is doubtless the outcome of his researches as well as of his observation. Not that we would hint that Mr. Howells has borrowed from the past in the creation of this character, but merely that without his study of Italian history and traditions it would have been impossible for him to produce a figure so imbued with them, as Don Ippolito appears to be.

Too weak to strike out for himself, the priest is a helpless victim in the grasp of the antique social conditions of Venice.

Let it not for a moment be supposed that he is an ordinary sleek Italian priest, redolent of garlic and superstition. On the contrary, he rises up before us a sad, timid man, with the hopelessness of life-long defeat written upon every line of his face. He has a pitiable lack of self-confidence and manly energy. Without sympathy, without help, surrounded only by those who mock and despise his efforts, the deadening influence of an enervating climate and shiftless race, tells strongly against him. The most suitable summary of his life would be, perhaps, "The Man who Failed." The fact that nothing which he undertook succeeded, is the one thing conspicuous throughout his whole career. Can mere outward circumstances be held responsible for such a one-sided experience?

"The fault," as Cassius says, "is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." Through some

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deep, underlying, inherent defect of character, Fate, so-called, has always mastered Don Ippolito. In this cause of failure lies the great pathos of his life.

Although apparently a universal genius—a musician, an artist, a mechanical inventor—in all he does there is some fatal defect. His music is puerile, his paintings stiff and soulless, and his inventions ingenious contrivances, void of practical utility. He has, in a word, degenerated to a universal dabbler.

With the American Consul Don Ippolito stakes his hopes upon one illogical invention, the fault in which—so glaringly apparent to others, but so unperceived by himself—being pointed out to him, listless apathy follows upon his state of momentary hopefulness. Soon after, however, a mere glimpse of better fortune raises him to the highest pitch of enthusiastic happiness. A weak-headed, volatile dreamer.

The influence of refined women, never before experienced, causes a revolution in his thoughts and feelings. He becomes civilized, contemplative, and is filled with remorse, mingled with both dread and hope. Up to this stage in his life he has but superficially examined his character and actions, and it is only when brought face to face with a person of spotless truth, like Miss Vervain, that the blackness of his double life overwhelms him. In telling her the story of his life, he says it is due to the truth in her, that she should know him as he is. "Do you know what it is to have the life-long habit of a lie?" he asks bitterly. "It is to be a priest." The priesthood is the blight, the curse, of his life. His is a mundane spirit, born to enjoy and appreciate life in all its phases, and capable of unknown expansion and development. Repressed and restrained by the iron bands of his profession, his character will always lack completion and fullness.

An ironical revenge he unconsciously takes upon those whose influence forced him into the priesthood, by his entire absence of interest in religion. He confesses he has no Church, he knows not even whether there be a God or no.

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The sad spectacle of this priest, dead to the ties which bind the human race, and yet sceptical of the influences which should rule his life, moves the divine pity of the young American girl. Her womanly desire to help him leads her by a different train of thought to the conclusion already reached by Don Ippolito. The only thing to prevent his drifting along in the same deceitful life is for him to escape from the priesthood, and begin a new life in a new country. Miss Vervain's eager, girlish enthusiasm kindles a spark in his despairing nature; yet he needs continually a prop for his failing courage, appalled as he is by the prospect of the difficulties before him. This she furnishes, with the strength born of the conviction that what he is about to do is right.

With a touching simplicity, he now imagines that Miss Vervain has for him, unconsciously perhaps, a personal feeling apart from her pity. And when, with the terror upon his face of a man who stakes his all upon one throw, he asks her whether the time will ever come when he can be to her *a man*, when he can ask her to be his wife, and she recoils with the shuddering cry, "You! a priest!"—the key-note of the tragedy is struck. He only gives a low sob, half moan. All the magnificent structure of his hopes and plans crashes to the ground at that one word. There is no escape; there can be no remedy. He will die as he has lived, a priest.

The tragedy of Don Ippolito properly ends here, but perhaps not the least tragic phase of it is the ghastly calmness with which, in after years, the man who gained the happiness the Venetian priest missed, discusses his character and fate, and the touch of self-reproach in the woman he had loved—and lost.

Richard M. Hurd.

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A. S. HARDY'S NOVELS.

"But yet a Woman," 1883.
"The Wind of Destiny," 1886.

A FEW years ago, amid the usual rubbish heap of summer fiction, there appeared a novel by a new author, which at once found its way to the favor of both public and critics as a work of great worth and still greater promise. "Brilliant," was the general characterization of it. It began with an epigram, sparkled in wit and epigram to the end, and closed with an epigram; telling meanwhile a sweet story of life and love in France.

The characters were clean-cut, finely-portrayed creations of a hand whose sympathetic gentleness of touch did not take away from its firmness; and the plot and action were almost beyond fault. One was carried away by the book in reading and found it hard to criticize in the flush of admiration for its cleverness, and pathos and power; and yet there was over it a vague shadow which, after you had once felt and sought to explain it, made of the book a mystery.

Last spring Mr. Hardy published his second novel and the mystery is explained. The shadow over his first work has become the gloom of a starless midnight over his last —the gloom of a helpless, hopeless, Fatalism. Mr. Hardy might now be called almost a disciple of poor Omar—though we suspect that he is but a recent convert to the religion of despair. For in "But yet a Woman," the shadow which his Fatalism—at that time struggled with and almost repressed—cast on the actions and fate of the characters was a shadow following on the footsteps of endeavor, impelled by sense of duty. In "The Wind of Destiny" it is a pall of night, disheartening endeavor and hiding duty from a feebly groping conscience. Listen: "Others thou shalt drive, and they thee; but thyself never." This is the keynote, the beginning and end of the book. Mr. Hardy has ceased to struggle, has embraced

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his foe, and shows us autumn leaves whirled and eddied by the breeze and tells us such we are. And when he surrendered the citadel of his mind to his wild dreams and wilder imagination, we think that he lost forever the chances which his first work so freely gave him of gaining the rank of a great novelist. For we hold that the first and last test of a novelist is that he shall see clearly and report faithfully the workings of the will and heart and soul of man.

So when he lets all his mad theories run riot in his brain and presses before his naturally true eyes dark glasses, he commits literary suicide; he puts it for all time out of his power to be genuine. "The Wind of Destiny" is a fine example of this truth. With all its brilliancy and power it is from end to end unreal. One character alone we recognize as true; that of honest, straightforward, gentlemanly Jack Temple. His actions are obedient to his will and sense of honor. But the others walk hesitating in a thick mist, letting the breath of any impulse turn them from their path and ever and again sinking by the wayside to lament their helplessness. Their one eternal question to themselves is "What shall I do?" Never once "What must I do?"

It is only in our morbid moments that we can be interested in or feel sympathy for such characters. They must and should be to us despicable. We long for one of these persons for once to step out in his or her own strength and say, "I should, I can, I will." But we long in vain.

This fault damns the book. "But yet a Woman" was true to Nature and will live. It held out promises of a glorious future for its young author. "The Wind of Destiny" leaves unfulfilled those promises and sinks far, far below the level of its predecessors, for its atmosphere is the miasm of a swamp. It may for some time yet attract attention from the very falseness of its sentiment, but such a quality cannot long keep it from its deserved oblivion.

And yet we would not lose without a sigh the episode of Noël and the figure of Jack Temple. Nor would we

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deny our debt to the epigrammatic brilliancy and wit of Mr. Hardy,—though we believe M. Laude when he says, "Epigrams are brilliants usually bought at the expense of truth." But can we believe that "Others thou shalt drive, and they thee; but thyself never."

Harold Russell Griffith.

THE TRAGEDY OF "THE BEACON HILL."

IN the later days of the great emigration toward the Pacific, actuated by a desire as old as literature, that same "cursed love of gold," which has driven men on the same old errand to every part of the world, there came into the foothill town of Boulder Valley a party whose personnel was unusual. The stage with its six ponies had made a bold turn around the last curve on the grade, and, enveloped in a cloud of red dust, whirled down the main street to the satisfaction of the aristocrat holding the reins, while the other mighty ones of the town, the postmaster and hotel keeper, looked on with approving eyes. The heat was of that harsh, dry sort which brings discomfort rather than relaxation, and the drive had been long and tedious, but the person who first emerged seemed to be one of those enviable people who are neat under all circumstances, and even stranger to relate, was clad in the garb of civilization. His first move, instead of the expected assault on the bar-room, was to dumbfound the spectators by rescuing from the dusty depths a lady and two small children, while a buxom female, evidently a servant, climbed out on the opposite side. Many were the remarks passed by the gossipy bystanders as the party disappeared, and many were the queries wasted on the landlord, who dumbly pointed to the register, wherein was inscribed the name of J. L. Webster, wife and family. The report that there had been some fresh arrivals from the States soon

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filled the mining camp, coupled with the astonishing news that there were two "women folks" and an indefinite number of children. The probable business of paterfamilias was a source of interested discussion, and the prevailing notion that he was, judging by his appearance, either a lawyer or a parson, was scarcely to his credit; for the coroner tried most of the cases in those golden days, and the last parson who, fresh from the east, had laid too much stress on the sanctity of the Sabbath, and had prayed for rain in August, had not increased the respect for the cloth. Official information was at length secured, and that feeling of local superiority overspread the faces of the natives when they learned that the newcomer was to prospect for a Boston company, and that he had as yet had no practical experience. But though new to the business and to the state of society, he soon proved himself to he an estimable man wherever his lot might place him. Quiet, unobtrusive, thoroughly conscientious, he soon became quite a favorite, while the fact that his home was furnished by a woman's taste and adorned with scenes of domestic life so rare in those times made his hospitality wonderfully desirable.

Mrs. Webster, good wife as she was, adapted herself with remarkable tact to her surroundings, while honest Biddy was beset with offers of marriage which she refused systematically.

The unexpected news that Webster had "with the usual greenhorn luck, struck suthin rich," was received with unfeigned congratulations. But a few words in regard to why and wherefore of this so-called "luck" would not be amiss. The mines of the region are deep gravel diggings, that is, there were shafts sunk some distance through the recent strata, down to the bed of a river which deposited its precious metal among its pebbles in an age so long ago that it is needless to fill our tale with the ciphers which science might choose to suffix. The gold hunters of those times could not have been very enthusiastic, for the eagerly sought element was found in comparative abundance in nuggets of remarkable size. Such mining

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offered peculiar inducements to one who had been a careful student of geology; but when, after all due calculations had been made, Webster, in sinking his shaft, had encountercd, not the river, but a confluent stream, and had soon hit upon a rich pocket, luck certainly seemed the largest factor. The money with which he had been sent out was immediately reimbursed to his already anxious principals, and the mine, which he had named the "Beacon Hill," in honor of the prevailing feature of his native place, held forth great promises. The ill-omened predictions, that he might as well have staid home and dug in the old original dirt heap of that name were no longer heard. In those prosperous days everything seemed to go well, and many were the messages of hope sent to the Atlantic with commissions for luxuries to be forwarded around the Horn.

For, with a comfortable surplus, his course was clear enough. Keep on drifting down his newly discovered creek to the main stream, which at most must be near by, and even if nothing was found before the junction the eddies of the confluent waters must have left a rich deposit there. If formerly he had been popular his success did nothing to impair his social standing, and the attentions his family received would have completely upset a less well organized household. Thus with favoring auspices the work went on. Then came that dreary little word "but." The waterway seemed to begrudge any further gifts to its still sanguine adherent; the river was still out of reach. Day by day passed and with each one dwindled the fund reserved for prosecuting the search; still "the man from the States" kept hopefully on until with money nearly exhausted a terrible "if" began, staring him in the face, to dampen his courage for the first time. Word was sent home to his employers explaining how matters stood, and stating, with a miner's persistent hopefulness, how the venture must pay if carried thoroughly forward. After having been paid up in full, with the addition of a more than reasonable percentage, how could they fail to give him another chance? So, still hoping, he carried on the work with a diminished force,

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trying to offset the lack of assistants by his own energy. During the long period required for a letter to traverse the continent his account went down and down, until it began rapidly to mount up on the wrong side of the balance sheet, and that too at the tremendous rate of interest which the scarcity of loose capital and the perils of the investment demanded.

With poverty staring him in the face, Webster discharged his last man and worked in the tunnel alone. His friends found many ways to circumvent his pride and afford him relief, and his children at least, the pets of the settlement, never suffered; but the gnawings of poverty began to be felt in the household. His wife, thoroughly imbued with her husband's hope of ultimate success, made the best shifts she could in household management and kept her expenses within the narrowest possible limits. Webster, returning tired out by his unaccustomed toil, found her always cheerful in the midst of their adversity, awaiting with an eagerness equaling his own the expected aid from the East. At length word came. The company was broken up, and it was the opinion of the member who wrote that they were well out of a reckless scheme. As if in irony, they wished the factor every success in his mine, to which they renounced all claim. This was an awful blow to Webster, who, deeply in debt, and with a family dependent upon him, could not, to use the technical term, "jump the camp," even had his pride allowed such a move. So implicitly did he trust to his calculations that it seemed folly to make a start in some new venture; so, getting deeper and deeper into trouble with every blow of his pick, he borrowed again and went on. The slave of adverse circumstances, his appearance underwent a change with his changed disposition. His friends noticed that the man under the careless and worn out garb was not the flourishing prospector of a few months before. Care and mental strain and poverty, added to the fact that all his thoughts and hopes were centered on that elusive fortune, had wonderfully altered him. He was silent and seemed growing morose, while

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the hard strained look in his face frightened his wife. The servant did not fail to hint among the neighbors that she feared for his sanity.

One day he returned early from his work, and in a confused sort of way told his wife that he had struck it at last, and to-morrow they would be freed from poverty and debt and trouble. The good woman delightedly hastened to tell the good news, while Webster himself went to town to make some purchases. When he returned it was with a strange sort of cheerfulness that he spoke of the feast they were to have and of the good times ahead. When the dinner, a very happy one to most of the family at least, was prepared, Bridget was told she might have the afternoon to herself, as the diminished household affairs demanded little work. * * * * When she returned it was to find the master seated at the table with his head buried in his arms. On the lounge lay the mistress, and on the floor where they had fallen the two little ones,—all dead. Arsenic had done its work. Webster had "jumped the town."

The awful tragedy spread a gloom over the valley which years did not entirely dissipate, as may be seen in the faces of those who visit the graves of "the Beacon Hill." But this story of those wasted lives, true in every particular, would not be complete without tracing the subsequent history of the claim with such a terrible past. The remorseless fate which often finds the miner such a plastic material, seemed to have worked itself out in driving the original investor to desperation. For years the claim lay idle, since no one cared to take up the work where the despairing hands had left off, the rusty pick lay where it had dropped at the last stroke, and the valueless pile of gravel on the dump told an eloquent tale of failure. But in course of time there came into the valley four young men, who were perhaps not as reverent or as superstitious as former comers had been. They heard the ill-omened story of defeat, and relocated the abandoned claim. Within three feet of Webster's last halt the river was reached and the result was wealth to all concerned.

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"A SOUL'S TRAGEDY."

WHEN once you have broken the outer shell of Browning's diction, you find the meat within to consist of living souls, of real people, who seem sometimes almost like your own face appearing suddenly before you in a glass startling you with a view of imperfections and uglinesses never before suspected. It seems so to me, at least, in respect to his poem "A Soul's Tragedy."

The central idea of this drama is the blighting influence of selfishness upon a man himself. As in the tragedy of ancient Athens, this at first appears upon the horizon a simple bank of clouds, which advancing with overwhelming rapidity covers the sky with its dense and lowering masses, and the tempest is upon us as we close the book. But unlike the climax of the Greek tragedy, this is not marked by stormy words, impassioned utterances; it is a storm which we rather feel than see; here the tempest of angry thoughts, chagrin, and mortified ambition is smothered, but still we feel that it is present when the keen, sarcastic old priest exclaims with a chuckle, "I have known *four*-and-twenty leaders of revolts."

In reading the poem I was at first rather drawn to Chiappino, the hero of the piece, he seemed so honest, so ready to tell all his faults and to atone for them with what seemed a real suffering of mind; he appeared in spite of many things he said, so willing to sacrifice himself and his hopes, that when at the last to shield his guilty friend, he declared himself the murderer of the Provost, I was quite prepared to believe any good of so noble a character; but the end was not yet.

If we look more closely at all he says, at the root of all the little seed of selfishness, we can see that much of his apparent sincerity and remorse is only the effect of a morbid conscience disquieted about himself; while in his bitter denunciations of all about him, it is easy to see a hatred which springs from the envy and jealousy of a low

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nature unprosperous in the world. The only theme of interest to Chiappino during the last moments before saying farewell is his wrongs, the injustice of the world to him; not a soul does he except from his sweeping denunciations. He sneers at the kindness of his friend, who is even then risking his life to plead for him; he scoffs at the idea of woman's love because one woman did not love him; he glories in his difference from other men; exults in the fact that he is a radical, who would overturn existing society from the bottom to get another state more suited to his whim; and little thinks how disgusting a picture he presents to the world, little suspects how clearly one can read his selfish character, his desire for preëminence above his fellow men in all that he says and leaves unsaid.

How shrewdly then in the second scene, does the priest touch at once this spring which sets the man in motion! How subtly he plays upon him, draws him out, leads him on from step to step until he has brought him to accept the very office which he had formerly denounced as evil in itself and ruinous to the state. And then he strips from Chiappino the garments in which he had enwrapped himself, shows to the people their beloved leader in all his naked foulness, caring naught for truth and honor, the betrayer of his friend, the recreant to the cause he had declared his and ambitious for himself alone.

We may all in Chiappino see ourselves as in a concave mirror, with our selfishness magnified and distorted perhaps, but still there as the germ which may by its growth blight our souls as it did his. "Let whoso thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," we are ready to cry with the old priest, and with him hope that time in ourselves and in Chiappino may work such changes as to purge away the dross; that as after a thunder storm the sun looks down upon a world refreshed and reinvigorated, it may so look down upon him after this terrible crisis of his life.

J. Franklin Carter.

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THE POET SOUL.

HENRY TIMROD, DIED OCT. 7, 1867.

He turned his face toward Death, stretched forth his arms
To welcome him as if a bidden guest,
Forgot the doubts and fears, the vague alarms
Of darkness and the vast beyond
Until for comfort's sake a fond
Consoling voice had whispered, "It is rest!"

Then looking back on Life, the book of years
Lay open at the page of Love's bequest.
Again he saw his youth, and coursing tears
Between the closing eyelids crept,
While low he murmured as he slept,
"Ah, Love is dearer far than sweetest rest!"

Henry L. May.

CONFESSIONS OF A HUNTER.

TO slay a deer had long been one of my great ambitions. I do not think it came so much from a savage, murderous nature, as from a passion for glory. No true man can be indifferent to the glory of slaughter—else he is not a credit to his ancestry. My ambition, which a year ago was an unreal, indefinite longing, has since been satisfied. These pages are a record of the miracle.

No one can doubt that it is a strain upon one's enthusiasm for the life of the primitive man to get into the heart of the Adirondacks. The sleepless night on the boat, the hard ride on the cars, the forty mile ride through the dust, considerably tame the savage in us. But when Blue Mountain Lake is reached and we are rested, and have met for the first time those half-mystical personages known to the outside world as guides, all the fever returns—all the restless longing. The guide is certainly an unclassified being. The first view of him is not prepossessing, though

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the element of picturesqueness is not altogether wanting. One soon learns, however, how much of his happiness he has placed in the guide's keeping. He is the true possessor of the wood, and he knows it. He is in a sense the entertainer, the teacher—the *dux*—of those who employ him. He meets the best people in these relations, and this fact, together with his common training and rough life, make him unique in the social classification.

The next morning we awoke to a happy realization that we were entering a new world. It lay all before us, and the anticipation of a weary day upon the "carries" was powerless to weaken our ardor. But when, at the end of the second day, footsore and weary, we unstrapped the sixty pound pack-basket for the last time, I confess to a feeling of relief. The last mile was in the boat, and as we rowed to the head of the lake where our camp was situated, the sense of exhilaration was indescribable. The invigorating mountain air, the wonderful beauty of water and wood, the impressive loneliness of the wilderness, gave me a sensation I can never forget.

The plans for the next day are settled, the last story told, and we roll ourselves in our blanket for a long night's rest. The hope of sleep proves as delusive as other human hopes, but all disappointments are forgotten in the fresh and beautiful morning.

Several days had passed before any opportunity came to me of satisfying my one ambition. When fresh meat is needed in camp, no lead is wasted by the inexperienced. So I swallowed my impatience and bided my time. But one evening, after a fine buck had been brought in, the patriarch asked me in his blandest manner if I wished to "float" that night. He knew I was crazy to get a shot. He added that it was my turn and that the fellows wanted me to have a good chance. I felt very happy and hastened to get ready; then, as the custom was, we all gathered about the fire, and our little party of three went off with cordial good wishes for success. "If I get a shot and fail," I said on leaving, "I shall never want to show my head in camp again." After hurried instructions from the guide about

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moving and being ready to shoot, I crowded into the bow of the boat and we pushed off into the darkness. Floating is never pleasant sport. It lacks all the qualities of hunting, which appeal to the imagination, and requires only the exercise of heroic patience, calm endurance of cold and wet, and uncomplaining acquiescence to the injunction of the guide not to stir in your cramped position. And yet it is full of weirdness. The impenetrable shadows have encroached upon the lake until only a small space remains light. The "silent song of the stars" seems never so mysterious. Every noise on the shore is exaggerated by the awful stillness and excited fancy. The half-seen rocks and trees assume fantastic shapes. The owl's hoot sounds like a voice from another world, and ever and anon the woods reverberate with the drum of a woodpecker, clear and loud like the stroke of an axe. With such feelings as these we paddle noiselessly across the lake. There was a stiff breeze blowing which proved too strong for our jack. We had improvised this jack by putting a piece of bark behind a common lantern and tying it to the stick in the bow of the boat. Once out, it required the combined efforts of two men to get it lighted again. Finally we were ready to float along the shore. "Be careful, now," said the guide, "when I shake the boat once, get ready; twice, shoot; I think I hear one." I was trembling with suppressed excitement as we paddled quickly down the shore. Suddenly I felt the boat shake and cocked the gun. Just then the wind blew the boat on to the shore and precious time was consumed and noise made in getting off. Again I felt the shake; "look out," whispered the guide, "dont you see it?" Then the boat was shaken twice. "I can't see it," I whispered back. "Fire below the eyes; see them right in front of you." Then I saw the two bright spots some five rods in front of us. I was trembling so that it was difficult to aim the gun. "Bang!" I had shot too high, and the jar had turned the jack around. It required a moment to fix that. "Shoot again, quick! do you think I've staked that deer out there for you to shoot at all night." Another shot

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more carefully aimed; but still the deer stared at us in seeming bewilderment, as is often the case. "Quick now; take the rifle; you've got another shot." Now my calmness had returned and I aimed low. "Bang!" The deer gave a tremendous jump, rushed up the bank, breaking boughs of trees and whistling. "That was a good shot; he wouldn't whistle if you had hit him." So we gave up the chase. It was of no use to try any longer, as we had scared all the deer away, and we went back to camp—one of us a crushed man. "See here," said the guide, by way of consolation, "when you are shooting deer, you mustn't expect them to wait your convenience; it's always best to fire the second shot the same night." I kept very quiet about "floating" after this night's experience, but the guides comforted me by saying they were sure the deer was hit and had got off. They thought it was a second deer that whistled.

A week after I was awakened at midnight by the loud laughter in the camp on the return of a new-comer from his first night on the lake. "I caught on to it and there it is," he cried. Getting up I saw a strange object, looking in the half light wonderfully like a deer. It was made of birch-bark—the legs being forked branches and the eyes condensed-milk-can covers. I joined heartily in the laugh when I heard of the trick they had played on him and pitied his greenness. Then went to sleep again. The next day the patriarch said, "That was a bad one on you, Frinkus." "What do you mean?" I asked, "You couldn't have played that trick on me." "But we did, all the same." Then with cruel minuteness he described how the bark contrivance had been made to jump twenty feet by means of ropes—how the fellows had rushed up the bank and broken the branches, and how the other guide had imitated the whistling of a deer. "You see the whistling *was* done by another, and your last shots *were* good ones, as we said, for you put five balls through the body of the bark deer." My ambition is satisfied. My longing has ceased.

Frank Ilsley Paradise.

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NOTABILIA.

ELIHU remembers that a year ago, when discussion ran high upon the absorbing question of Yale's future, it was a frequently expressed opinion that the new administration which all expected soon to see meant only a riveting of the shackles of conservatism and tradition. Already these gloomy forebodings must have met with a pleasant disappointment. Change certainly is present as a perceptible element in the atmosphere of the campus. I do not refer merely to the fact that a new and greater Farnum blazes upon the nightly promenader of the long stone walk with five tiers of lights, nor to the gradual conversion of our once prized turf into a wilderness of sand and mud. Important as these changes are, we will pass them by for the present in favor of another which lies much less upon the surface. Yet its indications can easily be read by all who care to take the trouble. They go to show plainly that Yale is at last in the process of that transition from college to university which has for years past been so ardently desired for her. It seems doubtful, to be sure, whether, for some years to come, any change of moment will be made, or even called for, in the academical four years' course. It is by growth in the graduate department, properly so-called—not in the professional schools, which have always had their recognized uses—that the ideal of a University in the English or German sense is to be approached. The remarkably large number of the last graduated class that have connected themselves with this department gives surety that it has ceased to be only a training school for teachers of Greek, Latin, and a few other specialties. Bearing in mind the coincidence of this unprecedented growth with the beginning of the new regime, we are warranted in looking forward hopefully to a time not far distant when a post-collegiate course of a year or two may be recognized as at least as necessary to the rounding out of a liberal education as a six weeks' tour in Europe.

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Yet one feature there is of this period of transition in which our lot has fallen which must strike us as most unfortunate. If there is any one thing which above all others marks the American as distinct from the European higher education, it is the surpassing importance of the part played in the former by the college president. All the shortcomings of the three first years in our average college are, more often than not fully made good in the last by the opportunity which all then have offered them of close intimacy with one strong, character-building spirit. This has been true in a high degree of Yale in her best days. The lack of this personal association of president with student seems unavoidable for the present; it is earnestly to be hoped that the necessity will not be of long duration.

As we prophesied last June, the question of change in the hours of afternoon recitations has become one of most vital consequence to the college. We did not foresee, however, that after its urgency was acknowledged, college opinion would be so long in working up to the point of action. It is a trifle singular, to be sure, that the powers that are over us recognizing as even they do the necessity of setting the machinery of change in motion once more, should feel bound to wait for the impulse of a University meeting. This, however, their deliberate intention, must be respected. Elihu will add his voice to that of his children in expressing his desire that before the present number has reached its readers, this by no means novel suggestion may have been thrown out of date by some effective action on the part of the students and faculty.

As this is the last issue before the date fixed for the handing in of essays in competition for the LIT. prize, a word as to the *modus operandi* of the awarding may be in season. All the pieces are submitted to a committee composed of two members of the faculty and the chairman of the present board. In case a choice is made, that envelope

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only whose exterior bears the assumed name of the successful competitor is opened. By this means the identity of the rejected is kept completely in the dark. It is somewhat trite in this connection to urge all that have any literary ambition to do their best work for this, the most enviable literary honor of the course; but some such exhortation is at present highly appropriate. It will be a heavy burden indeed for our aged saint if the committee is forced, by withholding the prize for the third time within four successive years, to indicate that the literary spirit at Yale is at the lowest ebb which it has reached for at least a generation.

PORTFOLIO.

——I was impressed the other day by the following sentence of the brilliant French critic and poet, Beaudelaire: "La Poésie n'a pas la verité pour objet; elle n'a qu'elle même." It is one of those half-truths which we so often meet in criticism and which with honesty we can neither unhesitatingly assent to nor dismiss with a sneer. On the one hand we cannot doubt that Art in all her forms is a jealous mistress, and that one cannot achieve the highest success in her province if he divide his attentions between her and some end he may wish to compass by her aid. Moreover, she will not often or heartily lend her assistance to direct teaching or preaching. Our poet, Whittier, is a striking proof of this. He has been, first, the advocate of great causes, and next a poet, and the result is fatal to his verse. His poems in the days of the anti-slavery struggle were mighty influences for the right, but they were often very bad art; and bad art will never live. Yet on the other hand poetry for itself alone is not a worthy thing. A true poem must be able to show some "raison d'être" other than accurate measures and pleasing rhythm; some thought that is a form worthy of its clothing.

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And while the painter or the sculptor or the poet need not have the expression of a great truth for his object, yet he must have Truth ever before his eyes as a guiding star. For if in his work there is one consciously false note or stroke or color, if for one single moment he lets himself be untrue to great Nature, all the perfection of mere art cannot make the result of his labor worth anything to himself or to the world. Let us be catholic in this as in all things, and believe with a clear-sighted English critic that the inevitable and inexorable test of a work of art is Truth *and* Beauty. H. R. G.

——The character of the average negro is a curious anomaly. Take for example that of an octogenarian whose early and middle life was that of a slave. From the fact of his having lived in slavery, there will always cling to him a certain childishness; for it is only a negro born and bred in freedom, who can have to any degree the quality of manliness so rare everywhere among the lazy, sunny children of Africa. The ancient "uncle" has doubtless the common failings of his race, shiftlessness, and a more than scriptural carelessness for the morrow. These, however, are only characteristic of his happy-go-lucky, hand-to-mouth existence. To him life is a continual holiday, in which it is his duty as a wise philosopher to snatch as much pleasure as possible. He has apparently solved the problem so difficult to most Americans, "How to be happy, though poor." His few rivals in the art of taking it easy he surpasses in dignity and appearance, while avoiding their degradation. The chief relic of barbarism in him is his superstition, which time alone can root out from the bosoms of his race. In looking at his character as a whole, we envy him his unruffled contentment, his freedom from the wear and tear of life, from wearisome ambitions, half-realized, and from angry passions, never wholly subdued. And we are inclined to question whether we do not pay a high price for our superior opportunities and endowments, and to admit that there is perhaps, after all, a certain compensation in nature. R. M. H.

——Several years ago, at the semi-centennial of the Philomathean Society, Andover, Mr. Joseph Cook, in response to a toast for college literary organizations, said in substance, that the good work of such societies was done in the prepar-

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atory schools, and that their tendency in college was to lower the literary standard. In the way of illustration he referred to his own experience in Yale and Harvard. "I found during my two years at Yale," he said, "that the undergraduate's literary horizon was bounded by the exploit of the last DeForest prize man or the last debate at the annual meeting of the societies, while at Harvard there was ever before the undergraduates' eyes and in their minds the figures and achievements of the great giants of literature who have made that university famous—Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow and the rest." The conditions of our two great universities have greatly changed since sophomore Cook, twenty years ago, bewailed the lack of a high literary standard here. The undergraduate life has become so much larger, so much more comprehensive, that those old days seem very small and mean. There is to-day, probably, among the students, a higher degree of interest and a higher achievement in intellectual matters than ever before existed. But so far as our literary life here is concerned, the great question is—have we come to recognize in that life a purpose so serious that it is worth following for its own sake?—an end worth striving after with all our powers. We are still open to that old criticism, if our standard has not ceased to be that of college achievement, and if we have not learned to look upon the literary productions of the centuries as our ideals and as our models. "The best that has been said and done in the world," as Mr. Matthew Arnold would say, is to be our standard, if we would be filled with that passion for excellence which only contact with the excellent can give. There can be but one true purpose in all our work—such is the teaching of the two great critics of our age—art followed for art's sake. If we fail in that aim, we likewise fail in grasping the full significance of literary effort. I can say that this is not an unattainable ideal, for I know of college men who are to-day proving its reality by the spirit and quality of their work. If I should venture any criticism upon the literary life in our college, it would lie in this: that we do not come often enough into contact with master minds. Once feel the power of a *master*—as we felt that of Donald G. Mitchell two years ago—and our souls tingle with the desire to excel. Then no aim seems too high—for, "our chief want in life—is it not somebody who can make us do what we can?"

F. I. P.

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——In his own peculiar way George Cruikshank has given definite form to what our imagination figures in the characters of Dickens. When we think of any one of those memorable creations—Sam Weller, Oliver Twist, Mr. Pickwick, or Smike and his friend Nicholas—Cruikshanks' drawings come up before us to give shape to our impression of the character. So when unaided memory has long since let slip the detailed achievements of the individual, a glance at the artist's picture at once recalls the author's story. His power lay in his two-fold ability to satirize and to bring out personal qualities of an eccentric nature. His faculty of delineation, moreover, and his tact in appreciating and seizing upon the right incident for illustration have assisted materially in lending to his conceptions their power to charm even the unenthusiastic reader. In brief, his power lay in his ability to depict the quaint, the fantastic, the pathetic, and the horrible. As to dramatic representation of low life, the creations of his pencil equaled in inventive capacity those of the pen of Dickens himself. It is this in Cruikshank that has gained him a reputation *sui generis*, and made a name for him, unaided by any connection with academy or master. One never tires of the results of his genius, for we are continually finding in them some new oddity of execution that deepens our admiration for his unusual endowment. W. B. G.

ECHOES OF A LIFE.

A childish chuckle of most foolish glee;
A sigh at waking from a young life's rest;
A peal of laughter ringing full and free;
A moan of anguish from a tortured breast;
Express the changing phases of a life. H. R. G.

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MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Commencement week of 1886 is one that will be long remembered as a noteworthy one in the annals of Yale. After fifteen years of unremitting devotion to the interests of Yale, President Porter retires from his position at the head of Yale College. The

Inauguration of President Dwight

marks the beginning of a new epoch in the history of Yale. The ceremony took place in Center Church in the presence of a distinguished audience. President Porter presented President Dwight to the Alumni and students of Yale and to the people of New Haven. Professor Tracy Peck delivered the Latin congratulatory address, which was followed by the inaugural speech of President Dwight. But during the preceding week the class of '86 had been devoting itself to the excitement and enthusiasm which make the last days of June memorable ones to every college man.

The Baccalaureate Sermon

—the last President Porter will preach—was delivered in the Chapel on Sunday, June 27. The text was taken from the following passage: "In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," Colossians xi, 3. The

Baccalaureate Praise Service

followed in the evening and was presided over by Professor Barbour. Every seat in the Chapel was filled by the students and their lady friends. Monday, June 28, was

Class Day.

The seniors and their friends assembled in the Chapel to listen to the class poem, by Charlton M. Lewis, and the class oration, by Evans Woollen. At the close of the oration followed the announcements of the awards of scholarships and honors, by President Porter:

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Douglas Fellowship—Charles W. Pierson, '86, of Florida, N. Y. *Silliman Fellowship*—Julius H. Pratt, '82 (reappointed), Montclair, N. J. *Foote Scholarships*—Edward G. Bourne, '83 (reappointed), New Haven; Wilbur L. Cross, '85, Gurleyville, Conn.; Washington I. Hunt, '86, Columbus, Mich. *Macy Scholarship*—Frank G. Moore, '86, Columbus, O. *Larned Scholarship*—Carl D. Buck, '85, Bucksport, Me. *Clark Scholarship*—Charlton M. Lewis, '86, New York City. *Berkeley Scholarship*—William H. Parks, '86, Clinton. *Cobden Club Medal* (for proficiency in Political Economy)—Calvin Dickey, '86, of Cincinnati, O. Special honors for distinction in the studies of senior and junior years, are awarded in the graduating class as follows: *In Philosophy*—John C. Schwab, New York. *In Political Science, History, and Law*—W. L. Cannon, Jr., Dover, Del.; William W. Capron, Albany, N. Y.; F. W. Moore, New London; Charles W. Pierson, Florida, N. Y. *In Ancient Languages*—W. A. Adams, Skaneateles, N. Y.; William A. Brown, New York City; Carl D. Buck, Bucksport, Me.; John J. Corkery, Norwich; W. I. Hunt, Columbus, Mich.; F. G. Moore, Columbus, Ohio; William H. Parks, Clinton; E. C. Stiles, Hartford. *In English*—George E. Eliot, Jr., Clinton; Arthur Goebel, Covington, Ky.; C. W. Goodrich, New York City. *In other Modern Languages*—M. F. Connor, Chicopee, Mass.; Percy Edgar, New York City; Henry T. Nason, Troy, N. Y.; William E. Nichols, East Haddam. *In Mathematics*—W. W. Crehore, Cleveland, Ohio; George L. Kingsley, Rome, N. Y.; W. L. Kingsley, Rome, N. Y. *In Natural and Physical Science*—Arthur N. Alling, New Haven; Henry S. Washington, New Haven.

The Parting Ode,

Composed by Sheffield Phelps, of Englewood, N. J., was then sung by the class. In the afternoon, in front of old South Middle, the members of '86, together with their friends, assembled to listen to the

Class Histories,

which were delivered by W. B. Anderson, E. A. Bates, H. T. Nason, J. C. Schwab, and F. E. Wing. The

Ivy Ode

was written by T. G. Waterman. The ivy committee were Dickey, Dutcher, and E. L. Smith. The class day committee McElroy, Davis, Goodwin, Hellier, Hyde, and Washington. The Senior Promenade, the Alumni Meeting, and Glee Club Concert followed in order, and then came

Commencement Day.

The Latin Salutatory was delivered by Washington Irving Hunt, the Valedictory by Charles Wheeler Pierson. The

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other speakers were Eliot, Nichols, Cannon, Dutcher, Davis, Moore, Goebel, Shipman, Brown, and Schwab. The graduating class numbered 140.

To the undergraduate no events of Commencement can compare with the athletic laurels won at New London and Hartford.

Yale vs. University of Pennsylvania.

On June 25, at New London, Yale won in 23 m. 33 sec., a well rowed but poorly contested race with the University of Pennsylvania. In the

Yale–Harvard–Columbia Freshman Race

the crews were started in rough water and the Yale boat was soon swamped, though leading at the time. The following men composed the Yale '89 crew: Bow, Wells, Gill, Wilcox, Buchanan, Corbin, Franchot, Carter, stroke, Stewart, captain.

The Yale–Harvard Race

came on Thursday, July 1. At the hour set in the morning for rowing the water was considered too choppy, and profiting by the experience of the day previous the race was postponed till afternoon. For the victory that our crew won that day too much praise cannot be given to Captain Bob Cook for devoting his valuable time to coaching the crew and for the interest he took in perfecting the oarsmen in the face of adverse criticism from irresponsible sources. The *personnel* of the crews is given, as follows:

YALE.

	Age.	W'ght.	H'ght.
Bow, R. Appleton, '86	21	151	6½
2, John Rogers, Jr., '87,	21	160	5.11½
3, Middlebrook, '87,	22	163	5.8½
4, F. A. Stevenson, '88,	19	160	5.11½
5, G. W. Woodruff, '89,	24	169	5.8
6, A. Cowles, Jr., '86,	21	169½	6.½
7, C. W. Hartridge, '87,	22	163½	5.10
Stroke, Caldwell, '87,	27	147½	5.8½
Average,		160½	
Cox., Cadwell, '86 S.,	18	84	
Subs., E. L. Burke, '87,	21	160	5.7

Time—20.21½.

HARVARD.

	Age.	W'ght.	H'ght.
Bow, Mumford, '87,	19	149	5.7
2, J. J. Colony, L. S.,	21	156	5.9½
3, J. R. Yocum, M. S.,	23	170	5.10
4, F. Remington, '87,	21	156	6.00
5, T. P. Burgess, '87,	21	173	5.10
6, W. A. Brooks, Jr., '87,	22	166	5.9½
7, H. W. Keyes, '87,	23	165	5.11
Str., Penrose, Jr., P. G.,	22	165	6.1
Average,		162½	
Cox., Browne, Jr., '88,		96	
Subs., J. W. Wood, '88,	19	163	5.10
" A. P. Butler, '88,	20	155	5.10½
" C. F. Adams, '88,	18	145	5.7

Time—20.58.

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Yale vs. Harvard.

The tie game to decide the base ball championship was played at Hartford, July 2. Yale hoped for victory seemingly against hope. Harvard had staked everything on the day and was confident of victory. The appended score tells the story of Yale's easy victory:

YALE.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bremner, c. f.,	5	0	4	4	1	0	0
Stagg, p.,	5	0	1	1	0	12	3
Cross, 3 b.,	5	2	3	3	1	2	1
Stewart, 2 b.,	5	0	2	3	1	0	1
Marsh, 1 b.,	4	2	0	0	6	0	0
Noyes, s. s.,	4	0	0	0	1	3	1
Sheppard, r. f.,	3	1	0	0	0	0	0
Brigham, l. f.,	4	0	3	4	2	0	1
Dann, c.,	3	2	0	0	15	2	3
	38	7	13	15	27	19	10

HARVARD.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wiestling, s. s.,	4	0	1	1	2	2	5
Smith, 1 b., p.,	4	0	0	0	4	7	0
Phillips, 3 b.,	3	0	0	0	3	2	2
Nichols, p., c. f.,	4	0	0	0	3	4	3
Willard, c.f., 1b.,	4	0	0	0	3	0	1
Allen, c., r. f.,	3	0	0	0	6	3	6
Foster, l. f.,	3	1	1	3	2	3	0
Henshaw, r.f., c.,	3	0	0	0	5	3	1
Edgerly, 2 b.,	3	0	1	1	2	1	0
	31	1	3	5	27	25	18

Two-base hits: Yale, 2. Three-base hit: Harvard, 1. First base on balls: Stagg, 1; Nichols, 3. Struck out: Yale, 8; Harvard, 11. Double play: Foster and Willard. Passed ball: Dann, 1. Wild pitches: Stagg, 2; Umpire: P. J. Dutton.

Official Averages of the Nine.

The following are the correct averages of the nine for 1886. The batting average of the whole team in single hits is 280 percentage. Passed balls, wild pitches, and bases on balls are counted in the error column.

	A. B.	Runs.	Base Hits.	Total Hits.	P. O.	Assists.	Errors.	Total Chance.	Single Batting Ave.	Total Bat. Av.	Fielding.
Stagg, p.,	48	9	20	22	2	135	32	169	417	458	811
Cross, 3 b.,	41	13	17	21	18	10	5	33	415	512	849
Marsh, 1 b.,	41	15	14	16	73	3	5	81	342	390	938
Stewart, 2 b.,	25	8	7	9	19	6	3	28	280	360	893
Bremner, c. f.,	33	10	9	9	9	0	3	12	273	273	750
Brigham, l. f.,	21	3	5	6	10	3	3	15	238	286	867
Sheppard, r. f.,	42	7	9	13	9	0	1	10	215	309	900
Noyes, s. s.,	46	6	9	10	14	19	3	36	196	219	917
Dann, c.,	34	8	5	10	117	33	19	169	147	264	888

Freshman Athletic Officers

were elected on September 25, as follows:

Navy.—*President*, L. B. Gawtry, '89 S.; *Vice-President*, H. G. Foster, '90; *Sheff. Treasurer*, A. H. Day, '89 S.; *Academic Treasurer*, H. D. Collins, '90.

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Foot ball.—*President*, H. N. Strait, '90; *Vice-President*, H. N. Fleming, '89 S.; *Secretary and Treasurer*, J. A. Warner, '90; *Sheff. Treasurer*, F. B. Mathews, '89 S.

Base ball.—*President*, F. P. Ball, '90; *Vice-President*, W. M. Clawson, '89 S.; *Secretary and Treasurer*, S. H. Kohler, '90; *Sheff. Treasurer*, J. R. Mitchell, '89 S.

Junior Promenade Committee.

The following gentlemen were chosen by the class of '88 on September 29: S. J. Walker, A. White, A. Allen, R. M. Hurd, S. S. B. Roby, H. H. Haight, D. W. Morrison, J. H. McMillan, H. W. Cooley, J. O. Heyworth. At a subsequent meeting of the newly elected committee Mr. Walker was chosen chairman and Mr. Allen floor manager.

The Glee Club

for 1886–7 will be composed of the following men:

First Tenor—F. F. Georger, '87 S., G. S. Ford, M. S., H. H. Covill, '88, H. S. Sage, '89, G. B. Richards, '88 S.

Second Tenor—D. A. Jones, M. S., J. C. Diehl, '87, A. Raymond, '88, R. M. Hurd, '88.

First Bass—J. R. Sheffield, '87, L. A. Connor, '87 S., L. R. Brown, '88, A. C. Crehore, '90.

Second Bass—G. S. Woodward, '87, C. M. Hinkle, '87, H. S. Bullard, '87 S., S. J. Underhill, '89.

Yale vs. Wesleyan.

On Wednesday, October 6, Yale played the first foot ball game of the season with Wesleyan, and easily won by a score of 75 points to 0. The teams were composed as follows:

Yale—*Rushers:* Wallace, Hamlin, Woodruff, Corbin (center), Carter, Gill, Corwin (captain). *Quarter-back:* Beecher. *Half-backs:* Watkinson and Morison. *Back:* Durant.

Wesleyan—*Rushers:* Floy, Johnson, Hughes, Wells (captain), Eaton, Norton, Favor. *Quarter-back:* Steelman. *Half-backs:* Manchester and Cobb. *Back:* Beattys.

'89 vs. '90.

The annual Sophomore–Freshman base ball game was played at the Yale Field, October 9. The sophomores won by the following score:

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SOPHOMORES.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Osborn, c.,	4	1	1	1	12	2	0
Dann, p.,	4	1	1	3	0	11	0
Noyes, s. s.,	4	0	0	0	0	1	0
Smith, 1 b.,	3	1	1	1	7	0	0
Greer, l. f.,	3	1	1	1	0	0	0
Davol, 2 b.,	3	2	1	2	1	3	2
Francke, c. f.,	3	1	1	1	0	0	0
Mason, 3 b.,	3	2	0	0	0	1	1
Rogers, r. f.,	3	1	0	0	1	0	1
	30	10	6	9	21	18	4

FRESHMEN.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Strait, c.,	4	0	1	1	3	1	0
Stewart, p.,	4	0	0	0	0	5	0
Howard, 3 b.,	4	0	0	0	0	1	1
Calhoun, s. s.,	3	1	0	0	0	3	2
McClintock, 2b.,	3	0	0	0	2	4	1
Spencer, 1 b.,	3	1	0	0	12	0	1
Simons, l. f.,	3	1	0	0	1	0	0
Bailey, c. f.,	3	1	0	0	0	0	0
Sharper, r. f.,	3	1	0	0	0	0	0
	30	5	1	1	18	14	5

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
'89,	1	4	5	0	0	0	x—10
'90,	0	3	0	0	0	0	2— 5

Struck out: by Dann, 9; by Stewart, 4. Two base hit: Davol. Three base hit: Dann. Bases on balls: '89, 1; '90, 2. Passed balls: Osborne, 2; Strait, 2. Wild pitches: Stewart, 2. Time of game, 2.05.

The Fall Races

were rowed on Lake Saltonstall, Wednesday, October 13. The first event was the contest for the Cleveland cup, and the entries, in the order at the finish, were: Fisher, time, 12 m. 54 sec.; Vernon, time, 14 m.; Hinckley, Ewing, Copley. In the Sheff.-Academic Freshman barge race the Academic freshmen won; time, '90, 6.19; '89 S., 6.49. The oarsmen were, '90, bow, Glisan, 2, Sheldon, 3, James, 4, Newell, 5, Foster, stroke, Hartridge (captain), cox., Thompson. '89 S., bow, Hall, 2, Moen, 3, Wilson, 4, Hartwell, 5, Burroughs, stroke, Read, cox., Miles.

'89 won the eight-oared shell race. The crews were, '88, bow, Heyworth, Campbell, Woodward, Bissell, Hardenberg, Farrington, Hurd, stroke, Cross, cox., Youmans. '89, bow, Wells, Gill, Wilcox, Buchanan, Corbin, Mosle, Carter, stroke, Stewart, cox., Ames.

The Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament

was held this fall on the grounds of the New Haven Tennis Association. Yale took first place in the doubles, Knapp and ıacher defeating Brinley and Paddock, of Trinity. Thacher ɔn second place in the singles.

The Dedication of Dwight Hall

ɔk place on Sunday, October 17. Mr. Alvord V. Monroe, ɔresenting the Marquand estate, formally presented the

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building to the University. President Dwight replied in behalf of Yale. On the following night President and Mrs. Dwight, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Monroe, gave a reception to the students of all departments of the University, and to members of the Faculty and their families.

Items.

John Rogers, Jr., of Stamford, has been elected captain of the crew, and Jesse Chase Dann, of Buffalo, captain of the nine for 1887.——In the Yale Tennis Tournament, Hurd, '90, won the singles and Hurd, '90, and Breede, '89 S., won the doubles.——Ex-President Porter has been spending the summer in Europe.——The net expenses of the University Boat Club for 1886 were $4,925.80.——Captain Corwin, of the eleven, and President Hare, of the Yale Foot Ball Association, represented Yale at the Intercollegiate Foot Ball Association, held in New York City, October 9.

BOOK NOTICES.

France under Mazarin. With a review of the Administration of Richelieu. By James Breck Perkins. In Two Volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.00. For sale by Judd.

While the name of Cardinal Richelieu is familiar to every one, and the general outlines of his administration familiar perhaps to many, no English history has been written which deals specially with his times, and with those immediately following under Mazarin. Indeed Mazarin is not known with anything like the extent which is true of his predecessor, yet his administration was a most important one, and deeply interesting to students of French history. Louis XIII was completely under the control of his minister. While the king dreaded the over-shadowing influence of Richelieu, he seemed to find it impossible to get along without him. Not only was his state policy guided by the Cardinal, but his private letters were written by him, and even the notes of conversations he was to have with his wife. Intrigue after intrigue was plotted against the hated minister, but he triumphed over all. In his last illness, he recommended Mazarin as his successor, and he was immediately appointed. The new ruler inherited the policy of Richelieu as a legacy, and followed it consistently. During his eighteen years of power, though he heartlessly deserted his friends and benefactors, his intellectual admiration of his predecessor made him defend

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his memory from all attacks. On the death of Louis XIII, the enemies of Richelieu—and nearly every one had been his enemy—rejoiced at the coming overthrow of Mazarin, but what was their surprise and disgust when they found that the regent kept him in power! He continued to use his influence as mercilessly, and with the same ambition for the glory of France as Richelieu had done. It was the wonderful insight of these men joined to their unscrupulous character, that enabled them to stay in power so long when their enemies were so numerous and so strong.

Mr. Perkins has written a most admirable history. It is exceedingly rare in a work of this kind, to find so surprising excellence combined with so few defects. The style is clear and dispassionate, yet the narrative often reads like a romance. The scholarship is of the highest order. The private papers of Mazarin, which are wonderfully complete, have all been gone over in the manuscript. This is one of the most instructive and entertaining historical works that have been published in late years. The publishers' work leaves little to be desired, and there are four steel portraits of Richelieu, Mazarin, Louis XIII and Conde.

A History of Greek Literature. From the earliest period to the death of Demosthenes. By Frank Byron Jevons, M.A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50. For sale by Judd.

This work, designed mainly for students at English universities, and for such as are preparing for advanced examinations, is yet thoroughly interesting to the general reader. The history is well divided and the development of the literature is studied scientifically. The book is divided into two parts, poetry and prose, and in each part the chronological development is traced. Of course Greek classic literature begins with epic poetry; and after separate chapters on the Iliad and Odyssey, the author gives a summary of the Homeric question. Lyrical poetry follows epic and is carefully treated here. After the growth of the democratic state, when literature was no longer confined to the palaces of warriors or to select gatherings, but had become a part of the life of the whole nation, the drama naturally rose into prominence. The three great dramatists are here separately considered. The order of Greek prose was History, the records: Oratory, the practical form of literature; and lastly, Philosophy, when men began to reflect upon and discuss together the great mysteries of life. Mr. Jevons writes with a clear, direct style, with scarcely any attempt at literary finish or effect; it seems almost too cold in some places. His view of Plato is not any too high, evidently following the estimate of G. H. Lewes.

Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States. From the days of David Garrick to the present time. Edited by Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton. New York: Cassell & Co. $1.50. For sale by Judd.

This is the third volume in the series, and contains many features of special interest. Edmund Kean and Junius Brutus Booth together with their contemporaries are the subjects of the sketches. The articles on both of these great actors are contributed by Mr. Edwin Booth, and exhibit the rarest literary taste and skill. Those who are accustomed to remark so flippantly that Mr. Booth is a great man only when before the footlights, may find food for reflection by a perusal of his writings in this volume. The

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sketch headed "Some words about my Father" shows a filial affection and modesty combined that is exceedingly beautiful. Though there is an undercurrent of deep pathos, the writer is always self-contained. Some of the other contributors are William Winter, Joseph Norton Ireland and the editors. The plan of this series has been mentioned before. It is carried out so well that it is difficult to find more entertaining reading for chance half hours.

Aphrodite. A romance of Ancient Hellas. By Ernst Eckstein. From the German by Mary J. Safford. New York: W. S. Gottsberger. For sale by Judd.

It would be difficult for the author of "Quintus Claudius" to write a story that has a dull page or a tame plot. While "Aphrodite" exhibits scarcely any of the earnestness and dramatic power of Eckstein's most famous work, it is crowded with so many exciting events that it holds the reader's close attention. The scene is laid in Miletus. The figures are roughly drawn, yet with considerable skill. The aged priest of Aphrodite is one of the most interesting characters, though the love of Acontius, the sculptor, for Cydippe, the archon's daughter, forms the basis of the story. The course of true love has the usual obstacles in the shape of a rich, noble suitor and a proud, aristocratic father. The priest of Aphrodite is, however, a most useful friend to the young sculptor; and the device by which Cydippe's consent is gained, is certainly a novel one. Everything turns out smoothly in the end, after numerous pirates and assassins have been disposed of.

Through the Year with the Poets. Edited by Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 75 cents per vol.

The ninth and tenth volumes in this series, representing August and September, are tasteful collections of poetry. All the volumes contain some original contributions; but this is an especial feature of the August number, which contains new and graceful verse by Miss Edith M. Thomas, Miss Helen Gray Cone, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mr. Clinton Scollard, Mr. Samuel Minturn Peck and others. There is a lighter and gayer vein in the lyrics of these two volumes, than will follow in the few remaining ones to come. For the idea of the series is not merely to bring together poetic descriptions of the world of flowers and sunlight, of snow and ice, but to give expressions of the spiritual states of the mind, as affected by the shifting panorama of Nature. Yet no one who is a lover of either poetry or nature can fail to be pleased with these attractive books.

The Phantom City. A Volcanic Romance. By William Westall. New York: Cassell & Co. $1.50. For sale by Judd.

No one can read this "Volcanic Romance" without genuine pleasure. It is full of all sorts of strange adventures, but there is no sound and fury in the style. Where we should expect—from the deadly fights and hair-breadth escapes—a style made up of superlatives and exclamation points, there is instead a sprightliness and quiet humor which is very taking. The book is a wholly unpretentious one, making no attempt at grand effects, but partly for that reason, it is so fresh and sparkling as to be delightful reading. The Phantom City is discovered in the wilds of Central America. The explorer being foiled in other attempts, mounts in a balloon, and after the strangest

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experiences, espies the long-sought city, and becomes a Phantom. Wildfell, the American lumber dealer, whose home is given as New Haven, Conn., is one of the best characters.

Wanted—A Sensation. A Saratoga Incident. By Edward S. Van Zile. New York: Cassell & Co. 25 cents. For sale by Judd.

This book is thoroughly entertaining and has some excellent features. But the style kills it. The forced attempts to say something strikingly original result in the most absurd figures of speech. Here is an example, speaking of a clergyman: "He looks like a man on whose most distant approach, profanity would call a hack and drive rapidly away." The conception of profanity hailing a hack is something new. But this is no worse than some other passages in the book. Original metaphors are so fashionable in modern literature, that it is perhaps not so strange that they lead some ambitious writers into supposed profundities of thought. Mr. Van Zile has also created some impossible characters, and their conversations are miraculous. It is needless to point out other triumphs of ingenuity.

Humorous Masterpieces from American Literature. By Edward T. Mason. In Three Volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75. For sale by Judd.

These volumes are uniform in style and binding with the "American Orations" issued from this house some time ago. They cover the best of American humor from Washington Irving down: many of the contributions are, of course, from living writers. No less than forty-five authors are here represented. Mr. Mason has shown excellent judgment in the pieces he has collated from so wide a field; the humor is always delicate and refined. The selections belong to real literature. The editor states that the chief object of these books is to amuse: and they certainly cannot fail of accomplishing it. These handsome and handy volumes would make a most desirable addition to the library of any one who has a taste for literature of the lighter sort.

Red Beauty. A Story of the Pawnee Trail. By William O. Stoddard. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. $1.25. For sale by Judd.

This story is in much the same vein as others of Mr. Stoddard's—exciting, full of adventure, and bright with humor. The startling events in these pages are supposed to take place on the Western prairies. The struggles of the new settlers with the Pawnees are told in a graphic manner. The villain of the story is the white leader of the Pawnees, Jerry McCord, who has graduated from Sing Sing, and has adopted the profession of a Western desperado immediately after taking his degree. He is, of course, very wicked and very handsome. Red Beauty, the hero, is a friendly Indian, whose native sagacity, combined with irresistible humor, makes him a unique character.

The Story of Spain. By Edward Everett Hale and Susan Hale. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50. For sale by Judd.

This is the latest issue in the historical series, "The Story of the Nations." Spain has a peculiar fascination of its own to the student either of history or of literature. Its strange rise and decline, its peculiar situation with

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reference to the other European nations, make it an object of special interest; and the legends in song and story which have always been connected with it, give it a charm in the eyes of the *litterateur*. The distinguished authors of this book have not failed to make their work as attractive as possible. The series will form an elegant and popular library of history.

War and Peace. A Historical Novel. By Count Leon Tolstoi. Two Volumes. New York: W. S. Gottsberger. For sale by Judd. $1.75.

These are the concluding volumes of this great romance, which we have previously noticed at length. They cover the years between 1812 and 1820, the principal events being the battle at Borodino and the subsequent occupation and burning of Moscow. The description of the retreat of the French army affords abundant evidence of the author's genius. The interest in the romance is thoroughly sustained. The work is worth reading not simply for the faithful portraits it gives of Russian life, but for its own sake as a literary master-piece.

Solar Heat, Gravitation and Sun Spots. By J. H. Kedzie. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. For sale by Judd.

In this book the author brings forward a new theory for each of the natural phenomena given in the title. He admits that he cannot prove any of them, but as there are so many theories afloat on these subjects, he brings forward his own, being firmly convinced of their truth. Whether his theories be true or not, they are explained in so interesting and modest a way, that they command respectful attention. The book is handsomely printed and illustrated.

As It Was Written. A Jewish Musician's Story. By Sidney Luska. New York: Cassell & Co. 25 cents. For sale by Judd.

A popular edition of this famous novel. It is in more ways than one a remarkable book. The display of imaginative power, the originality of the plot, and the power and passion in the style are truly wonderful. There is a weirdness and tragic intensity that is indescribable. Many scenes in the drama are thrilling and the climax is strange and terrible in the extreme.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Of which there may be critical notice hereafter.

As Common Mortals. A Novel. New York: Cassell & Co. $1.50. For sale by Judd.

What I Believe. By Count Leon Tolstoi. New York: W. S. Gottsberger. For sale by Judd.

The Mentor. By Alfred Ayres. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

Woodstock. An Historical Sketch. By Clarence Winthrop Bowen, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale by Judd.

Gloria Victis. A Romance. By Ossip Schubin. From the German by Mary Maxwell. New York: W. S. Gottsberger. 90 cents. For sale by Judd.

The Tales of the Sixty Mandarins. By P. V. Romaswami Raju. With an Introduction by Prof. Henry Morley. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. New York: Cassell & Co. $1.50. For sale by Judd.

My Night Adventure. Cassell's "Select" Library. 15 cents. For sale by Judd.

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The Great Gold Secret. Cassell's "Select" Library. 15 cents. For sale by Judd.

A Wife's Confession. Cassell's "Select" Library. 15 cents. For sale by Judd.

Snowed Up. Cassell's "Select" Library. 15 cents. For sale by Judd.

A Race for Life. Cassell's "Select" Library. 15 cents. For sale by Judd.

Who Took It? Cassell's "Select" Library. 15 cents. For sale by Judd.

Checkmated. Cassell's "Select" Library. 15 cents. For sale by Judd.

Poems. By George Crabbe. New York: Cassell & Co. 10 cents. For sale by Peck.

Egypt and Scythia. Described by Herodotus. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents. For sale by Peck.

Hamlet. By Shakespeare. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents. For sale by Peck.

Voyagers' Tales. From the collections of Hakluyt. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents. For sale by Peck.

Nature and Art. By Mrs. Inchbald. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents. For sale by Peck.

Plutarch's Lives of Alcibiades, Coriolanus, Aristides and Cato. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents. For sale by Peck.

Essays. By Abram Cowley. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents. For sale by Peck.

Sir Roger de Coverley and The Spectator's Club. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents. For sale by Peck.

Voyages and Travels of Marco Polo. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents. For sale by Peck.

Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents. For sale by Peck.

Religio Medici. By Sir Thomas Browne. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents. For sale by Peck.

The Diary of Samuel Pepys. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents. For sale by Peck.

Milton's Earlier Poems. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents. For sale by Peck.

The Sorrows of Werther. From the German of Goethe. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents. For sale by Peck.

Lives of the English Poets. By Johnson. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents. For sale by Peck.

Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners. By John Bunyan. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents. For sale by Peck.

Nathan the Wise. Translated by William Taylor, of Norwich, from the German of Lessing. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents. For sale by Peck.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

Well, old Gent, isn't it about time that you put in an appearance. All your cotemporaries, esteemed and otherwise, have been making life burdensome with the oft-told tales of vacation exploits, and have come back to work redolent with good nature toward each other, to a feast of mutual admiration. What have you to say for yourself? Where are the mythical love scenes in which your children have indulged? Can't you show us a triolet to some damsel of somebody's choice? Can't you bore our souls with some long drawn tale with a gag at the end, or if it comes to the worst can't you fill up a few minutes with a discussion of your neighbors, especially using their weaknesses as a text? The venerable Saint Elihu thus addressed, rises slowly with a creak in each rheumatic knee. "You are getting pretty familiar with the oldest inhabitant, it seems to me, still it may be only the flippancy of the times rather than intentional disrespect. Now in the first place, I would ask you a question: 'What is the difference between college literature now and in the days before my time?' 'Minstrels'? 'End man'? I fail to understand you. No, that is not the answer. Then there was nothing of the sort and nobody read it. Now there is too much with nearly the same result. There is so much in print that is absolutely weak and meaningless, so threadbare and uninteresting, that it is no wonder that the exchanges do not wade through each other's monotony, when their college constituency will not do it.

"This weakness springs in large measure from the lack of careful and judicious criticism in the colleges rather than in the exchanges. To the majority of students who take little interest in the papers, the writer's signature is a proof that he is merely one of the scribbling profession, his relative merit depending on the frequency of the aforesaid signature. As you remark, my disrespectful servant, the college world says that it could be better employed in reading the products of riper minds—but is not this a subterfuge? Grant that the undergraduate spends nearly all his time in this laudable way, would not a little relaxation do him good, and if he wished to take his first toddling steps as a critic, would not his local literature offer him an inviting floor on which to perambulate?

"But when the wail arises that there is insufficient criticism amongst the exchanges, there also arises the question as to what would be the ultimate mental state of a careful exchange editor. Piles of periodicals varying in shade from the dun of the *Fortnight* to the gaudy blue of the *Orient*, would produce color blindness in a few months, while the outpourings of some thousands of young souls panting for the immortality which the press can give, would not their number asphyxiate a student of them? So the training school must go on in its present way, as there seems no other, and by the time experience has made editors more or less able to fairly criticize each other's work, swollen with the magnitude of their literary achievements, they are pushed out to astonish the world, and are fortunate if they find a good berth behind a counter." "St. Elihu, I object; you are one of those

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carping old busybodies for whom nothing is good enough. Now please call time and give your disrespectful servant a chance."

Let those wail, who wish, at the fallen estate of oratory. We exchange editors into whose hands fall the crystallized eloquence of fifty valedictorians know better. The West and the South uphold the grand attainment better than the effete and *blasé* culture of the East. For instance, this from the *Richmond Messenger:*

"The bright morning star of personal liberty is already high in the eastern sky. The gray dawn appears, and twilight already envelops us. The clouds around the mountain tops look white. The sun of ethical study is already upon the eastern horizon, and will soon appear bearing blessed truths of duty and right into every home and heart; and then Religion, which is the complement of Right, walking hand in hand with her, will rule over this land of the free and home of the brave."

Though not exactly in the line of oratory, the *Troy Polytechnic* performs a few see-saw motions in the way of a gesture and with a style forcibly suggesting "One of my age—in public on the stage," begins an article on Sir Philip Sidney as follows:

"I speak the word Napoleon and there come before you scenes of battle, a proud, ambitious general, ruling as if by magic his many thousand men.

I mention Alexander and your fancy sees a haughty monarch weeping for more worlds to conquer.

I say 'George Washington' and you see the boy with his hatchet and the man, the devoted champion of 'a nation destined to be great.'"

The "tall grass kentry" of Texas wants it understood that while the cattle industry is the main business it can sling a rhyme as well as the next, as witness the following excerption on a "Co-ed." from the *Texas University:*

"Learned is she in cupid's mysteries,
Graduate in love's fond arts;
And her strange and subtle witcheries
Makes her Mistress of all Hearts."

O! E. C., Hearts and arts rhyme to perfection; but as to mysteries and witcheries, we would suggest that next time you try, to rhyme "Round up" with "Bull pup;" the effect will be similar. Some of the definitions given in the miscellany of that periodical are at least unique:

"Bug: see Bed."
"Fly: see Rice Pudding."
"Straw: a hollow thing with a drink at one end and a man at the other."

As a finale and a relief to these curiosities of literature, we print a poem from the *Lampoon*, which in our opinion is in a truly poetic vein, and not unworthy of a comparison with Lowell's "Courtin':"

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A COINCIDENCE.

Grandmother sits in her old arm chair
  Placidly knitting the hours away;
Kindly, yet grave, with her silvered hair,
  Tracing the cares of life's yesterday.

Grand-daughter cozily kneels beside,
  Resting an elbow on grandma's knee,
Pondering how she can best confide
  Something momentous, 'tis plain to see.

On goes the click of the ivory bones,
  Till dainty fingers obstruct the view,
And a shy voice asks in coaxing tones,
  "Tell me how grandpa proposed to you."

Down drops the knitting and truant ball,
  While grandma answers twixt smile and tear,
"Grandfather never proposed at all,
  Some how we knew it without, my dear."

Grand-daughter blushes a dainty pink,
  Keeping her gaze fixed on grandma's knee,
"Isn't it funny," she says, "to think
  It is just that way with Jack and me?"

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Cassell's Family Magazine for November.

Cassell's Family Magazine is in its best mood this month, and has all the briskness and crispness that we expect in the products of these bracing fall months. The *Magazine* opens with the serial, "A Wilful Young Woman," which has proved such a success. This is followed by Prof. Huggins's second paper on the "Photography of the Heavens." "A Matrimonial Schemer," a story in one chapter offers amusement to the reader. The description of "A Norwegian Peasant Wedding" follows close upon its heels. Geo. Weatherly contributes a poem which we find between the story of the wedding and next to a sketch of the stirring scenes in the life of Sir Thos. Fowell Buxton. There is a history of the Royal Academy of Music which some of the lady readers of the Magazine will skip for the sake of the fashion letters from London and Paris which follow. This Magazine is always profusely illustrated and enlivened with stories, both long and short. CASSELL & CO., NEW YORK. *15 cents a copy, $1.50 a year in advance.*

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Managers of *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine*, Philadelphia, offer a prize of $50.00 for the best article on

"SOCIAL LIFE AT YALE"

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The competition is open to all undergraduates of the academical department. MSS. should contain not less than 4000 words, should be carefully written on one side of the page only, and should be received by the editor of *Lippincott's* on or before December 15th, 1886.

The award will be made, and the essay published in the February, 1887, number of *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine.*

A circular containing fuller particulars mailed on application.

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GOOD NIGHT

We would not speak ; words are a bitter thing.
Heart beats to heart and understands its own.
Shades, gliding from the silent pines, have flown ;
And awed, the merry crickets dare not sing.
We cannot speak ; we may not meet again.
There is a presence here, unseen yet strong,
That followed me amid day's surging throng,
And now a hand upon my arm has lain.
Ah Fate, so cold, that sneers at sobbing love,
Thou canst not check one kiss, one fond caress.
Oh cruel end to dreaming happiness,
That saw fruition in the stars above.
Dear, trustful eyes, where tears have dimmed the sight,
These lips will never say farewell ; "good-night."

—*The Fortnight.*

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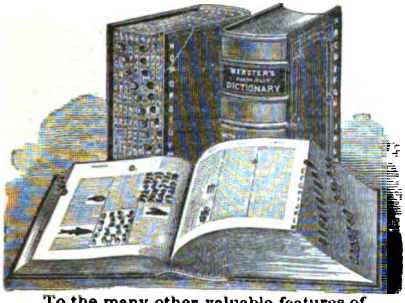
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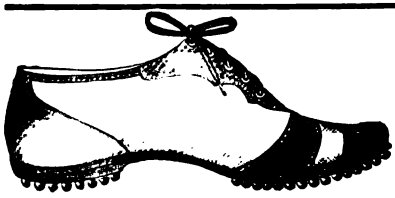
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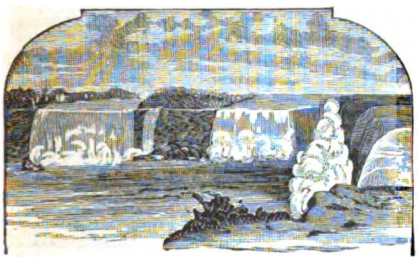
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VOL. LII. No. II.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



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Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

NOVEMBER, 1886.

NEW HAVEN:
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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-second Volume with the number for October, 1886. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is $3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Thompson's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

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THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LII. NOVEMBER, 1886. No. 2

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '87.

ANDREW F. GATES, CHAS. H. LUDINGTON, JR.
WILLIAM KENT, WILLIAM L. PHELPS,
JOHN N. POMEROY.

A RETROSPECT.

"I know not anything more pleasant or more instructive than to compare experience with expectation, and to register from time to time the difference between idea and reality."—DR. SAM'L JOHNSON.

PRES. PORTER'S administration has passed into history. It is early yet to pass judgment on many of his actions and services. Time alone can verify the advisability of many of the steps taken during the fifteen years it was his fortune to be at the head of Yale College. Still we deem that we owe it to his long and honorable connection with this institution to devote a few pages to some thoughts which must needs present themselves to us all, though we may not have formulated them.

It has fallen to the lot of few men to be President of Yale. One hundred and eighty-five is the number of her years and ten the number of her Presidents. Thus is briefly told and proven the story of her policy—conservatism. Her history has not been a history of experiments. Visionary theories have never found shelter within her halls, or been entertained by those who have had Yale's welfare in keeping. Yale is "a growth not a manufac-

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ture." Prof. Porter was sixty years of age when he became President. His whole life had been that of a scholar. Forty years before he had graduated at Yale; and with the exception of ten years spent in the pastorate of churches at New Milford and Springfield, had been an instructor in his Alma Mater. His services as Clark Professor of Metaphysics and Moral Philosophy—a position which he still holds—began with the administration of Pres. Woolsey in 1846. And so as a scholar, a teacher, and a representative of the thought of the nineteenth century, he assumed his office of trust and responsibility. Those were days of material prosperity for Yale. Salisbury, Street, Sheffield, Hillhouse, Farnam, Winchester, are names that we associate with the closing years of Pres. Woolsey's administration; closer following, and early in Pres. Porter's time, we add the names of Durfee, Battell, Marquand, Peabody, and others—all names that are synonymous with the growth and prosperity of Yale.

After a long discussion and contest the Alumni had obtained a voice in the management of the College. The six State Senators of Connecticut, who as a rule took but little interest in our affairs, had been replaced by six graduates elected by the Yale Alumni. The demand for higher education (which by the way was the theme of Pres. Porter's inaugural address) was the all important subject of educational discussions. The scope of work which the Colleges should do must be widened; the centers of education like Yale and Harvard must become the centers of universal education. One can give no better idea of what was expected of the new administration than to quote from Prof., now Pres. Dwight's article in the "New Englander" just prior to Pres. Porter's assumption of the duties of his office. "But there is still another work remaining to be done, and one which is different from any which have gone before. It is the securing of the great end to which we have referred, and which we are aiming to present in this whole discussion,—*the developing of all the departments in such a way as to make the institution a well formed University.* For this work the next administration

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will have the largest facilities. To this work it is summoned as its highest duty. If they fail to undertake the work they will disappoint all hopes and be unworthy to stand in the same honored line with their predecessors in the office of trust. If they undertake it, and carry it forward to success, they will see the consummation of what the past has labored for, and waited for two hundred years."

Such a task called for additional instructors, funds, work, enthusiasm. To hold the honored place among Universities that she had among Colleges demanded that provisions should be made for post-graduate studies, and that the professional schools of the institution should be developed and extended. Some of the recommendations of Pres. Porter's inaugural address, viewed in the light of subsequent developments, are worthy of special mention. It shows what can be accomplished when a College is working on fixed plans of improvement and a proper representation of her wants is made to her Alumni and the governing board. Pres. Porter plead for the endowment of *terminable scholarships and fellowship*, as prizes for special attainment and incentive to study. The graduate department—one of the most important and flourishing of the University—wholly the growth of the past fifteen years is the answer to this appeal. We can not overestimate the advantage to an institution of learning of having her brightest and most promising graduates return to pursue scientific, liberal, critical, or professional studies. Again in speaking of the *Law Department* he said: "It suffers from its scanty endowments, having no foundation for a single Professorship." To-day, with more than twice the students it had then, with a corps of instructors, eminent in this profession, it has obtained a position among the foremost Law Schools of the country.—"Few have given so generously as he has done, few so wisely, few so perseveringly, and very few with such satisfactory returns. Few men who have lived who have endowed a literary institution, have seen it quietly but rapidly attain to such prosperity and renown." So said Pres. Porter in his

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inaugural address, referring to Mr. Sheffield, who founded the School that bears his name. Its truth comes home to us to-day with double force, when Faculty and students number twice what they did then. It is unnecessary to go further into details; to trace the unexampled growth of the Library; of the museums and collections for geological and biological study; of laboratory, astronomical and scientific facilities. It is sufficient to say that outside the Academic Department and Medical School there is not a Department of Yale which has not increased one hundred per cent. in the number of its pupils, the corps of its instructors, and in available funds since 1871. It was planned then that Yale should be a University; to-day that plan is a reality.

There have been no startling innovations during Yale's last epoch. Additions have been made, parts of the old structure replaced by new material, but the foundations of Yale University are much the same as of the Yale of a century and an half ago. It was a Christian college then and is to-day. It has always been conservative and democratic. It has valued worth and learning and hated sham and pretense. Pres. Porter was in harmony with his predecessors and what they had accomplished; Pres. Woolsey had left him no legacy of dissension and so we look for and find a sound, cautious and progressive administration rather than a brilliant one. The President had well-defined views on education and college policy. They may not have been, were not, identical with those that many recent thinkers have urged and to a great extent have had accepted. The positiveness of his beliefs was that of a man who knew the strength of his position and possessed the courage to maintain it. The things whose value years of trial had proven he was loth to give up. Yet it was not a sentimental respect for antiquity, but because he believed that higher education should be conversant with the past. Training, rather than knowledge, he considered the basis and the end of a college education. "The plausible arguments of the innovator and sciolist" had nothing in common with him. Pres. Porter's services are measured by deeds, not promises; by results, not boasts.

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He was a hard worker. He has contributed to most of the educational discussions of the last half century; he has written many text-books and educational works and revised others. Although alert for the material welfare of Yale, he, like his predecessors, has avoided the description that was given of Dunster, Harvard's first President —"he was a prototype of the little army of presidential mendicants who have succeeded him." Above all, his influence has been felt in the class and lecture room. That "the President of a college ought in some department of study to impress himself on his students as a man of learning and of thought," that he should be an example of culture and character, are the very foundations of Yale's idea of a President.

Forty years is a long time to hold a professorship. Five thousand Yale men have met Prof. Porter in the class room. There is not one of them but honors him sincerely as a man, as a Christian gentleman. Many—all who have sought it—have found in him a friend, a counselor and sympathizer. Truly his has been a rare opportunity for doing good. We should rejoice that in spite of his seventy-five years of hard and active life he still retains his vigor of mind and body, and returns, as an instructor, to continue the work to which he has devoted his best energies. We should congratulate ourselves that it is our good fortune to meet one who has done and still remains to do, so much to influence the lives and characters of the young men of America.

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TO OMAR KHAYYÂM.

Oh Omar! through the years thy song has come,
With its strange sorrow and its bitterness,
To many a soul rebelling 'gainst its pain,
And it has cried with thee "God doth not live,
Or if he doth there is no love in him
Who putteth poison in his creature's cup
Yet ever sends him parchéd thirst; and sets
The fruits of pleasure by his side and says
'If thou dost eat, thou art forever damned'
Yet gives him hunger more than he can bear.
There is no God—no other world than this,—
And I will drink and sleep—forget the pain—
And while the thick wine holds my spirit thralled
I'll gain the only Paradise there is."
Thus, many souls hast thou made treason-stained
Against their Maker; yet because thou wert
A faithful seeker for him in thy youth,
And only down-crushed by thy lot didst raise
Rebellious voice against him, thou shalt know
The boundless mercy of a Father God
Sitting in judgment on a wayward son.

—*Harold Russell Griffith.*

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, retired from the world in the oratory at Birmingham, appeals to the imagination still. The power of his genius is even now alive, although the great movement to which it was consecrated failed. His voice, which once stirred the heart of England, no longer is heard beyond the oratory walls. His venerable form is rarely seen abroad. But about his name yet lingers all the enchanting associations of the Oxford of fifty years ago.

Dr. Newman was an influential man in Oxford at a time when its intellectual life was at its fullest development. With him were associated as fellows and tutors in the

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old university a body of men who were to become the leaders of thought in the world. They were men of rare gifts of mind and spirit, of great learning, and thoroughgoing earnestness. Sons of Oxford, they had passed through the same scholastic and spiritual training, but were at last destined to find their places in the world as leaders of great antagonistic movements.

Let us place them. They were born in an age of wonderfully complex life. While yet the old order of things in England had not wholly passed away, there was a new spirit of innovation and restlessness abroad which reached every class of society. Great mechanical inventions had created panic among the laborers. The air was charged with political agitations. It was a time of almost unequalled literary activity; of new philosophies; of broadening thought in theology. A new and passionate love for liberty—intellectual and spiritual, as well as political—had taken possession of the world. Without the church this was seen in the scientific movement of which Mill and Spencer were leaders and which George Eliot has humanized. Within the church some of the strongest men of this century—Thomas Arnold, Charles Kingsley, Frederick Robertson and others—were full of the rational and realistic spirit of the time.

But, in the scholarly retirement of Oxford and elsewhere, there were others who watched the tendency of the age with profound sorrow and apprehension. To them it seemed as if the foundation of the Anglican church were being shaken and as if scepticism and liberalism were running riot in the world. Out of the darkness and desolation of his spirit at this time Newman rung the immortal lines

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom."

By teaching and preaching they sought to stem the tide, but it was not until the plan of sending out the "Tract for the times" was hit upon that their power was widely felt. In these they battled against liberalism and evangelicalism and for a visible church with sacraments—for the

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principle of dogma and for the position that the Anglican church was *the* church as opposed to the church of Rome. Immediately all intellectual England was aroused. It was a blow aimed at the very genius of the time—and with what subtlety of argument, with what irresistible logic, with what mastery of expression! It seemed for the moment as if they might renew the church and bring it into line with the church of the past. But it could not so be. A new spirit had come into the world and it could not be resisted. To go back and revive the ecclesiasticism of early mediæval times would be like stepping out of the clear sunlight of an Italian morning into the awful gloom of an old cathedral whose air is exhaled from the tombs upon which it is built.

But for us and for all the world now the great interest in this movement is concerned with the few men who were the leaders of it—with Cardinal Newman most, perhaps. He certainly is one of the most important literary figures of our time, while the veil of mystery which surrounds his inner and outer life creates about him a deep, romantic interest. He was a man of extraordinary personal power and magnetism. Though preëminently great as a preacher he was a master of many arts—a poet, musician, scholar, versed in all the subtleties of argument and one of the greatest masters of the English tongue in this century. During these stirring days of conflict he was the incumbent of St. Mary's, in Oxford, and preached to the crowds of students who flocked to hear him. The fervor of his spirit, the passionate love of his nature for the spiritual welfare of men, the resplendent power of his genius, were irresistible. Forty years afterwards one of those student listeners, speaking of him to an American audience, said:

"Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding, in the dim afternoon light, through the aisle of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music—subtle, sweet, mournful? I seem to hear him still, saying, 'After the fever of life, after weariness and sickness, fightings and

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despondings, languor and forgetfulness, struggling and succeeding; after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state—at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision.'"

In order that he might be more separate from the world and more devoted to a life of self-sacrifice and toil, he founded at this time a retreat in the dreary village, Littlemore, near Oxford, and assumed the charge of the church there. It was a humble house among a humble people, but here he lived and worked with the sharers of his hopes and struggles, in the severe simplicity and severe joys of church brotherhood. But the dream of his life was not to be realized and he, who had been the bitterest enemy of the Church of Rome, found at last his home in her communion.

And so the brave and honest struggle failed, because a new light had come into the world and men had welcomed it. The contribution of the Oxford group to their age was invaluable, however. Cardinal Newman, in the oratory at Birmingham, is dead to the world, but as "the greatest spiritual genius of this century"—to quote Emerson's words—he still lives. John Keble wandered from the University to a little mid-land parish and there spent his days in humble, loving service for the church. He is remembered by thousands of grateful hearts for the sweet and holy comfort which his writings have brought, when the burden of life was heavy upon them. Dr. Pusey alone remained in Oxford as a representative of this movement. For half a century he was one of the leaders of English thought; and now that he has passed away, he is remembered by such words as these: "The faintest longing to love is love—the very dread to miss forever the face of God is love—the very terror of that dreadful state where none can love is love."

Even into Oxford the new light has penetrated. In that stronghold of the English Church a dissenters' college has been founded. The modern spirit, as shown in the critical, realistic tendency in scholarship, has full play there. "And

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yet steeped in sentiment she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight and whispering from her towers the last enchantment of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford by her ineffable charm keeps calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us—to the ideal, to perfection—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from the other side?" *Frank Ilsley Paradise.*

HARVEST.

Through the old gate comes the creaking cart,
  Laden with fruit of the summer's toil—
Heaped with the pride of the farmer's heart,
  Gained from his loved ancestral soil.
Behind lie the fields, now brown and bare,
  Stripped of the winter's full supply;
Before is his home, to him so fair,
  Earned by his labor in years gone by.

So through the gate of our after life
  The load of the years will come rolling in—
Fruit of a summer of toil and strife,
  Reward of virtue—or wages of sin.
Left is the field whence the load has come,
  All the reaping is done at last;
Close beyond is the future Home,—
  Gained or lost by deeds of the past.

—*Fred. P. Solley.*

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FRIEDERIKE BRION.

INTO Goethe's student-life at Strasburg entered two elements which exercised especial influence upon it. One of these elements was his friendship with the great Herder; the other was his relation with a young girl whose name but for that relation would be unknown to the world—Friederike Brion, the daughter of the Sesenheim pastor.

The influence of Herder lasted throughout Goethe's life. Stormy as their friendship was, it was still genuine, and beyond the power of circumstances; and although it sometimes wounded him, Goethe clung to it for its inestimable value to him. His connection with Friederike was idyllic—scarcely can anything more perfect be imagined than those first months of their acquaintance; yet it did not last. Its close was almost a tragedy; and while Goethe's life was widened by the separation, and his genius saved from possible belittlement, the heart of the noble girl who loved him was almost broken, and her life stunted. Her soul was too great to be harmed.

The first weeks at Sesenheim! Even in his old age Goethe could not refer to them without emotion. Some allowance we must doubtless make for the enchantment that distance lends; yet who can deny that the situation was almost an ideal one? A perfect sky, a house that reminded one of those seen in old Flemish engravings, the family the exact reproduction of that of worthy Primrose in the "Vicar of Wakefield;" and Friederike herself —a charming picture she makes, with her heavy yellow braids, her blue eyes and little *retroussé* nose, and her graceful figure, set off to great advantage by the short skirt and bodice of the Alsatian costume. Who can find fault with Goethe that he was captivated?

"I will never court the loveliest; when I meet my own we shall both know it," said the philosopher. Had Goethe paused to analyze his feeling for Friederike then, he

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would have spared them both the pain which resulted from his haste. He did analyze it afterward, when it was too late. But under the circumstances he was perhaps pardonable for not indulging in cold-blooded dissection of his impulse. Moonlight, music, and a beautiful girl of sixteen, whose heart was free—really, all philosophy, save the philosophy of love, was out of the question.

And yet Goethe was not in love. What he felt toward Friederike was that mysterious attraction that defies definition—"not what the young fool thinks it, not what the old sinner calls it." When circumstances changed, and he saw her among different surroundings, he realized his mistake, and blamed himself only. With Friederike it was otherwise. True, Goethe was almost the only man she had ever seen, outside of the little parish, and the handsome student may have appeared to her more than he really was; but long after first impressions had passed, and Goethe had discovered his delusion, Friederike still loved him, and when the reality had vanished, she remained faithful to the memory.

The first visit over, and Goethe back at Strasburg, what more proper than that he should write to acknowledge the hospitality of the good pastor's family? Write he did; but the letter, instead of the hostess' name, bore that of Friederike; and the language it contained resembled a lover's rather than that of the acquaintance of a day.

A short period of fitful study followed; but between the student and his books came constantly a laughing face, with roguish blue eyes and yellow braids, and the Easter holidays found Goethe again at Sesenheim. Friederike had had a presentiment of his coming. She took possession of him as by right, and they were constantly together, planning pleasant modes of entertainment for the young people who were to be guests at the parsonage during the week. Never, since his childhood days, had Goethe been so free from care. Only one cloud darkened his sky. A young French girl, the daughter of his dancing teacher at Strasburg, had, in a paroxysm of grief at finding her love unrequited, pronounced a curse upon the

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woman whose lips should first touch his; and when in the course of the merrymakings, those games were introduced in which "forfeits" are laid upon awkward players, he dreaded lest Friederike should fall under the ban. But the others had quickly discovered how matters stood; and when Goethe was ordered to punish her for some mistake, the curse was forgotten; and it was as an accepted lover that he returned to Strasburg.

Letters now grew more frequent. Little presents found their way to Sesenheim—a ribbon, hand-painted with a garland of roses, and a gold chain for Friederike's slender throat, accompanied by graceful verses. Some of Goethe's sweetest lyrics belong to this period.

But the idyll had begun already to fade. Sober judgment made its voice heard. And when, during a visit of Friederike and her sister to some Strasburg friends, he saw her contrasted with other young girls, he was at last face to face with the truth. Friederike in a city parlor was not the same as Friederike in the fields at Sesenheim. And, in her Alsatian costume, she looked among the Strasburg maidens with their French toilettes painfully like a servant girl.

Friederike herself was unconscious of all this. She was the same merry girl, arranging games, commanding Goethe to read Hamlet to the assembled company, and, as of course, appropriating to herself a share in the applause. But when the sisters had returned home a great load was rolled from Goethe's heart.

It was a trying position. A man's withdrawal from an engagement is seldom construed as honorable. And in this false light Goethe now found himself. He was resolved upon the separation, but was in agony when he thought what it must cost Friederike. He rode out to see her once more, and finding her ill, could not bear to tell her what she must before long know, if indeed she had not already surmised it; and so he lingered miserably on, endeavoring to put off the evil day.

At last, in a letter, he confessed all. Her reply tore his heart. Not a word of reproach, not a hint that he was to

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blame; but in every line the suffering of a loving heart was manifest. Once more before leaving for Frankfort he must see her. "Those were painful days, of which I remember nothing," he writes. And when, on horseback at the gate, he reached her his hand in sorrowful farewell, his eyes were as full of tears as her own.

And so Goethe rode away. Away to meet new friends, to live amid new scenes, with the flame of his genius ever growing, and drawing its admirers and its worshipers. At the German Athens, surrounded by wit and gaiety, beauty and talent, he had left far behind him those old days of which the little Sesenheim maiden had been the charm and the inspiration. Already two, three faces had succeeded her in his heart as the best beloved. But even the whirl of the Weimar court could not efface the memory of that noble girl who had loved him "more beautifully than he deserved," and whose love still lived. Goethe could never forgive himself that he had brought that grief to her. He longed to make some reparation. And when, on his return from a trip to Switzerland, he found himself once more at Strasburg, he rode out again over the familiar road to Sesenheim. It was the same old place! Pastor Brion and his wife received him cordially, and thought him looking younger. Only a few days before they had been speaking of him. And Friederike was unchanged. Grown more mature, indeed; but still unchanged. Together they talked of old days, and revisited familiar spots; but never once, by look or tone, did she seek to remind Goethe of their former relation. His departure had nearly cost her her life. Pulmonary trouble, together with the shock of the separation, had prostrated her. She spoke of the illness, but did not mention the sorrow. Goethe was deeply moved by her generosity. He found various reminders of the old happy days—a carriage he had painted, and all the little verses he had written for her, still preserved; and when the next morning he bade them all farewell, his heart was lighter than it had been for years.

We do not yet lose sight of Friederike. Good

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Pastor Brion, worn out by the care of six parishes, was gathered to his fathers; and we find Friederike first at Rathan, where, with her sister, she kept a little shop and trained young girls in domestic service; and afterward with her brother-in-law at Meissenheim. She never married; but orphan children always found in her a mother, and as "Tante—Aunt—Brion" she was universally known. Everyone loved her; and one young girl who came under her care could never imagine an angel with any other face than that of Tante Brion.

In the Meissenheim churchyard now stands, erected in late years, a white marble memorial upon which that face is represented. Purely from imagination, for no portrait is in existence; and yet had the artist succeeded in delineating in those features all that is lovable—kindness, patience, purity—he could scarcely have done more than justice to that noble woman, who, disappointed in a woman's dearest hopes, still remained true to herself, and brought to a close in works of loving charity the life which had begun so beautifully among the Sesenheim meadows.

Edward C. Fellowes.

TREASURE TROVE.

POSSIBLY the attic nights of Johnson, Burke and Garrick,—of Sheridan, Rodgers, Moore and the symposia of the other demigods at the favorite coffee houses of London brought forth no more "cut and dried impromptus," polished and prepared repartees and deliberate outbreaks of genius and fun than did the smoky, merry atmosphere of the Ark.

Some years ago, in one of our western cities, a number of its most brilliant and cultivated young men fitted up an office where they were accustomed to enjoy unrestrained congenial fellowship.

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This was the "Ark." Here the play of wit and raillery met immediate applause. The brilliancy, concentration, the rapid glancing at a hundred subjects in succession, might have secured for the "Ark" an everlasting laurel, had the door been less securely barred. But one leaf of such a crown remains in Treasure Trove.

According to report, the conversation turned one evening upon the literary merit of the English magazine, which at that day so excelled our own. In a fit of merry boasting one of the members declared that the intellectual muscle which he had attained in the mental gymnasium of the Ark, would carry a production from his pen high in the flood of literature. Therefore he offered to wager a supper for the "Arkites" that he could write a poem which would be received by one of the enviable English magazines.

Takers were numerous. Work was commenced. Shortly afterwards a manuscript was sent to London and later a Trans-Atlantic steamship brought to America Treasure Trove in English print.

Have you ever, while floating upon some unruffled mountain lake, leaned upon your oars and from pure exhilaration given vent to a loud shout? A moment after you are surprised to hear your cry repeated from the hill close at hand; later, on other sides of the lake, more and more indistinctly, it sounds from far distant rocks and woods. Of course, had you thought before you shouted, you would have expected this result. In just this way my ideas of Richard I., King of England, have been repeated in that adroit little poem, Treasure Trove. Some simple ideas are clearly like my own, others, echoing away in the farther depths of research, pass beyond what I had ever considered. Had I reflected, I might have known that all acquainted with his historical character would form many identical opinions. But from the very unexpectedness they pleased and perhaps flattered me.

The author must have been keenly appreciative of Richard's good and bad qualities. Though the poem only narrates a short portion of his life, viz: the storming of

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the Castle Chaluz for the precious treasure which had been found, yet his prominent traits stand in clear relief against ingeniously constructed backgrounds. The poet does not remove his eyes from Coeur-de-Lion for a moment to artificially arrange the means by which his character is to be grasped.

In stature, we probably all have pictured to ourselves the big, burly crusader, and will agree with the quotation:

> "Yet some the candid belief avow,
> That, if Richard lived in England now,
> And his lot were only a common one,
> He ne'er had meddled with kings and States,
> But might have been a bruiser of pates
> And champion now of the 'heavy weights,'—
> A first-rate 'Fighting Phenomenon.'"

The character of the lion king reminds me of a landscape on a sunny day. The light and shade are dazzling. He inherited his father's quick temper; he was impulsive and passionate. This is shown most cleverly all through the poem. After the herald returns empty-handed from the court, ludicrously does Richard vent his rage.

> "He caught the herald,—'twas by the slack
> Of garments below and beneath the back,—
> Then swung him round a minute;
> And when at last he let him free,
> He shied him at a neighboring tree,
> A distance of thirty yards and three,
> And lodged him handsomely in it."

Passion sweeps over his face as the breeze over nodding grain and the merry, jovial smile of the rollicking, chivalrous crusader returns.

> "Or gayer withal: for he loved his joke,
> As well as he loved with slashing stroke,
> The haughtiest helm to hack at;
> Wine or blood he laughingly poured;
> 'Twas a lightsome word or a heavy sword
> As he found a foe or a festive board,
> With a skull or a joke to crack at."

Generous and true to the friends that pleased his fickle vein; and though he was blunt to them, we are made to

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feel the warmth of his feeling toward the gay minstrel Blondel and Brabançon Captain Marcadee. Always at the head of the army, his ponderous axe and slashing stroke could gain for him a safe position as the torch clears the leeward grass and makes for the fugitive a place of safety against the onrushing flame of the prairie fire. At the storming of the castle, he forces a way to the inner walls; his shouts of encouragement are heard above the twanging of catapults and crossbows and the crashing of battering rams against the crumbling masonry.

"His curtle axe rends the double oak;
Down shower the missiles; they fall in vain;
They scatter like drops from the lion's mane.
He is down,—he is up; that right arm! how
'Tis nerved with the strength of twenty now!
The barrier yields,—it shivers,—it falls.
'Huzza! St. George! to the walls! to the walls!
Throw the rats to the moat! cut down! spare not!
No quarter! remember—Je-su! I'm shot!'"

There was nothing mean or vindictive in his nature. The youth who shot the fatal arrow is in chains. With feeble voice he orders him to be brought to the side of the silken couch which is stained with the blood of a dying king. The fierce, bloody spirit of that savage period calls for vengeance.

"Grim and hardened warriors wait Richard's slightest word or gesture that may seal the bowman's fate," as the shackled prisoner taunts the king and boasts that torture can have no sting if sweetened by the tyrant's death. But the true nobleness of his soul whispers: "Life has been a series of blood-stained victories. All your glories were but crimes. Worlds were but little now to give in atonement for the least." He cries in anguish: "Let him live."

"Youth, forgive as I forgive thee! Give him freedom—give him gold.
Marcadee, be sure obey me; 'tis the last, the dying hest
Of a monarch who is sinking, sinking fast,—oh, not to rest!
Haply, He above, remembering, may relieve my dark despair
With a ray of hope to light the gloom when I am suffering—there!"

Gard Maynard.

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THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Where at the parting of the ways
The road divides on either hand—
Where solemn guideboards mutely trace
(Unbending to the eager face
Upturned to read in hope and fear)
The path, in letters bold and clear,
Our journey over, lo! we stand.

This summer's sunny path hath been
By babbling rills o'erhung with flowers,
Domed with soft strips of blue just seen
Through lofty forest bowers.
And ever in the road a turn
Brought us still nearer soul to soul
The nearer came we to the goal
That marks the parting of the ways.

And here where now the sunlight falls
In benediction on our heads,
And where the soft-toned woodbird calls,
And where past beauty pales and fades
Before this beauty's fairer rays,
Lo! yonder finger-post that says,
"Here lies the parting of the ways."

O fleeting preciousness of this!
The path was wayward that I traced,
Till worn and torn with deeds amiss,
I came at length upon thy face,
And troubled darkness dawned to peace,
But—grim, satiric years!—alas!
Here lies the parting of the ways.

My heart against the prison bars
Of this necessity would beat
And dash itself, but passion mars
The dignity of purpose set
On higher things. Again may meet
Our diverse paths, but now our feet
Rest at the parting of the ways.

If yet some charity may gild
The mocking surface of the years,
And I may drink the cup full-filled
With joy, as now with brimming tears
At blissful meeting, 'twill not be
As when we stood in younger days,
There at the parting of the ways.

H. W. Wells.

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CURRER BELL.

IN spite of her cleverness, in spite of her never flagging force and wit, the deepest impression left by most of Charlotte Brontë's characters is one of gloom. We follow the fortunes of her heroines with an absorbing interest, because their actions are never weak nor dull, and yet withal, we feel throughout the book that a spirit of hopelessness and gloom is present, a gloom which goes deeper than the incidents or surroundings of the tale and seems to spring from the innermost depths of the author's being.

This impression is by no means dispelled when we first learn of her life and the circumstances under which she wrote. There is probably no more desolate, dreary spot on the face of all England than the little village of Haworth. Perched upon a barren hillside where nothing meets the eye save a vast expanse of bleak, treeless moorland, it is the very embodiment of loneliness and isolation. And in all this wretched little town it would be hard to find a drearier, more lonely house, than the old stone parsonage. Here, with the miserable hamlet before her, and the great, gloomy churchyard behind her; with absolutely no neighbors, except the coarse Yorkshire operatives or the equally mean-spirited mill-owners, the authoress of "Jane Eyre" lived and worked. Her father was a poor clergyman, blind during the latter years of his life; her mother and two sisters were dead; her only brother, the hope and pride of the entire family, early became a helpless drunkard; and in the midst of her hardest literary labor, while she was writing "Shirley," he and her two remaining sisters, Anne and Emily, were stricken down within one year. Add to this her everfailing health, her extreme poverty and the retiring nature which prevented her from forming many friends, how can we wonder at the undertone of sadness which runs through her works?

It is in characters representing herself, or in the incidents translated from her own experience, that this tone

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becomes most apparent. Jane Eyre, amid the hardships of her position as charity-scholar or governess, reproduced, though in a lesser degree, the trials of her author; Lucy Snowe was never more lonely in Villette than was Charlotte Brontë in Brussels. Few women ever endured more sorrows than she; few lives were ever more utterly devoid of happiness than hers; is it at all strange, then, that in her close, vivid description of life, she should have included some of the pain which seemed to her its necessary adjunct? She painted life as she found it; it was not her fault that her lot rendered the picture a dark one.

And yet, I think, we should form but a sorry half-judgment of the woman, should we leave our decision entirely to the darker element in her writing, great and preponderating though it be. Just as in the melancholy Lucy, or patient little Jane Eyre, she seems to have collected and condensed the shadows of her own existence, so in the more cheerful characters of such persons as Shirley or Paulina must we look for the brighter phases of Miss Brontë's nature.

Inferior as it is to "Jane Eyre" as a finished work of art, "Shirley" always had for me a wonderful attraction, chiefly, I fancy, on account of the fascinating presence of the heroine herself. Can anyone conceive of a more charmingly exasperating and altogether lovely girl than was Shirley Keeldar? Throughout the book there runs a vein of brightness, according with the mirth and gaiety of her disposition, and presenting a strange contrast to the sombre tone of "Villette." And yet it was while she was in the midst of this very work, while she was producing one of the sweetest, brightest love stories in existence, that the grim form of Death had entered the home of the author. She laid down the pen when there were three sisters, each all in all to the others; when she took it up again, she was alone with her old, broken-down father. To have been able to continue the story at all shows great strength and resolution, but to have continued it in the same glad vein as before reveals to us a nature far different from the morbid, despairing woman some would have us believe her.

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Not only in the general cheerfulness of "Shirley," but even among the shadows of her other works do we find traces of Miss Brontë's brightness. In spite of her customary dejection Lucy Snowe seems to have taken a quiet delight in teasing M. Paul; and many of Jane Eyre's interviews with her lover sparkle with humor which must have had its origin in the little stone parsonage at Haworth. Mingling with this vivacity of style, this sprightliness of conversation, appears also a deep, inherent love of nature, which goes far toward relieving the author from the imputation of thorough hopelessness. The mind that loved the "gnarled mighty oaks crowding about the brinks of the Nunnwood dells;" that was never quite happy when away from the great purple-black moors, could not have surrendered itself entirely to despair. To such a one the continual presence of Nature herself must have been an infinite source of joy and contentment.

And so we must recognize two main features of Miss Brontë's character; one, the deep, dark current of melancholy, forced upon her by affliction and bodily weakness; and the other a brighter, smaller stream, yet the more charming by contrast, revealing the sad force of what might have been.

It is said that in Charlotte Brontë's earliest years she possessed the notion, common among young writers, that for a hero or heroine to be interesting, he or she must be ideal even to exaggeration. However that may be, it is evident that by the time she began her first works of importance, her opinion had gone to the other extreme. All the characters, all the scenery and many of the incidents of her stories, are vivid pictures from life. She would meet a person who interested her, quietly store up in memory the impressions she received, and then, perhaps years afterward, produce a brilliant sketch of his character, life-like and yet stamped with her own remarkable individuality. Witness her description of the Lowood School. "Helen Burns" was Charlotte Brontë's own sister. Imagine how the wrongs and cruelties inflicted upon that patient, worn-out girl must have seared themselves deep into the

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mind of the younger sister standing near, until twenty years afterward, in "Jane Eyre," they burst forth with a fiery torrent, and brought down the swift judgment of public opinion upon the place and its methods. Witness also in a lighter way the episode of the curates in "Shirley." She cleverly ridicules their obtuseness and insensibility to sarcasm; and so true in every way to her delineation of their characters, so utterly unappreciative of the keenness of her attack were the originals of her portrait, that after the first momentary burst of anger on the publication of the book, these worthies are said to have rather enjoyed the matter as a huge joke! Indeed the identity of Currer Bell was first unveiled, and her place of residence discovered by some one who recognized under their assumed names, the accurate description of Haworth and the West Riding weavers.

This same rigid adherence to truth at all hazard may do much toward explaining what some critics have harshly termed the coarseness of Miss Brontë's writings. Recollect her position, her utter ignorance of all the great world's code of etiquette. In the course of her writing, in the depiction of some striking character, it became necessary for her to sacrifice one of two things, truth and strength, or a morbid, false delicacy. She chose to adhere to the former. Who shall blame her? And whatever they might say of her books, no one who knew her could ever have dared breathe a whisper against the author herself. She indelicate, the quaint, sensitive little clergyman's daughter, whose very last thought was notoriety! All her friends bear witness to her gentle, shrinking nature, while they bewail the seclusion forced upon her by her circumstances. But are they altogether right in this latter respect? If Haworth had been less gloomy and desolate, or if Mr. Brontë had been a wealthy man; if the misfortunes of her family had not driven her to seek consolation in work, or if she had belonged to a brilliant circle in a large city, fashionable society would have been richer, but the world might have lost "Jane Eyre."

Henry Stimson.

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DOROTHEA.

IN glancing back upon a novel like "Middlemarch," one is apt to inquire what special motive or object caused its existence. We can hardly suppose that George Eliot intended it simply as a picture of provincial English life; that these people whom we know so well are merely subjective studies.

We see among the eight principal characters two standing forth conspicuously; one by her innate strength and beauty of character, the other by the contrast she affords to the first. Dismissing Rosamond as a mere foil for the stronger character, do we not recognize in Dorothea an attempt to elevate the accepted notion of woman, and to enlarge her privileges and opportunities for doing good?

Let us consider the gradual development of Dorothea's character, bearing in mind this question, "Has George Eliot succeeded in raising our idea of woman?"

Although at first we are a little prejudiced against Dorothea as being willful and strong-minded, we soon forget this when we note that it is but an effect of her early training. Dreaming and thoughtful in youth, her childhood left as its heritage one intention or, rather, ambition. Her train of thought ran thus: to do some good in the world, to leave it better than she found it, should be her highest aim. Knowledge, she thought, was the priceless boon to humanity. Keenly realizing the stronger intellectual powers of men, she saw that by herself she was powerless to add to the world's treasures. Her only opportunity, then, appeared in the position of helper of some great man, to lighten his drudgery, and with her sympathy and faith spur him on to greater achievements. She was thus long prepared in mind to sacrifice herself in marriage with some supposedly great man, such as Mr. Casaubon. Her faith, in this act, took to her friends the aspect of illusion, and her self-forgetfulness the appearance of an exaggerated hero-worship.

Her vision of marriage is childlike. To be taught by her husband, to help him, to grasp, through his high

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learning, some plan of the universe so great as to include all things and yet applicable to herself and her small circle—these were the vague dreams of her mind. And mingled unconsciously with her acticipations was the strong need of worshiping her husband and of receiving from him sympathy and love in return.

Unfortunately for her married happiness, she is too clever not to realize soon that her husband's vaunted learning is but an unpractical groping among the musty legends of antiquity. Added to this crushing disappointment she finds that underneath the mask of his punctiliously polite language and behavior, his soul is at once narrow, jealous and bitter. Rebellion from him, the disorder of a life without loving duty is impossible to her. Devotedness is so much of a necessity that with pathetic self-blame she considers her own spiritual poverty as the cause of her desolation. In this crisis comes the sustaining thought that duty will still be shown her in some new form, and some fresh channel be found for her wifely love and energies.

Throughout her acquaintance with Mr. Ladislaw she has found always an outlet for her confidence and inmost thoughts. Her interest in him, far from being the desire of admiration, is rather a hungry craving after someone who would understand and sympathize with her. Side by side with her deep pity for him, with its ill-defined sense of guardianship and nearness, grows slowly in her heart a love, hitherto unknown, but which is destined to round and give symmetry to her life.

Through various phases her ardent nature, with its singleness of purpose, its self-sacrificing devotion, and its fanaticism of sympathy, at last reaches that high plane, whence with pitying eyes she looks upon the sorrows and troubles of mankind; with no haughtiness, surely, but with the humility which accompanies always a lofty spiritual elevation. For the influence of the qualities which we have seen developed in Dorothea does not tend to self-sufficiency or conceit, but has a hidden power which is perhaps none the less effective because it lies below the surface. *Richard M. Hurd.*

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WHISPERS OF THE ELMS.

'Neath these old historic elms
Comes a feeling, o'er me stealing,
Till it all my soul o'erwhelms.

Low and plaintive is the sound
Of the muttering branches uttering
Whispers to the trees around.

Pause and listen to their story
Of past gladness, of past sadness,
Of forgotten college glory,

Tales of many scenes departed,
Memories golden of the olden
College days of happy-hearted

Students of the "long ago";
Of endeavor, gone forever,
Oh how hard to think it so!

Of the many merry friends,
Joyous meetings, hearty greetings,
Happiness that friendship lends;

Of the youthful hopes and fears,
Inward burnings, eager yearnings
For the fruits of after years.

Sacred records of the Past!
How much History, how much Mystery,
Your tall stalwart forms hold fast!

And to me each nodding bough,
Gently swinging, softly singing,
Tells of one who is not now,

One, who thirty years ago,
When he dwelt here, thought, and felt here,
Sung in measures sweet and low,

Drawing from these things of Time,
Inspirations for creations
Of melodious liquid rhyme.

Over him and others, ever
Gently swinging, softly singing,
Chant these elms a hymn forever.

Irving Fisher.

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NOTABILIA.

THE subject of the college pulpit has met with scant attention from our college papers, in most other matters quite unready to abstain from the attack of an ancient grievance for the mere reason that it has been harped on some years before. So thorough, as a general rule, is their criticism that their all but continual silence on this question is in danger of being taken to represent a lack of college opinion to back them up. The fact is, that even when opinion is thoroughly aroused, the discussion of the matter implies so much which is personal that the grumblers feel some hesitation about making themselves heard in print. But sometimes the contrast between what is and what might be becomes too great to be passed by in silence. In our search for the ideal college pastor we do not have to fall back upon the familiar example of Arnold of Rugby. Such men are few indeed; but in nearly all our sister colleges, and even in many of our city churches, we may find men possessing the ability to arouse at least an occasional serious thought or two in the young men that make up their congregations. Again, Yale seems placed in a peculiarly advantageous position for the adoption of some such scheme of rotation as is in successful use at Harvard. New York, with all the talent of its pulpits, is surely within easy reach, to make no mention of New Haven itself and the many smaller cities within two hours' ride. But whatever may be done about it, the plain fact remains that at the present the religious influence of the Sunday services in the college church counts rather for minus than for plus. This, we are confident, is not an unbased generality, but expresses the actual experience of a large majority in each class. It is quite easy to see that in the general upheaval of previous convictions, which is almost sure to occur to every man in the course of his four years of college life, such a travesty of religion as is weekly presented to us can hardly exert a counteracting influence. No setting

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forth of religious truths can in the least appeal to a congregation of six hundred young men that contains no "drop of ruddy blood;" that is designed and written not for them, but for a half dozen professors' families in the rear gallery.

In another department of this number is printed a list of the essays submitted in competition for the Lit. medal.* It was the unanimous opinion of the committee that none of them were worthy of consideration. With regard to all but one or two it would not be unjust to say that as average specimens of grammar school composition work they could hardly be considered creditable performances.

It is hard to assign a sufficient cause for the present almost entire collapse of the literary spirit in Yale. It is not natural to suppose that in classes so large and so nearly uniform in size the sum-total of ability can vary greatly from year to year. The optional system, increasing as it does the amount of work which each instructor feels himself at liberty to exact from his fraction of a class may be partly to blame. More important, perhaps, is the lack of stimulus which more thorough instruction in English composition has given in years past. That department, which might count far more for practical advantage and for culture than any other in the whole course, is notoriously the most deficient of all. A severe self-criticism, therefore, a rigid adherence to a higher standard in literary work than is necessary for success in the eyes of the college world becomes more than ever necessary for all who would profit by their college labors.

* Competitors may have their pieces returned by mail by sending their addresses to 211 D.

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PORTFOLIO.

THE KING IN ISRAEL.

Through the proud streets the captive chariots groaned,
Piled with the bloody spoils that battle yields;
The brazen sun flashed from the brazen shields,
The glad air rang with cornets silver-toned.
The king has conquered! and in loud acclaim
The thronging city raised its voice on high;
From tower to tower flew the answering cry,—
"David is victor! Mighty is his name!"
And in the little chamber o'er the gate
There crouched a figure bowed with agony,
With covered face, and kingly robes undone,
While from the lips, in accents passionate,
Broken with anguish, came the father's cry,
"Would I had died for thee! My son, my son!"

Edward C. Fellowes.

——In one of the cases in the main library there is a rough but clever little sketch, which brings very close to one the great romance of our Revolution. I find myself drawn to it again and again—scanning every line and trying to read in it something of the mind and heart which prompted the fingers in their work. The simple story is told there. Major André, taken and convicted as a spy, is condemned to death. On the morning when the sentence is to be executed he sat in the guard-house awaiting the hour, and while talking with the officer of the day made this clever sketch of himself and left it to the officer as a memento—and through his heirs it was given to the college in the time of President Day.

One sees the outline of a young man with a peculiarly amiable and interesting face, his arm resting on the back of the chair, and his right hand lightly touching the table at his side. He is dressed in the picturesque fashion of the time—his attitude is high-bred and easy—his head is slightly bent as if the events of his past life were at that moment rushing through his mind. He must have been thinking of how much a creature of circumstances he was. When a very young man, by his accomplishments and his solid worth, he had won a place for himself in the cultivated society of London. Here he had become enamored of a young lady of some social pre-

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tentions and his love had been returned. But her family had so strongly objected that he was placed in a counting-house by his parents in the hope of cooling his unfortunate passion. Such a life was not for him and he left it to enter the army. Here his promotion was rapid and—still a child of circumstance—he was ordered to America and there entrusted with the mission which cost him his life. His bearing in those last days won the hearts of his captors. He made but one request—to die as a soldier should die—and this was not granted. Faithful to the end, he had kept possession of his lady's miniature by putting it in his mouth when he was being searched. He did not know that she had passed away before him.

Go, look at the sketch made by his own hand as the last act in his melancholy life was about to take place, and the whole scene will come up before you with a strange and pathetic vividness. An innocent victim of war—of men's hate and duplicity—he was about to relinquish life, with the ambitions, the hopes, the longings, the strong love of youth—and there was no word of complaint or reproach uttered, but a calm acceptance of his fate and a thoughtful remembrance of those about him. For a hundred years two nations, at peace, have mourned his death. In that sad struggle the name of Washington stands for Wisdom—that of Lafayette for Chivalry—that of Arnold for Treachery, and the name of André for Romance.

F. I. P.

——If there ever was a striking instance of the eccentricity of genius it is afforded by the replies of the literary men of England to the *Pall Mall Gazette's* request for criticisms and amendments of Sir John Lubbock's "Best one hundred Books." Most of these answers came in the shape of lists of the writer's own compiling, and an examination of them will, I think, stagger the most phlegmatic. The most comically unique reply came—as might be expected—from Mr. Ruskin, who returned Sir John's list "putting my pen lightly through the needless and blottesquely through the rubbish and poison."—N. B. The list looks as though it had been marked with the wrong end of a quill. We cannot help being startled by finding the broadest of the "rubbish and poison" marks over the names of Sophocles, Emerson, Goethe, Thackeray, etc., but we remember that Ruskin's eccentricity is unusually pronounced and turn to Swinburne. A prolonged search—Oh, shades of

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Athens!—fails to find a Plato! Prior, Suckling, Drayton, Etherege and no Euripides. All of Boccaccio and "selections" from the Bible, Crashaw, Randolph, Wither and no Addison! Naturally we come up gasping and take the next list, that of Prof. Blackie, prepared to stand a good deal, but we *are* surprised when in Poetry and Fiction we find "Robinson Crusoe," Cowper, Wordsworth, Campbell and not one of the Greeks but Homer. In History, Froissart and no Gibbon, and "Italy," by Prof. Spalding and no Xenophon. There is another chance, and it is with perfect confidence that we turn to the list of William Norris, one of the acknowledged first critics of the day. By this time, though we are prepared for anything, and after discovering that *he* has Blake and no Milton; George Borrow and no George Eliot; and Piers Plowman and no Spenser, we drop the pamphlet and try to think. And in the words of our great Artemus, "The more we think, the fewer thoughts we have." H. R. G.

——Walt Whitman will always be regarded with a curious mixture of feelings, as a figure belonging to the literary circle of New York's earlier days—a Bohemian distinguished above all at a time when Bohemianism was the key of admission to that select circle. He is too original, too unconventional, both personally and in his literary attempts, not to present a picturesque appearance to the eye. In flannel shirt, slouch hat and the ordinary garb of a workman, he moved among the lower grades of society, to which he thought himself sent in some special sense, everywhere admired and beloved by all his humble friends. One curious fact, however, is noticeable—none of these had the slightest notion of the literary efforts which he so constantly exerted for their benefit. The reason of his popularity among these people lay in his democratic, catholic spirit, his bonhommie, his good-heartedness and his readiness to redress all their wrongs. He was looked up to with admiration and respect by all; and they all seemed tacitly to admit his preëminence, brought him their grievances to settle and found in him a ready sympathizer for all their troubles. His habits of life, too, were most peculiar; he was accustomed to seek inspiration for his poems, on the hottest summer days, by lying on his back in the scorching sand of the Long Island coast and gazing at the sun. One of his favorite resorts for this purpose was Coney Island—then an

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absolutely barren sand heap, where no one thought of going, and consequently a secluded spot for the musings of the poet. He was a passionate admirer of Nature in all her forms, delighting in physical exercise and outdoor life. A large hearted, whole-souled man, such as is most needed in the cause of progress—although his claims as a poet are much disputed by all serious critics! J. F. C.

——It is, after all, the most truthful, the most life-like character which is the most successful in fiction, and among those most frequently attempted and as seldom happily conceived, is the portrayal of children's character. Many a hero or heroine is introduced before they have arrived at an age to be dignified with the responsibilities which are to be their later allotment, but their actions and sayings possess a strange precocity, and they display an unnatural alertness and shrewdness of mind, which poorly accords with actual experience. They are made the mouth-piece of the author's profound views, and the instruments of moral teaching as well as the matured, older characters. An eminent exception to this class, however, is seen in the first few chapters of "Mill on the Floss." In Tom and Maggie Tulliver, George Eliot has given us an exquisitely natural picture, one which goes immediately to every heart. How beautifully is their young life there at the old moss-grown mill described. We can fully appreciate every little scene as it is vividly presented to us. How tenderly do their childish quarrels and misunderstandings, their joyful excursions into the woods or fishing, Maggie's longing to be the associate of her brother's amusements, and Tom's proud disdain at the possibility of such a thing—how tenderly do these incidents appeal to us. We see in them parts of our own lives, detailed with an artlessness and natural truth that sets affectation at infinity. Whether or not we can praise the sequel of the book, may remain a disputed question, but regarding the first part merely as a delineation of childhood in its purity and simplicity, we can put no limits to our admiration. And the secret of it lies in George Eliot herself, her passionate love for children and their ways. "We could never have loved the world half so well, if there had not been children in it." This was her feeling, but added to it was her wonderful power of close observation, and her ability to seize representative incidents; and these together have given us a picture filled with living energy and as real as it is original. F. L. W.

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——Nearly fifty years ago Balzac wrote a preface to his works—then but half written—which should serve not only for their interpretation, but should give a view of the causes which led to their taking the form in which they now exist. From his study of the Natural Kingdom he deduced the law that there is but one principle used in the creation of all organized beings, and that all species grow out of the difference in the conditions under which the one genus developes. In this respect, he thought, Society resembles Nature. Man developes according to his social opportunities. As Buffon had bound together in one book the entire scheme of Zoology, so it seemed there was a work of the same kind for him to accomplish for Society. In this power of conceiving a system in his literary work, Balzac outstripped all other novelists. For he portrayed the life, manners and customs of his time, not in a number of disconnected volumes, but in the form of a complete history, in which each chapter was a character, a custom or an event; each volume a distinct scene or profession, and the entire work "The Comedy of Human Life." History proper, he saw, was dull, without higher ideal, and necessarily confined to actual occurrences. And in looking back upon the past he found that the older civilizations had lacked just what he was about to give to France of the 19th century; namely, a clear and truthful exponent of what lies below the surface, or perhaps better, of those originating causes of human affairs which are peculiar to the age alone. The novel should not fail in truth of detail, and more, should paint a possible better world. In the personages he depicted Balzac kept always before him the precept, that the literary characters of any writer or period live only in proportion as there is in them something universal, by which they are allied to any and every age. His work is thus of a double value. As a representation of a particular country in a particular period, it is without equal, and as an exposition of the laws which govern the human heart, it will never lose its value.

R. M. H.

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MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The month's record extends from October 20 to November 21. We begin with the football game,

Yale vs. Williams,

played at Williamstown, October 23. The score was Yale, 76; Williams, 0. The teams were composed as follows: Williams—*Rushers:* Campbell, Goodyear, Field, Johnson, Richards, DeVol, Bigelow; *quarter-back:* A. Safford; *half-backs:* Rowland and W. Safford; *back:* Williams. Yale—*Rushers:* Wallace, Gill, Carter, Corbin, Woodruff, Burke, Corwin; *quarter-back:* Beecher; *half-backs:* Watkinson, Morison; *back:* Pratt.

Gamma Nu Initiation.

The following men from '90 have been initiated into Gamma Nu: Amerman, Baird, Bedell, H. M. Bishop, E. Brooks, Jr., De Camp, Dick, Harrison, Holmes, Lusk, Morse, Parsons, Selden, Tilney, Tracy, Wells, York. Officers were elected as follows: *President,* Harrison; *Vice-President,* Selden; *Secretary,* Tracy; *Vice-Secretary,* Holmes; *Treasurer,* Tilney; *Censor,* De Camp.

Senior Class Meeting,

to elect class day officers, was held October 25. James R. Sheffield was elected class orator, William McCormick, poet, George Hill, statistician, and W. S. Burns, historian, vice S. Knight, resigned.

Yale vs. Wesleyan.

The first championship foot ball game of the season was played with Wesleyan at the Yale Field, October 30. Score: Yale, 130; Wesleyan, 0. The teams were: Wesleyan—*Rushers:* Richards, Glenn, Norton, Wells (captain), Eaton, Johnson, Cassidy; *quarter-back:* Stillman; *half-backs:* Manchester, Smith; *back:* Beattys. Yale—*Rushers:* Corwin (captain), Burke, Carter, Corbin, Woodruff, Gill, Wallace; *quarter-back:* Beecher; *half-backs:* Watkinson, Morison; *back:* Bull.

Yale vs. Crescents,

on the Polo Grounds, resulted in a score of 39 points for Yale to her opponent's nothing. The Yale team was the same as in the Wesleyan game.

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Yale vs. University of Pennsylvania.

Yale won her second championship game by a score of 75 to 0. The best playing was done by Beecher Morrison and Wallace. The teams were: Yale—*Rushers:* Wallace, Gill, Wurtenberg, Corbin (center), Woodruff, Buchanan, Robinson; *quarter-back:* Beecher; *half-backs:* Morison and Watkinson: *back:* Bull. University of Pennsylvania—*Rushers:* Mill, Dewey, Tunis, Downes (center), Salter, Ashhurst, Cline; *quarter-back:* Sypher; *half-backs:* Hulme and Fell; *back:* Graham.

Yale vs. Harvard.

About two hundred Yale men accompanied the eleven to Cambridge to witness the defeat of Harvard in the championship foot ball contest. Harvard scored the only points which have been made against the Yale team this season. The game was of especial interest as being the first that has been played with Harvard in two years. The best playing was done by Beecher and Morison. Score: Yale, 29; Harvard, 4.

LIT. *Medal.*

The following are the titles of the articles contributed for the LIT. Medal, together with the *nom de plume.*

Boethius: Life and Writings.	By "Elmer A. Dewey."
Education and Suffrage.	By "Elmer Wise."
Ramona: The Indian Question.	By "Justice."
Religion of Adam Bede.	By "L'inconnu."
The Rise of the Proletariat.	By "K. of L."
Savonarola.	By "Biographer."
Thersites.	By "Harley Kendon."
Victor Hugo.	By "W. H. B."
Voudooism in the South.	By "Voudoo."

Items.

W. Harmer, '90, broke the two mile intercollegiate record at the Yale Field, October 23. Time, 10 m. 40 4-5 sec.——A. B. Coxe has been chosen captain of the athletic team for the ensuing year.——H. N. Strait was elected captain of the '90 foot ball eleven, vice Clawson, resigned.——Sherrill, '87, broke the Yale record in the 220 yards dash. Time, 22 2-5 sec.

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BOOK NOTICES.

Othello and Desdemona. Their Characters, and the Manner of Desdemona's Death. With a notice of Calderon's Debt to Shakespeare. A Study. By Dr. Ellits. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. $1.00. For sale by Judd.

This little book contains the fruit of much careful study. The few appended remarks on Calderon are some pioneer work which promises well for the future; and the discussion of the manner of Desdemona's death is an interesting addition to the literature on that debated question. The main work of the book is, however, on the character of Othello. Some one has remarked that the Moor—contrary to the vulgar view—was not by nature a jealous man; but is aroused to paroxysms of fury and madness by the subtleties of Iago. This seems to be the view taken by Dr. Ellits; and it must commend itself to the thoughtful student of the play. Othello is a man past the hey-day of youth, whose successful military experiences are both a cause and a result of a complete self-command. His love for Desdemona is deep and tender rather than passionate; it is awakened in him by her trustful admiration of his courage, and unconsciously takes entire possession of him, becoming a part of his strong nature. But in Othello the grave sense of duty and honor is what rules him; immediately after the marriage, he does not hesitate to leave his wife for a necessary campaign.

> "Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour
> Of love, of worldly matter and direction,
> To spend with thee. We must obey the time."

This is the language not of a passionate lover, but of a man of wisdom and gravity. Yet Othello's love is as beautiful as any in Shakspere; it is quiet and deep in its strength, and its purity has not the slightest sensual alloy. The fiendish subtlety of Iago is directed to Othello's sense of honor; with matchless cunning the villain strikes his victim again and again in the vulnerable spot, and finally by the device of the handkerchief, Othello seems to have clear proof of Desdemona's falseness. He slays her, not in revenge, but with the sorrow of a righteous judge.

> "It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul."

The essay on Desdemona is a fine interpretation of that child-like and guileless character. Desdemona is the most lovely of Shakspere's great women. Her heart can hide no thoughts of jealousy, envy or revenge; such soil can bring forth nothing but the fruits of the Spirit. She bows her head to her doom not simply in resignation, but with unshaken love and trust in her stern executioner. Sin is a stranger to the sweet purity of Desdemona's nature; she does not even understand worldly shrewdness or pride. Her character stands the last divine test. "Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of Heaven."

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The Good Things of "Life." Third Series. New York: White, Stokes & Allen. $2.50. For sale by Judd.

This volume contains a number of large and small cartoons from the popular periodical "Life." That paper has a well-earned reputation for the excellence of its humorous illustrations, and when we have a book-full of them, carefully culled, we may be sure of something extremely fine in the way of caricature. Society life is the most common target for pictorial satire in these pages and the English dude is "gagged" in a variety of forms. The first cartoon represents the "Youth of the Period" striding along the streets of Athens, accompanied by his cane, and eyed by laughing maidens, while Socrates and Alcibiades discuss the nature of the beast. Strange coincidences, unfortunate remarks, unexpected street encounters, and awkward situations make up the material for many of the pictures. The series of small illustrations headed "Pictorial Shakespeare" has some of the funniest things in the book. Many noted artists are among the contributors. The work of the publishers leaves nothing to criticise. The paper is heavy, with gilt edges, and the book elegantly bound in blue, with an artistic cover in black and gold. Both this volume and "Life's Verses" noticed elsewhere in this number, would make handsome gift-books.

Cap and Bells. By Samuel Minturn Peck. New York: White, Stokes & Allen. $1.00. For sale by Judd.

Mr. Peck enjoys a wide reputation as a writer of graceful verse and his signature is frequently seen among the *bric à brac* of the *Century*. This little volume of poems must be welcomed with pleasure everywhere. The style is that of Mr. Bunner's "Airs from Arcady," and the average of the verse here is certainly not inferior to that. This is, in fact, the best collection that we have seen for a long time. When a volume of poems is the work of one author, it is the rule to find that the really good ones are few, while some are decidedly poor. But in "Cap and Bells" almost everything is of a high order, and we have not found one that could be called even common-place. All varieties of metrical style seem to be represented. We can appreciate the poem "A Knot of Blue" as we see inserted under the title *For the Boys of Yale*. The poem called "I Wonder What Maud Will Say" has the ripple of laughing rhyme to perfection. "A Kiss in the Rain" is one of the best. Some of the poems have a deeper tone of pathos mingled with the gayety. We venture to clip one of those in the lightest vein.

UNDER THE ROSE.

HE. (*aside.*)

If I should steal a little kiss
Oh, would she weep, I wonder?
I tremble at the thought of bliss—
If I should steal a little kiss!
Such pouting lips would never miss
The dainty bit of plunder;
If I should steal a little kiss,
Oh, would she weep, I wonder?

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SHE. (*aside.*)

He longs to steal a kiss of mine—
He may if he'll return it;
If I can read the tender sign,
He longs to steal a kiss of mine;
"In love and war"—you know the line,
Why cannot he discern it?
He longs to steal a kiss of mine—
He may if he'll return it.

BOTH. (*five minutes later.*)

A little kiss when no one sees—
Where is the impropriety?
How sweet amid the birds and bees
A little kiss when no one sees;
Nor is it wrong, the world agrees,
If taken with sobriety.
A little kiss when no one sees,
Where is the impropriety?

First Steps in Scientific Knowledge. Complete in Seven Parts. By Paul Bert. Translation by Madame Paul Bert. Revised and Corrected by Wm. H. Greene, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 60 cents. For sale by Judd.

The "First Steps in Scientific Knowledge" comes to us to supply a want which has long been evident to those who desire to see mankind advanced in true knowledge. It professes to give a logical statement of the principles of natural science, organic and inorganic, in detail. That such knowledge should be imparted to the child and that the child be taught to observe and interpret aright the ordinary phenomena of nature, is without doubt an important subject in our educational problem; and it is to be hoped, one that will receive more attention from teachers and parents. While the means for accomplishing this is now in our hands and is to be welcomed as such, there is some lessening of our pleasure, to have to note that there are some quite serious faults. There is a lack of scientific accuracy in important definitions and explanations. These do harm by confirming the popular misapprehension in regard to causes of phenomena and such matters. The distinction between animals and plants is a good example of this. The style in which the book is written is somewhat dry as well as inconsistent. It sometimes addresses its explanations to mere infantile intellects, while at other times tasks a quite advanced mind in their comprehension. On the whole, however, the amount of good to be obtained from its use will probably more than balance its failings in these directions. W. A. S.

Life's Verses. Second Series. New York: White, Stokes & Allen. $1.50. For sale by Judd.

These are selections from the poetry published in "Life," and it is needless to add that they are exceedingly entertaining. It is not merely for the humor that one cares to read here and there in a book of this kind; the verses have that charm about them which poetical taste and metrical skill

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can give, so that we read and re-read them, and then like to have the volume at hand to be able to pick up at any leisure moment. The illustrations are numerous and are also excellent, adding very much to the attractiveness of the book. Many of the poems are by well-known writers in this field. We take pleasure in quoting one, as it is from the pen of W. S. Case, '85, a former editor of the *Courant:*

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

In olden Tyme wh^{nne} valiaunt Knyghtes
Disputed f^{r} each otheres Ryghtes,
Wh^{nne} Maydes w^{re} foughte f^{r}—Th^{nne} I wot
F^{r} Monie, Love was never boughte.

Alack! Those goode old Daies have passed,
Y^{e} Foppe succeedes y^{e} Knyghte at last.
Love breedes contentiones as of Olde.
But Steele has given waie to Golde!

Real People. By Marion Wilcox. New York: White, Stokes & Allen. $1.00. For sale by Judd.

We are glad to add our word of appreciation to the favorable criticism which is greeting Mr. Wilcox's book on all sides. Contributions to current literature which have "Yale University" on the title-page are usually of a solid and scholarly nature. But much study is a weariness to the flesh; and it is a pleasure to see Yale represented in literature which has for its object grace and beauty rather than the logic of facts. Yet these sketches—admirably constructed as they are, with jewels of genuine humor flashing here and there—have in them that touch of nature which is the "life of the building." The short stories "A Spanish-American Engagement" and "Concha Casablanca" are as entertaining as any in the book. They are excellent. In "Parsifal, Paul, and Pauline" the production of Wagner's great opera at Bayreuth is described and with so much skill that we almost fancy ourselves part of the audience, eagerly gazing at the figures on the stage and charmed by the splendid music. By this attractive volume Mr. Wilcox has established a literary reputation which cannot fail to increase with his pen.

October. Through the Year with the Poets. Edited by Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 75 cts. per vol.

As in the earlier volumes of this series, Mr. Adams' good taste and skill are apparent in "October." Many of the poems are beautiful, and the series as a whole forms an inexpensive and choice poetic library. We clip the following, which embodies the changeful feelings aroused by the evening of the year.

O lustre of decay!
The daylight glides away
In glow of richer glory than at noon;
Autumn, that steals the flower,
Gives the tree golden dower,
And crimson walls that will be leafless soon.

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O dimness of decay!
The sunset hastes away,
And leaves the world to lone and darkling night,
And autumn, when he flies,
Leaves only howling skies,
And trees that toss their naked boughs in fright.

The Whitney Calendar for 1887. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 50 cents. For sale by Peck.

In the handsome and convenient calendars which are annually issued by this house, there has been an entirely new plan followed this year. The main feature which is new is the additional information, which gives the day of the week upon which each day of the year will come, the days on which the moon is new and full, the anniversaries of great events and the birth-days of celebrated men, ecclesiastical and civil days, rates of postage, and measures. The dates of the eclipses for 1887 and the morning and evening stars during the year are also given. The card on which the calendar is fastened is elegantly decorated. The selections from the writings of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, which accompany this calendar, are well made, and it becomes a pleasure as well as a genuine source of instruction to read them day by day. One thing is noticeable, that whilst the price of these calendars had heretofore been always a dollar, it is this year reduced to fifty cents.

What I Believe. By Count Leon Tolstoi. Translated from the Russian by Constantine Popoff. New York: W. S. Gottsberger. For sale by Judd.

This is another version in English of Tolstoi's peculiar religious views. It is in substance the same work as "My Religion." That, however, was translated through the medium of the French, while this has the great advantage of coming directly from the Russian. To a certain extent the earnest plea made for a practical Christianity is in every way right and true; but as is natural in books of this kind, the idea is pushed to an extreme. For example, Tolstoi interprets the words, "Judge not," to refer to human courts of law, and seriously urges that all law-courts be summarily abolished.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Among the stoics of olden time," quoth St. Elihu, "there was a theory which, strange and exaggerated though it was, conveyed a very definite idea of the insignificance of our footstool and eloquently set forth the doctrine that 'there is no new thing under the sun, and all is vanity.' For their fatalistic scheme of the universe was that there is a cycle of unknown length repeated over and over again, a wheel of unknown diameter revolving in eternity. At some time to come, said they, Homer will again wander in darkness through warlike Hellas, reciting the same grand verses to the same listeners, and throughout humanity the same puppets will appear on the

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same old stage. The rival universities discussing their rights will pursue the same old squabbles entirely oblivious of rival claims. The same old sermons will be heard from the college pulpit, on the same old dead and useless issues; issues which cannot be of the least interest to the liberal man and which cannot do him that is not liberal the least good except to delude his mind with trying to trace out thought and logical sequence where none was ever intended, and this too in the course of a *liberal* education. The same Professors will time after time relieve themselves of the same old jokes when the day marked in their calendar comes round, and the same low-stand men will laugh a hearty laugh in hopes of raising their average. This doctrine a student of to-day eloquently mentioned as the 'quintessence of chestnutism,' and it is this 'quintessence' which stealing over one's mind dampens the editorial enthusiasm of your patron when called upon to the old old task of reviewing his cotemporaries. But the cloud is brightened by the appearance of many new lights, which seem to spring up in the soil left fallow by the death of debating societies, the numerous *Lits.* which point to a more careful, pains-taking sort of literature than that of the periodicals which formerly furnished almost exclusively the printed pabulum of our colleges. They may not be as airy as the more frequent publications, but they certainly tend to develop what literary taste their constituency affords in the highest degree, so the effects of the drug afore-mentioned are slightly modified." The old fellow will talk and babble on and we suppose that it is his high privilege so to do. Now, thank Heaven, he has desisted and we can rush through the rest of our duties.

The Pennsylvanian after hopes and prayers tending toward the demolition of Harvard on the football field, thus expresses itself in regard to the self satisfaction so abundantly displayed by that institution. The first selection we take to be a *bona fide* clipping.

"HARVARD.

We insert the following modest prospectus, which speaks for itself:—

HARVARD:

THE FIRST AMERICAN UNIVERSITY.

BY

GEORGE GARY BUSH, PH.D.,

Member of the American Historical Association, etc.

A History of Harvard University, the mother of American greatness, to which not only England, Russia, and Japan contribute students, but the antiquity of whose origin may well put to the blush the claims of modern rivals;

and so on, *ad inf. et ad naus.*

Perhaps we will be pardoned if we compare this to a portion of another circular which has lately come into our hands:—

O'BRIEN'S

GREAT AMERICAN 10-CENT CIRCUS,

*The parent of American Shows; * * * to which not only the Western Continent, but also the wilds of Asia and Africa, contribute wonders. This old reliable, long-established show is warranted all that it is represented, and deserves more credence than its many modern rivals.*

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Mr. G. Gary Bush ought to change his name to G. Bary Gush, and devote his time to circus posters."

The *Dartmouth Lit.* is responsible for the following rather neat though somewhat susceptible, not to say spoony, production.

VIOLINISTE.

Under your rounded chin
The polished wood of your violin
Comes lengthening down to your slender hand,
Where a bit of ribbon (a silken band)
Flutters and floats. 'Twere better planned
To be under your rounded chin.

Now from your snowy throat
Swells on the air a soft, sweet note;
And, caught in a perfect chord by the strings,
Its cadence rises and falls and swings,
And I listen enrapt as the melody rings
Up from your snowy throat.

Deftly your fingers go
O'er the quivering strings, now high, now low,
And words that speak from the music start,
And for me thrill the world in its every part,
Till I only feel that over my heart
Deftly your fingers go.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

A WEEKLY PANORAMA OF EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD

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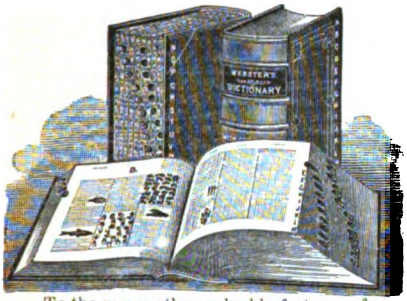
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VOL. LII. No. III.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

DECEMBER, 1886.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-second Volume with the number for October, 1886. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

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A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

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THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LII. DECEMBER, 1886. NO. 3

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '87.

ANDREW F. GATES, CHAS. H. LUDINGTON, JR.
WILLIAM KENT, WILLIAM L. PHELPS,
JOHN N. POMEROY.

LOWELL'S HARVARD ORATION.

THE announcement that James Russell Lowell would deliver the oration at the recent Harvard anniversary undoubtedly reinforced the crowds there gathered by many hundreds. By all odds the most versatile of American men of letters—recently hailed in England as the greatest of our living poets—more distinctly national in his sympathies than any other of our greatest authors—no one could be found so eminently qualified to speak for American culture before one of the most intelligent audiences ever assembled in this country. Perhaps the rarest merit of his address was, that it could interest alike the stranger and alien and him that was present by a kind of filial right. Pomp, vain glory, the pride of prior birth, were all conspicuously absent. To Yale men, especially, his words were welcome; for the position he took and defended with all his eloquence was precisely that which Yale, under the new order of things, has taken, and for which she finds sympathy so charily expressed.

To begin with, he finds that the title "University," which both Yale and Harvard have borne for no great

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while, stands, not for a present reality, but only for an ideal to be aimed at. In no uncertain language he decries the too hasty introduction of the full elective system. "We are in a process of transformation; still in the hobbledehoy period, not having ceased to be college, nor yet having reached the full manhood of a university, so that we speak with that ambiguous voice, half bass, half treble, or mixed of both, which is proper to a certain stage of adolescence. We are trying to do two things with one tool, and that tool not specially adapted to either." There can be no doubt as to the meaning of all this. The indorsement implied in it of the partial elective system, Yale's *via media*, coming from so high an authority, must be peculiarly gratifying.

The orator is at one with us, again, in advising the enlargement of the graduate department as the surest way in which the university ideal is to be approached.

On the question of the classics he has preëminently a right to be heard, and we are prepared to find his finest eloquence put forth in their defence. We have to listen to no poor appeals, having for their theme the utility of a severe training in etymology and syntax. The subject is elevated at once to the highest plane, and never leaves it. "Let the Humanties," he pleads, "be maintained undiminished in their ancient right. Leave in their traditional preëminence those arts that were rightly called liberal; those studies that kindle the imagination, and through it irradiate the reason; those studies that manumitted the modern mind; those in which the brains of finest temper have found alike their stimulus and their repose, taught by them that the power of intellect is heightened in proportion as it is made gracious by measure and symmetry. . . . . Men are ephemeral or evanescent, but whatever page the authentic soul of man has touched with her immortalizing finger, no matter how long ago, is still young and fair as it was to the world's gray fathers. Oblivion looks in the face of the Grecian Muse only to forget her errand."

But while Yale may reasonably be pleased to find her policy confirmed in three such essential particulars, we are not to imagine that we are not still far short of the ideal. If

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Yale is, indeed, to be the bulwark of classical education, that education must extract from the classics the very best that they will yield. The study of Greek and Latin authors, with whom good taste was "the be all and the end all," might easily be made to furnish that training in literary criticism which, as the case now stands, can only be gotten, in a very shabby way, by contributors to the college press. All of us know how uninspiring is most of the work of the first two years. But the worst of the matter is, that in the higher literary courses there is no improvement. In one of the classical optional recitations, by actual count, three-fourths of the points discussed concerned nothing more fructifying than niceties of syntax; in the English optionals the case is nearly as bad. To quote again, "I think I see a tendency to train young men in the language as if they were all to be editors, and not lovers of polite literature." With all due respect to the thoroughness which has always been the claim of Yale's system, we must admit that her boasted discipline is apt to become the discipline of the treadmill.

The larger part of the oration is devoted not to a criticism of special abuses or needs of the college training as it now is, but has a wider scope—the general purpose of the college, its position in the commonwealth. This, he holds, is "to set free, to supple, and to train the faculties in such wise as shall make them most effective for whatever task life may afterwards set them, for the duties of life rather than its business, and to open windows on every side of the mind where thickness of wall does not prevent." Surely, the function of the college, its relation to the state, could not be better expounded. In whatever way that function is to be performed, Yale has always been convinced that for its successful performance much more is needed than the imparting of a superficial polish. She has never tolerated the dilettante spirit. She has always tried to fit her sons for the "duties of life" by making of them those "four-square men," of whom the orator speaks—with what success the pages of the Triennial catalogue may testify. It is possible, however, that she is not so sure to send them forth thoroughly equipped

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for the finer duties, to which he more especially refers. So far as the purely intellectual side of the training she offers is concerned, it is to be feared that it is much better calculated to fit men for the "business" of life than for those higher duties. Our instructors are often so blinded by the light that is in their own eyes that they cannot appreciate the fact that many—perhaps, the majority—of those over whom they are set have no opportunity, before or after, for catching glimpses of that light. To anyone who is even a careless observer of the college press, nothing can be more evident than that the general skepticism among upper classes as to the intellectual benefit derived or derivable from the studies of a college course. There may be a tendency to exaggerate; but, surely, if the college answered "all ideal purposes," as well as practical, such pessimism could not be the rule; if the "true Bread of Life" had been effectually dispensed, the taste of it could not have been forgotten.

The way in which these "ideal purposes" are to be attained is by "adapting task to the highest, not to the lowest, capacities of the taught." Unfortunately, though Yale's method has been much in sympathy with this idea, her ambition for thoroughness is so great that by "highest capacities" she takes to mean the greatest power of work, the utmost powers of endurance. As a general rule, indeed, the standard of work which she sets up is far above the capacity of the most industrious and most enduring.

In conclusion we may say, however, that our outlook is most hopeful. Under the new administration changes for the better, in almost all the directions indicated by Mr. Lowell, have been ushered in, and we may confidently believe that much is yet in store. The marking system, in particular, with all its throng of attendant evils, is being slowly, but surely, forced to the wall. Now, of all times, it belongs to those undergraduates who best can appreciate these silent changes, and who have Yale's welfare most at heart, not to be behind-hand in their coöperation, silent though it may be.

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THE YEAR'S CLOSE.

What bring the years? They come and go like leaves
  Which autumn winds drive through the frosty air
  Tossing them far and wide; while cold and bare
The trees stretch out their arms like one who grieves

For children lost; and mourn on stormy eves
  Like one who shrives his soul in piteous prayer
  And humble murmuring. Thus stand we where
The years lie scattered; and we miss the sheaves.

Upon the face of earth's broad harvest fields
  The leaves are trodden in the dust and mire,—
Enrich the earth,—and golden fruitage yields
    The mellow soil, when summer warmth is past.
  Thus is life served, as youthful days expire
    And each new year is richer than the last.

Frank Ilsley Paradise.

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MR. HOWELLS' readers have been watching the progress of his last story — "The Minister's Charge"—with deep, and it must be said, painful interest. No other work shows so well the scope of his remarkable genius; no other gives so just an idea of the possibilities of the realistic novel.

No one can help reading Mr. Howells with interest. The wonderful vividness of his pictures; the extreme felicity of expression; the clear insight into the human mind and heart—all excite our warmest admiration. And then, too, Mr. Howells has a claim upon the gratitude of his readers for the general purity and wholesomeness of his portrayals of American society. Beneath his gentle raillery there is never a sting. One puts aside his book with the feeling that he has been in good company and that human nature is a good thing after all. We have all

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met the prototypes of his characters and count them among our valued friends. They are sometimes rude in their manners; petty in their ambition; barbarous in their tastes. Yet we love them for the real human sweetness and human nobleness which bad manners and bad taste cannot hide. A writer said the other day that he did not see the reason for the existence of Mr. Howells' books since the same work has already been done by Thackeray. Well, I have mentioned one of the reasons. His tone is better even than Thackeray's—certainly better than the false idealism of Dickens. I would not be understood as making a general comparison. "Vanity Fair" is incomparably a greater book than anything Mr. Howells has done, but we leave it with spirits oppressed and burdened by the sad picture of the sin-weary world which Thackeray draws. But in "The Minister's Charge" we see Mr. Howells in a new light, and what I have been saying of his work in no way applies to this book. While it is one of the strongest stories he has written, it lacks all those qualities which we value most in him. The tone is low; the style smacks of back streets; the pictures are revolting. Compared with his sweet story, "An Indian Summer," it is as if, in the Academy, one turned from the tender beauty of the Murillo Madonna to the disgusting realism of Rubens' "Dissecting Room." Mr. Howells has been forgiven many failings in style and treatment, because of the fidelity of his pictures of our society, and because of the sweet and wholesome tone which has pervaded all his work. We have admired the skill displayed in his delineation of character, and while we have sometimes sighed for a little more of the ideal element, we have found our consolation in the truth and justice and seriousness with which the realistic principle was used. But I do think this theory can be sorely overstrained, and when a novelist applies it in the portrayal of the lowest classes of our society and make portions of his story read like extracts from the Police Record, I doubt much if his readers will take exception to the remark quoted above, that such novels have no *raison d'etre.* The primary object of

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a novel is not to give a photographic view of society, but to picture fairly human life with its sorrow and sin, surely, but also with its nobleness and sweetness and hope. And any great novel leaves the impression of these last qualities, just because they are the impressive qualities of any great human life. Now, I think, with all his skill, Mr. Howells has failed in this in his last novel. Lemuel Barker's proclivity for getting into trouble leads us through tramp-lodgings, station houses, hospitals, and cheap boarding houses. He introduces us to a minister with a nagging wife, to some vulgar, ignorant shop girls, to tramps, to a commonplace editor, to his hideous brother-in-law, and to our old friend, Mr. Corey, now in his dotage. All this is done with painful skill, and for the most part it is true to life, but it is not noble, sweet or hopeful, and therefore the book has no reason for existence. George Eliot, also, was a realistic novelist. She also found her characters among poor and common people. Sin and misery and neglect she drew with a master hand. But her books have been a strong and helpful power in the world because they are full of the qualities I have mentioned.

For one, I regret this book of Mr. Howells, because, after all, he is the representative writer of our time. We are apt to forget that realism is a quality of mind which belongs universally to this age. It is the catchword in art and theology as well as in literature. And so, Mr. Howells' popularity is not a mere accident; but is due, in part at least, to the fact that he is a representative writer; that he has caught and is able to express the spirit of society, so that what he writes is in harmony with men's style of thought to-day. And we have reason to be thankful to him because, having this power, he has used it, in the most part, to picture the nobleness, the sweetness, the hopefulness of life.

Frank Ilsley Paradise.

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A CHRISTMAS BALLAD.

'Twas Christmas eve, and in the ancient hall
The jolly Baron held his wassail feast;
The Yule-log's brightness flickered on the wall.
The merry guests were holding festival
And all were joyous, e'en unto the least.

And as they told the valiant deeds of yore,
And through the vaulted halls their laughter rang,
The butler entered through the oaken door,
Upholding on the dish the steaming boar
With garlands crowned—and thus he loudly sang;

"The boar's head in the hand bring I
Bedecked with bays and rosemarie,
Then let all sing in melody
Quot estis in convivio;
Caput apri defero,
Redens laudes Domino!"

But while the fun and mirth were running high,
The Baron's beauteous daughter sate, apart,
With saddened mien and pensive downcast eye,
And even and anon she heaved a sigh
That came direct from out a heavy heart.

The old, old story of unhappy love—
A minstrel's ardent songs, a cruel sire,
A surreptitious note, a maiden's glove,
A fervent prayer that he might constant prove,
A warning not to brave the Baron's ire.

But as she sate within the curtained nook,
A shaft came speeding through the casement wide.
Bearing a note. With hasty, cautious look,
She snatched it up—her dainty fingers shook
With nervous joy she vainly strove to hide.

"The shaft is straight and true, the point is keen
And pierceth that which standeth in the way,
Its flight is silent and its course unseen,
Dove's feathers speed it forward. Ah, my Queen,
Unriddle this enigma now, I pray!"

The noisy hall she leaves with muffled tread,
And gains, unseen, her turret chamber high,
Her treasure chest unlocks in anxious dread,
And in a sable mantle shrouds her head—
The dove in raven plumes prepares to fly.

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The hempen ladder she descends with speed,
  Her anxious lover helps her to alight,
And, realizing well how great their need,
He swings her lightly on the impatient steed,
  And mounting galops forth into the night.

The minstrel's song is hushed, his ballad done,
  He humbly begs a share of Christmas cheer,
The stars peep out from heaven one by one,—
He lingers for an instant, and is gone
  Off through the snow and wintry wind severe.

Alfred Raymond.

THE STONE-THROWING DEVIL.

THE wild witchcraft faith that, towards the end of the seventeenth century, filled Boston and the neighboring towns with terror, spread superstition far up into Maine and has left traces of its power in the old tales and traditions of many a small New Hampshire village. Among these tales is one that has been celebrated by its hero in a small book—"Lithobolia, or the Stone-throwing Devil"—published in England after his return.

In the village of New Castle was a small inn kept by a man named Walton, and celebrated far and wide for its good fare and jovial host. In this house Richard Chamberlain, an accomplished man and amateur musician, took up his abode during his term as king's agent for New Hampshire. One evening, while diligently practicing on his fiddle, he was startled at seeing several stones fly through his windows, cleanly as rifle balls, and leisurely hop across the floor; more followed almost instantly, joining the dance, to which the chairs and tables were now keeping accurate time. Although Richard was no coward, as is seen from his subsequent doings, this was too much for him; dropping the fiddle, he rushed from the room. The night passed undisturbed. On the following day his adventure was the gossip of the village—gossip that became still more excited when it was learned that

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Chamberlain, too enthusiastic a fiddler to let a day pass without some music, had once more been assailed. Various were the conjectures made. The village seers were kept busy propounding theories and answering questions. Some believed it to be the "waggery of unlucky boys;" some ascribed it to the malice of an old woman; but the majority believed with Chamberlain himself, that a devil was at the bottom of the disturbances.

Day by day the trouble became worse. The devil, if devil it was, no longer waited for the music, but smashed windows or kept the chairs dancing, according to his whim. The fame of Walton's inn grew. The country people came from miles around to gaze open-mouthed at the bewitched furniture, well satisfied if they escaped without bruises from the flying stones. It is said that the village pastor was an object of special spite to the devil. The story even reached the ears of Cotton Mather, who relates the tale of the Walton house witchery in his queer old "History."

After many vain attempts to appease the devil's wrath, a solemn council of the persecuted individuals decided to use the most extreme means of exorcism known to them—the boiling of pins in salt water. On the appointed day, accompanied by prayer and supplication, for the pastor believed it to be a truly pious endeavor, the kettle was placed on the fire and the pins dropped in. Just as the water began to boil, a stone, whizzing in, cracked the spout; another followed, knocking off the cover, and before the astounded exorcists realized that the devil was rampant, the kettle, the pins and the water were smoking on the floor. This was the last and only attempt to rid themselves of the disturbances by a supernatural means. Slowly the persecution stopped, the Walton house got itself new windows and the furniture assumed its former correct stiffness. After a few weeks Richard Chamberlain sailed away to England and there described his adventures in his quaint little book. So ends the old story. It remains with us to choose by which of the gossips' theories it is to be explained.

Edward L. Parsons.

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HOW THE ZITHERN TOLD.

THE sunshine was everywhere. On the great purple heights across the river, on the warm hillsides thick with their clustering vines, on the smooth meadows over which the cloud-shadows fled silently and swiftly. Through the golden air the bees were swaying sleepily home to their straw-thatched hives; and in her little garden Trüdchen was watering her roses. Sunshine and roses and Trüdchen! And the young girl herself, bright as sunshine and sweet as the sweetest rose-bud in all her garden, was certainly very pleasant to look at. Had Ovid seen her, he would have been tempted to modify that statement of his as to everything divine having deserted the earth; and would at least have made her the heroine of an eclogue. Trüdchen had never even heard of Ovid, and would have stared in pretty bewilderment had you mentioned an eclogue; and just at this moment her mind was occupied with more important matters. For as she stood among her rose-bushes, the clear tone of a zithern caught her ear. She knew who the performer was well enough, for she had lived next door to Fritz Thalberg for all of her seventeen happy years, and could have distinguished his touch among a thousand; but at this particular moment he was playing one of her own favorite tunes, and as the words came to her mind,

"O Lieb', O Liebe, so golden schön!"

a faint tinge of pink came into her face. It was very unromantic, to be sure, to fall in love with someone next door to whom you had lived all your life; and very likely Trüdchen's ideal would have included a stranger with velvet cloak and fiery, coal-black steed. But like the wind that bloweth where it listeth, love leads us by whatever road it chooses to take, and all that can be done is to follow it with the meet degree of resignation. And so Trüdchen's heart, although not acquainted with this profound

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philosophical truth, had almost unconsciously considered itself the property of Fritz Thalberg from the time when it first began to think of such things. Had you asked her point-blank whether she loved him, she would have very likely been amused at the idea; but how then could that blush be explained which came to her face when her favorite tune was borne to her ears from Fritz's zithern?

Fritz, for his part, had never cared for anyone but Trüdchen. He fully expected to make her his wife some day, but could never find the moment that seemed to fulfill all the requirements for such an important disclosure. Whenever they did find themselves alone together, Fritz's courage proceeded to prove the evanescent quality of things temporal by taking to itself wings and departing; and so Fritz, instead of becoming tender and eloquent, looked at his hands with minute scrutiny, and asked Trüdchen after her mother's health, and whether the bees were doing well this year.

To-day he was busy with his zithern, practicing for a competitive exhibition which was to take place the following morning at the town hall. Everyone would be there, Trüdchen among the rest; and Fritz hoped that if he should be successful, the way would become easier to tell her what he so much wished to say.

The day dawned bright and clear, with a sweet wind bearing on its wings a freshness that came straight from the great mountains on the horizon, where the beautiful Jungfrau raised her form into the pure heaven. The road was gay with the townspeople in their holiday dress, as they took their way to the town hall. Two or three young girls nodded brightly to Fritz as he emerged from the house, and he nodded brightly back, for he was confident of success, and gave the zithern under his arm a gentle squeeze of exultation, as he thought of what success might mean to him.

The hall was fast filling when he arrived, and from behind the curtain he could see the people as they came in, the young girls in their snowy caps and gay ribbons, even the older women with an extra touch of finery, and here

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and there a plump baby that could not be left at home alone. But what drew his closest attention was Trüdchen, seated among a group of her friends, and looking, if possible, sweeter than ever, with the bunch of rosebuds at her throat.

And now the master of ceremonies came forward, and after a brief address of welcome, announced the first competitor, a cornet-player. Fritz scarcely heard the mellow notes as they soared and floated in pure tone-globules through the hall. His eyes were upon Trüdchen's face, upturned in rapt attention toward the performer, and his heart rose courageously as he thought how some day, perhaps that very day, she might be his own. The cornet-player bowed and withdrew, followed by a burst of well-merited applause. He was succeeded by another performer, and another, and still Fritz was watching Trüdchen's face. At last,—the one whom he himself was to follow,—another zithern-player stepped forward. It was known that he was an admirer of Trüdchen's, and as he took his seat and touched a few preliminary chords, his eyes rested upon her face for a moment, as though for inspiration. And then what music followed! The slim hands seemed bewitched as they flashed and twinkled across the wires, and the fine, clear notes leaped and sprang in brilliant profusion from under the marvelous touch. The audience seemed under a spell; and Trüdchen's heart sank as she thought of Fritz; could he ever surpass such music as that? And then followed a storm of applause, as the last rich chord quivered through the air. During the brief interval that preceded the next number, Trüdchen was almost in an agony for Fritz; and he, behind the curtain, was saying to himself, "Thy best now, Fritz,—it is for *her!*"

And now the buzz of comment and question that had followed the last performer ceased, as "Fritz Thalberg" was announced from the platform. Trüdchen dared not look; her eyes were in her lap, and she clutched convulsively a rose that had fallen from the bunch at her throat. Breathlessly she awaited the first notes; they came, firm

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and confident, and reassured she raised her eyes. From that moment she had no fear for Fritz. Calmly seated at the table where his zithern lay, he seemed unconscious of the hundreds of faces before him. And now from the wires arose a soft melody, low and simple and sweet, that swelled and waned and floated like sound-clouds, and went straight to Trüdchen's heart. It was that favorite little melody of hers,—

"O Lieb', O Liebe, so golden schön!"

and as it dreamily, murmuringly rose and fell, she knew all in one moment that Fritz loved her and that her own heart was his forever.

But now the movement changed; more rapidly the supple fingers flew, and quick sharp chords rang from the wires. Stormily and in throngs the notes poured forth, till the air seemed filled with them, like soft hail. Then like a child the zithern complained and wept; it throbbed and quivered like a stricken heart, and through the sad minor of its voice dropped single limpid notes like tears. Again the movement changed; and in a firm *andante* the full chords rang and bounded joyously. The melody seemed a song of praise, that swelled and sang in triumph, while through the web of sound crept contentedly, peacefully, Trüdchen's little refrain,

"O Lieb', O Liebe, so golden schön!"

And as the last note died away, the audience sprang to its feet and cheered as audience never cheered before, and Trüdchen sat and watched, with happy tears in her eyes.

And as that evening she sat in her darkening arbor, her dreamy gaze resting upon the distant hills, Fritz stood before her. He stretched out his hands. "Ah, Trüdchen,' —said he; and then stopped. And Trüdchen looked up happily into his eyes. "Ah, yes, Fritz," she answered softly. "The zithern has said it already!"

Edward C. Fellowes.

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ANDROMEDA.

Beneath the seamy cliff that, steep and bold,
Rears its grim jagged pinnacle on high,
Cowers in speechless, moveless agony
A maiden figure, tressed with wind-tossed gold.
Chained helpless, with despairing eyes uprolled
To the deep sapphire of the burning sky,
Where the calm gods in deathless majesty
Unpitying empire over mortals hold.

And lo! from out his weedy hidden lair
Slow sliding through the slimy stagnant sea,
Comes, foul and terrible, the scaly Fate!
The cruel talons ready curved to tear,
The cruel eyes that glare all ruthlessly,—
O, hasten, Perseus, ere it is too late!

Edward C. Fellowes.

"LA BELLE CORDIÈRE."

WHEN the young prince who was shortly to become Henri II. of France, laid seige to the town of Perpignan, among the forces assembled by him for that purpose was a handsome young officer, whose appearance aroused much attention and wonderment in the soldiers of his command. Captain Loys certainly possessed very dainty features, very fine, delicate hands for a man of arms; but however much their curiosity might be excited, none of his men dared question him on the subject, for the captain was said to have a rather vivid temper, and his large, soft eyes had been known to flash black lightning on occasion. If, however, six or seven years after the close of the seige, one of these old soldiers might have had the rare good fortune to receive an invitation to one of Madame Perrin's literary soirées in the city of Lyons, among all the distinguished men and women there assembled, one figure would have struck him as familiar. As she moved about

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among her guests, chatting pleasantly now with one, now with another, and followed everywhere by the admiring eyes of all, he might have recognized in his hostess the rich blonde hair, the dark, expressive eyes and splendid color of his mysterious captain.

It was indeed she. On her return from the war, whither her eager temperament and love for adventure had, perhaps, led her, Louise Labé had been married by her parents to Ennemond Perrin, a wealthy merchant of Lyons. She was a brilliant, impulsive girl, passionately fond of literature, society, and music; he, an eminently worthy man, a little over twice her age, and engaged in the highly respectable trade of rope-making. The result of such a match could not be doubtful. Cut off entirely from the sympathy of her husband by the disparity of their tastes and ages, Louise turned to the social world about her.

It was a time of great literary activity in France. The Renaissance had just passed over Europe, sweeping away the old, dim, superstitious piety of the Middle Ages, and substituting for it in the higher circles a more brilliant skepticism. Throughout the country literary groups were springing up — Ronsard and his Pleiad, Rabelais, Marot, Dolet and a host of others. Nowhere, outside of Paris, were there as many of these cultivated men and women as in the old city of Lyons. Situated on the highway to Italy, it had become the headquarters of a number of wealthy Italian families, and they had brought with them to their new homes the greater refinement and brilliancy of the Italian civilization.

In this society the young rope merchant's wife—"La Belle Cordière," her friends had already begun to call her—made her *début*. And what a furor she created! Her beauty, her talents, her cleverness, charmed everyone. Poets hastened to dedicate their verses to the rising star; old statesmen confessed themselves entranced and her receptions at once became the rendezvous of all that was brilliant, all that was cultivated in the city. She, herself, soon proved to be a writer of no ordinary rank. The "Debat de Folie et d'Amour," a charming sketch, written

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in smooth, clear, graceful prose, quickly rose to the dignity of a French classic, and the men of letters who had been accustomed to regard her somewhat as an amusing plaything, clever enough in her way, perhaps, suddenly found themselves over-matched in their own field.

At about this time Olivier de Magny visited Lyons and was presented at the house of Madame Perrin. His pale, handsome face, his delicate, retiring nature, no less than his reputation as poet, produced a great impression upon "La Belle Cordière." In his quiet, Parisian manners, so different from those of the demonstrative Lyonese and from her own impulsive nature, she experienced a wonderful attraction. From him, more than from any man she had met, could she gain that sympathy, that kindly criticism, which she had craved so long. And so it happened that the world began to miss Louise Labé from the places she had been wont to frequent, from the balls, the receptions, where she had ever been the leading figure, and more and more often could she be found in the great gardens of her lonely house, walking, musing, alone or with the man she was beginning—to love. As for de Magny, conceive of his position. Under the intoxicating influence of those glorious southern skies, in the full current of a deep, poetical imagination, with the loveliest woman of Lyons at his side, revealing to him ever more clearly the passion of a heart whose depths had never before been stirred—what wonder that he was fascinated?

There have been preserved to us as memorials of that time, a number of sonnets—to me the sweetest of all her works—composed, many of them, as she strolled with him beneath the trees of that charming Provence home. All their theme is love. At first a little of the old, old struggle for duty; then, as her new feelings gain a stronger sway, the image of her husband grows dimmer, until it fades entirely from sight. In them we find the passionate fervor, the delicacy of thought, the love for nature of a Catullus. In some, she exults over her lover's presence; in others, while he is away, alone with her lute, her "treacherous lute," with which she hardly dares give expression to her

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love, lest it should be too strong, she invokes his speedy return. And when at last, in a fit of jealous rage, de Magny leaves her forever, the sweet voice is silenced. From him was derived its greatest strength, its deepest inspiration, and after he had gone there was no further need of its singing. A few years afterward, while a great civil war was racking France, life itself passed away; one may fancy, without regret; all that she had lived for had been already lost. Do not judge her too harshly; hers was a strange, dramatic life, and if she was wrong, to use her own words,

> —— "si en moy rien y ha d'imparfait,
> Qu'on blame Amour: c'est lui seul qui l'a fait."

Henry Stimson.

ADVERSITY.

I saw a bowlder huge and hard,
Worn by the storm and lightning-scarred;
Across its breast deep rifts were made,
Wherein the fertile soil had strayed:
And flowers had there found root and bloom,
Freighting the air with sweet perfume:—
So many a heart, hard as that rock,
Stands 'till some mighty sorrow's shock
Rives it asunder: Soft and still
There comes the calm submissive will—
That fertile soil whence ever rise,
The flowers of love, self-sacrifice,
Tearful compassion, tenderness,
And charity, to cheer and bless.

Gordon B. Pike.

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MANON ROLAND.

ON the ninth of November, nearly a century ago, the Parisian populace waited impatiently for their customary entertainment in the Place de la Revolution, where the grim "national barber" stood ready to shave his new victims. At length, the creaking of the tumbrils is heard in the distance, as they jolt toward their destination, and as the first one draws near all eyes are attracted to a small group which one points out to another with manifest interest. A finely formed, beautiful woman of about forty is talking to a poor, old man, so nearly disabled by fright that it seems a pity for "Samson" to anticipate an event evidently so near already. Even at this crisis the woman keeps her composure, her cheek glows with a healthy color, and a slight but fascinating smile parts her lips as she requests of the executioner, that her companion may go first, to spare him the sight of her death. In her turn she mounts the scaffold, glances at the bloody, gleaming knife, poised like a hawk in mid-air the next instant to swoop down upon her, and signifies her willingness to die. A moment after and the executioner holds up to an applauding audience the head of Manon Roland,—in her life the most impassioned champion of liberty—by her death most foully a martyr to its name.

Born in an age when an old order of things was destined to perish; brought up from her childhood to lessons of self-sacrifice and devotion, by a lovely mother whose own life bore witness to the reality of the things she taught; trained to think it a noble thing to give up all for those we love, to die for what we think right; at this supreme moment she went to death more gladly than any of us can conceive, who has not felt himself thrill at tales of such devotion and martyrdom. Nay, more she welcomed the chance of dying a martyr's death in behalf of what she had spent her life in fostering, at the hands of the people for whom she had labored. It is almost unnecessary to recall

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the event, which served so to throw out against the background of history a woman who would have been conspicuous anywhere, and at any time. The French nation for ages downtrodden; the assembly of the States General; the abolition of old titles and privileges; the elevation of all men to an equality of rights; the convention; its radical measures; a King uncrowned and then beheaded; the violent persecution of all in sympathy with the royal party; the opposition to this wholesale slaughter, offered by a little band of republicans true to their professed principles, and hating injustice and tyranny in any form; their final overthrow and death; and the climax capped by the execution of Mme. Roland, the most distinguished of their party; all are too well known to require more than this rapid review. Passed in the midst of such stirring scenes, hers was yet a sad and pathetic life; sad with the sadness of lifelong disappointment; pathetic with the pathos of continued disenchantment. The memoirs written just before her death, whose subtle analysis of her character leaves little for anyone else to discover, on this point alone are silent; nobly and bravely she determines to let her secret die with her, and not to burden her friends with complaints over her saddened life. But by looking closely we may see everywhere written between the lines indubitable proofs of the secret she so carefully guarded. She possessed the beauty of face and form, the attraction of manner, the fascination in conversation of a Cleopatra combined with the intense moral earnestness, the vivid expectation of subduing the evil of her times of a Jeanne d'Arc. Her enthusiastic nature full of all noble thoughts and aspirations continually led her to hope for the realization of things loftier than occur to most even in imagination; and when they fell short of attainment her sufferings were proportioned to her hopes. In her earliest years, when she devoured book after book and treatise after treatise, hoping for satisfaction, yet seeing the horizon of her aims still as distant as ever; when first she noticed her mother's unhappy life and began to suffer by bearing it with her; at the death of this tender parent,

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whom she so passionately loved; in her mature life wedded to a man twenty years her senior, for whom she could not feel the tenderness of love; in her hopes for the redemption of France, in all we see her disappointed. But never by the slightest voluntary sign does she let us know the keenness of suffering which this must have caused her.

So, too, her life was one of disenchantment; while yet a child she was accustomed to look beneath the surface of things, to see in the splendid pomp of the French court the misery and degradation of the French people. Roused by reflections such as this she longed for the ideal republics of Rome and Sparta, as Plutarch reveals them to us; but when her country tried to make real this ideal state, she wakes to find a condition of affairs more horrible than ever; and to her dying eyes the cause of liberty in France must have seemed lost. She early threw herself with the whole earnestness of her nature into the Christian church, thinking she found there strength and solace, only to be disappointed in later years, only to suffer the anguish of having lost a comfort she once had known.

It is strange to think that, in her, a nature so full of all the possibilities of enjoying life should so utterly have failed to find it a pleasure, but such we see to be the case in all women who have the faculty of intellectual force united to that of moral earnestness; such was Anne Hutchinson of our own early history, such George Eliot of our day; the nature so capable of draining the sweet nectar of life, at every step is hindered by a conscience, which it can not violate.

With such a character she could not be contented, and yet with such she lived a life, which to her friends seemed to overflow with vitality and with a fresh, charming interest in the commonest things about her. She entered into the lives of each of the people who lived near her, was sent for from miles away in cases of sickness and affliction; found her happiness in tending her garden, in assisting her husband in all his many tasks, in writing to her friends, in reading the profoundest books of all time, and, sweetest of all, in training her little daughter to become such a woman as she was herself.

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It was, however, reserved for the last years of her life to fill the measure of her afflictions, when first she met the man, whom she could love with a deep, tender affection; bravely she fought against this temptation, rendered the more terrible by the general laxness of morals of the times; confessed all to her husband, who offered to go to America and set her free; and finally overcame the evil in her soul. But in so doing she had quenched the last spark of joy in her life. With a relief that is almost gladness she hails the imprisonment and trial; and though her soul so revolts at the utter injustice of the whole proceeding, that she blazes forth in righteous indignation at a wrong so great, it is an almost impersonal detestation of tyranny; she has so little left to make her life happy. Throughout the scenes that follow she bears herself with a fortitude, a patience, a resignation that partakes of the god-like, trying to make happier the lives of the poor wretches about her, endearing herself to them all, and when at last separated from them, she departs, accompanied by the prayers, the tears, the blessings of those upon whose lives she had shed their only ray of peace, of comfort, and of hope. Surely she can not be said to have lived in vain! Though her life was one long sorrow, she is not to be called unhappy; for her happiness was found in denying herself and in ministering to those she loved. *J. Franklin Carter.*

NOTABILIA.

It is seldom that any athletic contest has yielded so much satisfaction to all concerned, and not concerned, as the late Princeton game. The newspapers, religious, comic, and illustrated, have taken an opportunity to show unprecedented journalistic enterprise. They have made a proud record. We see no reason why they should not be satisfied; and the general public has been royally served

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and is happy and contented. Yale won the game and should be satisfied. We understand that all Princeton won is the championship. At this we are surprised; we supposed that she would claim that her eleven won the Thanksgiving day game. Our previous acquaintance with the disciples of Dr. McCosh has never warranted us in believing they could be guilty of such a breach of hereditary propensities. Surely, the Princeton of to-day is but a degenerate offspring of the institution which, two years ago, won the game *and* championship by getting beaten on the Polo grounds Thanksgiving day. As the realization of this unexpected moral decay dawns upon us we feel constrained to quote the words of the truthful athletic editor and moralizer of *The Independent:* "Shame on you, Princeton!" We do not think we played games enough with Princeton this year. We see no reason why they should not have been prolonged into the winter. Princeton could have been relied upon to make the contests as entertaining as the one we have in mind. A few, more or less, additional experiences like that of November 25th would have been relished by our eleven. And then, too, it would have given Princeton more opportunities to sustain her reputation.

ELIHU feels that *he* owes it to the eleven and to the football interests of the University to say a word in congratulation and appreciation of the work done this fall. It needs no testimony of ours to maintain the truth of the assertion that Yale, this year, put into the field the best football team she ever had. Their record proves it. It is true not only because we had a well-managed team, of excellent players, but because football is to-day a more scientific game than ever before. The Intercollegiate Association, though denying Yale the nominal championship by the resolutions drawn up in the convention, virtually award it to us. No technicalities interfere, and we trust no indisposition on the part of the Yale undergraduates to prevent the University from making some proper testimonials to the eleven for the hard work performed and the unprecedented record attained.

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DURING the past summer numerous articles were going the round of the leading papers, and sundry speeches were being made at Alumni dinners of one college and another on the matter of extravagance among college students. It brought forcibly home the somewhat familiar reflection, how wholly free Yale is from blame in this particular. A healthier, more democratic state of opinion than here exists upon this subject can hardly be imagined. Riches, with us, are not in the least a means towards the winning of popular applause. The deal tables, uncarpeted floors, and prison-fare of our fathers, are no more; but very rarely is the difference in the furnishing of college rooms more than in degree of comfort. In our little community nothing is surer to bring odium upon one of its members than ostentatious display; this, too, at a time when, in the world at large, the adulation of the millionaire amounts almost to a species of hero-worship.

WITHIN a month the Junior class will be called upon to choose the editorial board of the LIT. for the coming year. The criteria by which their choice should be determined are almost too well known to be mentioned; but one of them needs to be insisted upon year after year. Do not be guided by the quantity of a candidate's published work. The reasonableness of this advice is evident enough. In some months, owing to activity of competition, many pieces which would do their writers credit, are necessarily omitted. Let quality of workmanship be the sole test of fitness. Every member of the class owes it to his classmates to become familiar with their work, to give to it his most intelligent criticism, and not to be guided in his choice by rumor or personal attachment.

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PORTFOLIO.

——The Harvard Anniversary was a notable event in all that concerns literary interest in this country, and not least in the fact that it brought together on the same platform the two remaining representatives of that group of literary men who now for over fifty years have been more or less closely associated with the University. The benefit which Harvard has secured from this connection cannot be estimated; inasmuch as it concentrated within her walls the best literary activity and the purest literary atmosphere in our country. And by these means the students of the college have had the best possible conditions under which literary work can be prosecuted; for it is not enough that a man be earnest or gifted if he follow literature with success, but he must also be able to place himself within a literary atmosphere. For half a century this noble group of writers have been creating such an atmosphere in this country and especially at Harvard. In these latter days it was something for undergraduates to have met them on the street and in the college yard and to have lived among the traditions which have gathered about their names. They live in their works and in the imagination still—brave, noble, loving men, whose lives on earth scattered blessings and whose names are holy memories.

Among them, Mr. Emerson was for many years an object of peculiar veneration on the streets of Boston and Cambridge. In the fullness of his powers he had drawn men to him by the loveliness of his spirit and the greatness of his genius. And when in old age his memory failed him and his mind became feeble, the sweet attractiveness of the man was never lost. I remember seeing him on the Boston Common during one of his last visits to the city. He had lost the way, in those familiar streets and there was something pathetic about the apparent helplessness of the old man, whose words have been and will remain the inspiration and comfort of the intellectual world. But when a friend spoke to him I remember the winning smile of greeting—full of good will and peace. A few weeks later he passed away and was buried in his beloved Concord. And at Harvard's Anniversary only two of the group remained who could speak for their Alma Mater.

F. I. P.

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——Those passages in the work of any author, in which by looking through the film of outward appearance, we see him speaking of himself and his own personal feelings, have always an added power or effect. Whether they contain a touch of pathos or a note of triumph, they appear to us real and living and free from the weakness of forced emotion. Such words, it seems to me, are those in Mr. Howells' poetical romance, in which he says of Venice:

"—Saddest of all cities and dearest,
"Dear, for my heart has won here deep peace from cruel confusion,
"And, in this lucent air,—
"Fear is forever dead, and hope has put on the immortal."

We have here an insight into the phases of feeling experienced by Mr. Howells, when, an unknown author he became American Consul at Venice. With nothing but an ardent love of literature to guide his future, and holding an office in the U. S. Foreign Service from which he was liable to be removed at any moment, it is not to be wondered at that he was weighed down with anxiety and cruel uncertainty. We can imagine him, settling down to work in Venice, with the realization that there, under the quieting influences of the beautiful, mournful old city, with his time entirely his own, was an opportunity for literary work which could never for him occur again. That he was equal to the occasion, and able to make the most of his opportunity, is shown by the immense amount of work he accomplished. We are indeed surprised at the influence Venice had upon him, and the prominent position it occupies in so many of his stories and sketches. What inspiration he must have drawn from the bright skies and languid seas, from the time-stained architecture, and careless gay costumed Italians!

Here was a bonanza, an unworked mine. With what cleverness yet loving sympathy are they all described in his first and, we might almost say, greatest work, "Venetian Life." Realizing the high literary quality of this book, we understand how Mr. Howells with even a modest appreciation of his own production, could say that fear was dead in his heart, and that "hope had put on the immortal." R. M. H.

——Several months ago Prof. Norton published a scathing arraignment of Froude as Carlyle's literary executor, and

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seemed to prove breaches of faith of the most unpardonable type. A few days ago Mr. Froude published his reply, and in the opinion of many critics only succeeded in strengthening the case against himself. This controversy brings up again to my mind the old question, "What has the world to do with any man's private life, so long as it is upright?" There never was a more sickening instance of this inane curiosity as to prominent men than the course of most American newspapers in regard to the President's marriage, from the time of the first rumors of his betrothal until long after the ceremony was over. Since then very many voices have been raised in indignant claims for the sanctity of the personal life of public men. Very good! Why should not the same claim be made for authors—for every man? How much evil, and what good at all, resulted from laying bare to the world the little meannesses, the great faults, the whole reverse side of Thomas Carlyle's nature? How many a heart ached at the exposure of so tried and dear a friend, known through his works? How much of their grand influence for nobility of thought and action, for Right, for Truth, did his essays lose? And for what good, but to delight the carrion crows that fatten on corruption shown in great men? It has been thus with innumerable authors. They give us works of genius for the delight and teaching of the race, and we, instead of humbly striving to enter into their thoughts through their lives, must set cultured detectives to learn how often they became ill tempered and whether they were always courteous to their cook! It may be difficult for many cultivated persons to understand that the prying into a man's private existence is as vulgar when the victim is the first writer of the century, as when he is the green-grocer next door, but it is none the less true.

H. R. G.

——A little more than six months ago everyone was reading a story which had just appeared and had caused a great sensation. It was called by everybody unusually strong and was said to point a powerful moral; to-day we hardly hear of the *Strange Case* of Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde—the nine days' wonder has passed and the world talks about other matters. Reflecting on this sudden oblivion which has succeeded its great popularity I have been led to think that the cause is perhaps to be found in the essence of the book itself. The character

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in it, who interests us above all, whose fate it is that enforces the whole purpose of the story, we see to be an impossibility; his relations to himself in the person of Edward Hyde, though typical of our feelings towards ourselves, are so strained and distorted that they lose all semblance of reality, and we see but a figment of the imagination, though drawn by a master's hand. As the whole story is so unreal we cannot but feel a distrust of the moral drawn from it; it seems to me at least to partake somewhat of the nature of a *petitio principii*, in which the point to be proved is, in the first place, assumed to be true, and premises then constructed with a view to proving it. Then, too, the last pages of the book are tainted with the horror of utter despair; the creature of his own passions finds himself at the end unable to overcome them and sinks disgracefully under them. Though such a possibility ought to make us all more careful, we yet find it a hard one to accept for ourselves; and to our minds all the lessons of one who shares such hopelessness are looked upon with distrust.

J. F. C.

——If we want a perfect picture of open-hearted benevolence, delicate sense of honor, and firm, but gentle mastership, all combined with eccentricities which are so harmless and artless that we are only the more fascinated by them, we have but to look at Addison's picture of Sir Roger deCoverly. In the conception of this character Addison started a new era in characterization: for before him mere narrative and the charm of adventure bounded the range of imagination, and satire was comparatively coarse. He thus became, as it were, the artistic progenitor of such men as Fielding, Lamb and Irving. We must admit, however, that this second generation proved superior, both in brilliancy of style and the originality of their characters, so that when compared with their heroes of romance, Sir Roger becomes indeed a shadowy creature. He is none the less lovable, however, for the simple rôle assigned him and the negative parts he enacts. It is indeed surprising that incidents so undramatic, and traits of so ordinary a character, should contain such a lasting charm. But we may find an explanation in the nicety of execution, the clearness and pointedness of expression, and the deep knowledge of human nature displayed. The whole character is made up of trifling incidents and casual observations, but so skillfully chosen and

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so adroitly woven together, that a chord of sympathy is aroused in all our natures. We are not brought into contact with the man in his intellectual strength, or in the excitement of passion, but we see him in his homeliest moods, his commonest occupations. We thus seem to know him as a personal acquaintance, an embodiment of characteristics peculiarly human, a being endowed with a life which we recognize as part and parcel of our own; and there is not a whim of his we can afford to lose, or a virtue we should ever cease to honor and love. It is an influence whose presence we can appreciate and yet not define, whose action is as subtle as life itself. His prolonging of the psalm tune, his peculiar way of admonishing those who were lax in divine service, his novel selection of qualifications for a chaplain, his desire to appear on intimate terms with the judge at assizes—these and many other peculiarities are to our consciousness like the endearing oddities of a friend, part of his identity, and associated with his memory. At the club, the theatre, or at church, in love and on the bench, Sir Roger is the same genial, hearty squire, beloved and honored by all. Addison and his generation have been gathered to their fathers, but Sir Roger deCoverly still lives, a realistic and vivid characterization, so natural and so mysteriously human that his nonentity is almost a surprising revelation. He has his foibles and his fancies, but none of them are discreditable. We love him for his sympathy and openheartedness, we esteem him for his straightforward honesty, and we shall always hold him in affectionate, reverent memory.

F. L. W.

——Within the past year there have been on exhibition in New York two famous paintings, the "Russian Wedding Feast" by an artist of that country, and M. deMunkacy's "Christ before Pilate." Both are remarkable works; the one for its softness and rich coloring, the other for its dramatic and intensely vivid expression; both are the results of wide study and an immense amount of labor, and yet in both we experience a sense of disappointment. In the case of the "Wedding Feast," our judgment asserts itself at once; the fault lies in the lack of centralization, in the unbroken uniformity of the whole, and the picture fails in power because the eye can find no special object upon which to rest.

M. deMunkacy has certainly avoided this error in the

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composition of his work; perhaps with his subject he could not have helped himself. All the interest of the varied scene is concentrated around two individuals in the foreground, and no matter where one's attention may have wandered, it is invariably carried back to the grand figures of Christ and Pilate. The artist's highest success lies in the intense character of his expressions; every figure on that huge canvas, from the great actors themselves, down to the most insignificant spectator, seems to stand forth, filled with its own peculiar emotion. And yet, after the first burst of admiration and wonder, there comes a slight feeling of disappointment or perhaps satiety, as if one had gotten from the picture all there was in it. M. deMunkacy belongs to an essentially technical school. He has elaborated every detail with such care and minuteness that absolutely nothing is left to the imagination, and perhaps it is for this reason that his painting lacks that indefinable charm which grows with every meeting. However that may be, it is an unfortunate fact that one's last impression of the "Christ before Pilate" is not the best. H. L. S.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Yale vs. Princeton.

After a long discussion in regard to the place and referee for the Thanksgiving game, Yale proposed to submit the whole question to graduate representatives of the two colleges. As Princeton positively refused to play in any other place than on their own grounds and with their own referee, rather than have no game played the Yale representative, Mr. Camp, yielded to their conditions. Thanksgiving day afternoon was stormy and cold, the grounds were in wretched condition for foot ball playing, the accommodations for the crowd which attended were pitiably lacking; the audience were kept waiting and the game delayed for an hour before the appearance of the referee of their own choosing. Aggravating and unnecessary delays occurred during the game. On the grounds the conduct at times of the Princeton follow-

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ing was anything but gentlemanly; finally the game was called seventeen minutes before the required time on account of darkness, in spite of the protest of the captain of our eleven. Considering the condition of the grounds the playing of the Yale eleven was phenomenally good. Most of the time the ball was in Princeton's half; it was necessarily a rushing game owing to the condition of the grounds and weather. Corwin scored the only touchdown which was allowed by the referee. At the close of the game, the score standing 4 to 0, the referee decided that under the rules which declare that two full innings of three-quarters of an hour each shall be played, there had been no game. The teams were composed as follows: Princeton—*Rushers:* Hodge, Moore, Cowan, George, Irvine, Cook, Wagenhurst; *quarter-back:* Hodge; *half-backs:* Price, Ames; *back:* Savage (captain). Yale—*Rushers:* Corwin (captain), Carter, Woodruff, Corbin, Buchanan, Gill, Wallace; *quarter-back:* Beecher: *half-backs:* Watkinson, Morison; *back:* Bull. At the

Foot Ball Convention

held on the following Saturday night at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the following resolutions, which remind us of those drawn up by Harvard two years ago, were adopted by the convention after the Yale and Princeton representatives had withdrawn:—

Resolved, That this convention cannot, as a convention, award the championship for 1886.

Resolved, That Yale, according to the points scored, should have won the championship.

Subjects for the

John A. Porter Prize Essays

have been announced, as follows:

1. Material for a history of the United States from 1861 to '65.
2. Records of Aristocracy in America.
3. National characteristics of France and England as depicted in the novels of those countries.
4. Political phases of the Labor Question in the United States.

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President's Reception.

On Wednesday evening, December 8, President and Mrs. Dwight gave their first reception to the members of the senior class, at their residence on College street. A large number of the class attended and spent a most enjoyable evening.

The St. Paul Supper

—the first annual banquet of the club—was held on Tuesday, December 7, at Redcliffe's, and thirty-six members were present. The following toasts were responded to:

St. Paul's School - - - - C. H. Brigham
"A smooth success be strewed before your feet."

Her New England Sisters - - S. Knight
"Friends am I with you all and love you all."

The Masters - - - - - W. A. Brown
"Most potent, grave and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters."

St. Paul in Athletics - - - W. B. Goodwin
"His name was great in all the land."

School Reminiscences - - - R. M. Hurd
"I remember, I remember
How my childhood fleeted by."

The Yale Tutor - - - - C. E. Eliot
"Heaven bless thee, may a tutor aud discipline come not near thee."

The Andover Club Supper

came Saturday evening, December 11, at Redcliffe's. Toasts were as follows:

The Academy - - - - Prof. Ripley
Andover in Literary Life - - E. J. Phelps
Exeter - - - - - H. B. Ketcham
St. Paul's - - - - J. M. Gillespie
Athletics - - - - - W. M. Vinton
S. S. S. - - - - G. R. Carter
Sister Colleges - - - - H. R. Griffith
The New Members - - - C. C. Bovey
Say Meal - - - - Prof. A. M. Wheeler

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Lippincott Prize.

The editor of *Lippincott's Magazine* announces that the contest for the prize essay on Social Life at Yale has been postponed, as he has received information that many who would like to compete are at present too much engaged in their college work. The prize essays will be published in the August number and competing essays may be sent in any time before June 1, 1887, to

J. B. Lippincott Company, Publishers,
Nos. 715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Items.

Beecher, '88, is elected captain of the eleven for next year. ——The class of '90 has formed a literary society.——A dinner in honor of President Dwight was held at Delmonico's on the evening of December 17.——The second glee club gave a concert at Stratford on the evening of December 10.——The officers of the New York City club are: President, Haven, '87; Vice-President, Short, '87 S.; Treasurers, Parsons, '88, Moseley, '89, Harrison, '90, Davidson, '88 S., Reinhart, '89 S.

BOOK NOTICES.

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. The Astronomer-Poet of Persia. Rendered into English Verse by Edward Fitzgerald. With an Accompaniment of Drawings by Elihu Vedder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale by Judd.

This is one of the most superb gift books that have appeared this season. The great poem of Omar Khayyám, in Mr. Fitzgerald's fine translation, is here placed in an appropriate setting. The drawings belong to the highest form of art. They are exquisitely beautiful, and embody the spirit of the poem. What is more, they are in perfect taste. Omar Khayyám, the great Persian poet of the twelfth century, was a most singular genius. When a youth, in company with two of his friends, it was agreed that, whichever of them should achieve the highest success, should divide his property equally h the others. One of them became Vizier; and Omar asked simply for ronage that he might be free to spend his life in the pursuit of study. is was granted, and he became one of the greatest scholars of his time, specialty being astronomy. Though spending his life in intellectual suits, he always exalted sensuous pleasures above everything else, mak- them the aim of life, while studies and philosophy were to be considered

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as pastime. Two views are taken of the opinions of Omar Khayyám. One is, that he was a complete materialist, an epicurean in the popular sense of the word, regarding the pleasures of the flesh as the only real good in life. The other view, is, that he was a mystic like Hafiz, thinking of wine as a spiritual God, and making gods out of all the sensual delights. The language of the poet seems to us to contradict this latter view. As someone has said, 'It needs a touch of the intrusive agony of skepticism to feel for the man and for his creed." Omar saw the meaningless mysticism and the senseless idolatry of those about him, and he naturally fell into the belief that all such speculations were fruitless. Increase of knowledge increased his sorrow. The only real things of life were tangible pleasures. Fatalism and destiny ruled the world and the thoughts and actions of men; and why keep pressing upon our hearts questions that we cannot answer, and which finally plunge us into gloom and despair? In wine we find the real happiness of life. For wine and the delights of the cup are the burden of all Omar's song.

Why be this juice the growth of God, who dare
  Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a snare?
A blessing, we should use it, should we not?
  And if a curse—why, then, who set it there?

Oh, threats of hell and hopes of Paradise!
  One thing at least is certain—this life flies;
One thing is certain and the rest is lies;
  The flower that once has blown for ever dies.

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
  Before us passed the door of darkness through
Not one returns to tell us of the road,
  Which, to discover, we must travel, too.

The revelations of devout and learn'd
  Who rose before us and as prophets burn'd,
Are all but stories, which, awoke from sleep,
  They told their fellows, and to sleep return'd.

The idea of destiny and fate is shown in these lines:

The moving finger writes: and, having writ,
  Moves on; nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
  Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

And that inverted bowl they call the sky,
  Where under crawling coop'd we live and die,
Lift not your hands to it for help—for it
  As impatiently rolls as you or I.

This splendid quarto volume must be appreciated by every lover of art and poetry. There has certainly nothing been published this season which would make a more elegant or tasteful gift-book. The publishers merit the greatest credit for the pains they have taken to present high art in a style which is finished and complete in every way. The book is bound so that the leaves lie open at any of the illustrations without injuring the volume. Explanatory notes on both the drawings and the texts are added.

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Early Letters of Thomas Carlyle. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.25. For sale by Judd.

The letters published in this volume cover the period from 1814 to 1826—beginning with Carlyle's student life, and ending with his marriage to Miss Welsh. In Mr. Froude's "First Forty Years" these letters are, with few exceptions, omitted, and a very short sketch is given of this period. The letters written by Carlyle to his friends, Robert Mitchell, James Johnstone, and Thomas Murray, are extremely interesting. His mind was rapidly developing in these years of study, and its progress is well shown in Mr. Norton's book. As is well known, Carlyle's parents were anxious that he should study for the ministry; and he climbed the first steps of the educational ladder with that goal in view. A gradually increasing distaste for it, however, soon became so strong as definitely to determine him in abandoning that pursuit. Strangely enough, Carlyle plunged with enthusiasm into mathematics, and his letters to his friends are full of the subject. His literary and historical opinions were also crystallizing in these early years. Already Goethe appears to him as the great sun in the intellectual sky. He is "a glorious fellow. It is one of my finest day dreams to see him ere I die." Oliver Cromwell and the commonwealth period of English history were also looming up in Carlyle's mind. As Mr. Froude has shown, Carlyle's relations with his family were of the most tender and affectionate nature. He loved them and was always faithful. The family letters in this volume are full of the evidences of his unselfish and spontaneous devotion. But the letters to his future wife—which are here published in fragments—will be read most eagerly. They show Carlyle deeply and wholly in love. His admiration for Miss Welsh kept deepening into affection of the most earnest and sincere stamp. Can any doubt on this point remain after reading the following extract from a letter written December 16, 1822? "My dear Friend, if you do not grow more cross with me soon, I shall become an entire fool. When I get one of those charming kind letters it puts me into such a humour as you cannot conceive. I read it over till I can almost say it by heart; then sit brooding in a delicious idleness, or go wandering about in solitary places, dreaming over things—which never can be more than dreams. May heaven reward you for the beautiful little jewel you have sent me! How demurely it was lying in its place, when I opened the letter—bright, and pure, and sparkling as its mistress! I design to keep it as long as I live; to look on it after many years, when we, perhaps, are far asunder, that I may enjoy the delights of memory when those of hope are passed away." One point more. We cannot sympathize with the spirit in which this volume was published. Ostensibly it is to throw light on a period of Carlye's life, which, while not the most important, is yet of profound interest; this aim is fulfilled, and therein lies the great value of Mr. Norton's work. But an underlying and bitter hostility to Mr. Froude is evident. In some places he is ostentatiously contradicted; in others, he is damned with faint praise. The real object of this book is to prove not only that Mr. Froude has given an incorrect portrait of his friend, but that he has made an unjustifiable use of his materials. Neither of these counts seem to us to be proven. Mr. Froude was Carlyle's dearest friend, as well as disciple, and lived for years on terms of the closest intimacy with him; if anyone knew the real Carlyle, it was he. We do not

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believe that it was possible for anyone to have been more conscientious than Froude has been in the use of the materials left him. Besides, the Carlyle in Mr. Norton's pages is the same familiar figure of the "First Forty Years." It shows us more plainly one side of him; but it is not—in spite of the editor's foot-notes—a different personage. It is not hard to account for the wide interest felt in the life of Thomas Carlyle. His character was as grand and striking as it was original. His nature had those colossal proportions which mark the genuinely great man. The greatest master of English prose in the nineteenth century, a lofty lighthouse on a dangerous shoal, his beams of truth illumine both the history of the past and stretch out far into the future.

American Literature, 1607–1885. The Development of American Thought. By Charles F. Richardson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.00. For sale by Judd.

In this volume Professor Richardson has given us a clear and comprehensive survey of the development of American thought, as expressed in its more solid literature. It is his intention to write an accurate history of American literature, of the present as well as the past, as there is no standard work on the subject. The publishers announce that in 1888 will appear the second and concluding volume, on American Poetry and Fiction. This book speaks of those subjects only incidentally. Professor Richardson's introduction, on the "Perspective of American Literature," is full of interest, as it outlines his plan of work. If there is anything disappointing to the majority of readers, it is to take up a book professing to give the characteristics of American writers, and find that four-fifths of it is devoted to the colonial period, when there was nothing resembling the literary life of to-day. As Professor Richardson says, it is a much harder task to write of recent or contemporary literature, than of that of Greece or Rome, or anything that has become classic. One can take up a favorable position and study them at rest; but contemporary literature is so near to us that we have no vantage ground for trustworthy observation. However, it is a difficulty that must be faced; and to write of America's literature, leaving out Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Bancroft, Bryant, Howells and James, is like leaving the part of Hamlet out of the play. The central and underlying idea of this work is to get the right perspective. When foreign writers attempt to criticise our literature, they make that fatal mistake. They take one author, who is not, perhaps, placed in the first ten writers, by the popular estimation here, and speak of him as the only true representative of American life and character. Professor Richardson studies from a scientific standpoint. He begins with the race elements, then the new environment of the Saxon mind, and so on through the early descriptive and historical writers. Then a chapter is devoted to the theologians. "Political Literature" is the subject of one of the most interesting divisions of the book. The criticisms of the writings of our own day are thoughtful and well made. This volume is prepared with so much care and study, and is written in so lively and entertaining a style, that it contains reading of the most pleasant kind. The publishers' work is excellent.

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Lectures and Essays. By the late William Kingdon Clifford, F.R.S. Edited by Leslie Stephen and Frederick Pollock. With an introduction by F. Pollock. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.50. For sale by Judd.

This volume of essays will be highly appreciated by all who have read any of Professor Clifford's writings and who have any special interest in philosophical subjects. The introduction, by Mr. Pollock, is a beautiful tribute to the memory of his friend and is wonderfully interesting to those of us who were previously unfamiliar with the life of the dead author. A number of letters are published also. Professor Clifford's character was so genial and sympathetic as to make him a host of friends and admirers; indeed, we think the fascination of the man had much to do with the popularity of what he wrote. He was at home in his specialty of mathematics; but the versatility of his mind was such as to give him the power of expressing his opinions on almost any subject. He had a clear and forceful style, which has the effect of making his written work very readable; but the positive way in which he was accustomed to lay down the law on scientific, philosophical, and religious questions, shows a lack of breadth of view. We seriously question whether this brilliant speaker and writer can fairly be called a profound thinker. He was bound to be an extremist in any case; at Cambridge he was famous for his being an "ardent High Churchman." Soon after he was famous for his atheism. For he was by no means content with a mild agnosticism; he attempted to demonstrate the impossibility of God's existence. He was singularly earnest and meant to be sincere; but the hollowness and formality which he must have seen among the High Churchmen drove him to a position on the other side which was just as bigoted and untenable. Here is an example of scientific cant in the concluding words of his essay on the Ethics of Religion: "The dim and shadowy outlines of the superhuman deity fade slowly away from before us; and as the mist of his presence floats aside, we perceive, with greater and greater clearness, the shape of a yet grander and nobler figure—of Him who made all gods and shall unmake them. From the dim dawn of history, and from the inmost depth of every soul, the face of our Father Man looks out upon us with the fire of eternal youth in his eyes, and says, 'Before Jehovah was, I am!'" It takes a strangely constituted mind to see any concrete religion in such language; to us the words are vague and meaningless. There is, however, much information in the field of physical science in these pages; and the discussions of Free-will, and kindred topics, are lively and entertaining. The chief value of his writings is their invigorating and stimulating effect. A steel portrait faces the title page.

Democracy and other Addresses. By James Russell Lowell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25. For sale by Judd.

A new volume from Mr. Lowell's pen needs no recommendation to make its merits known. The name of the author is surety for the excellence of the contents. Mr. Lowell is one of the best living essayists—perhaps the best. In the field of literary criticism he has long been a prominent figure; and his criticisms have their value not simply for the beauty of the style, but for their truth and intuitive insight. Mr. Lowell's high governmental position and his familiarity with statesmanship and politics, have made him also

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an authoritative speaker on subjects akin to the leading essay in this volume. "Democracy" was the inaugural address delivered on assuming the presidency of the Birmingham and Midland Institute in England, two years ago. We believe it to contain some of the finest things that Mr. Lowell has ever said. Its wisdom is grave and sound, the combination of the author's natural genius and his long experience. The style is perfection. It is as far removed from finery as it is from crudity. When an ornament is used it always decks something worth the beautifying. In this address there is also that quiet humor and kindly sarcasm which is American. For example, "Truth, after all, wears a different face to everybody, and it would be too tedious to wait till all were agreed. She is said to lie at the bottom of a well, for the very reason, perhaps, that whoever looks down in search of her sees his own image at the bottom, and is persuaded not only that he has seen the goddess, but that she is far better looking than he had imagined." And the following words ought to give food for thought to the mathematical expounders of Political Economy. Mr. Lowell does not, of course, accept the propositions of Henry George, but he is wise enough to see much hidden truth in them. "It is all very well to pooh-pooh Mr. George and to prove him mistaken in his political economy. I do not believe that land should be divided because the quantity of it is limited by nature. Of what may this not be said? *A fortiori*, we might on the same principle insist on a division of human wit, for I have observed that the quantity of this has been even more inconveniently limited. Mr. George, himself, has an inequitably large share of it. But he is right in his impelling motive; right, also, I am convinced, in insisting that humanity makes a part, by far the most important part, of political economy; and in thinking man to be of more concern and more convincing than the longest columns of figures in the world. For, unless you include human nature in your addition, your total is sure to be wrong, and your deductions from it fallacious." The other addresses in this volume are, "Garfield," "Stanley," "Fielding," "Coleridge," "Books and Libraries," "Wordsworth," "Don Quixote," and the concluding one is the address delivered at Cambridge last November, on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of Harvard.

The Standard Operas. Their Plots, Their Music, and Their Composers. By George P. Upton.

The Standard Oratorios. Their Stories, Their Music and Their Composers. By George P. Upton. Each, $1.50 Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

These two volumes, handsomely and handily bound, will be found most useful and instructive. Many times, when going to the opera without much familiarity with it beforehand, one does not care to take the trouble to get the libretto, and often finds that it is not to be had at all. These books give the plots and stories of all the standard operas and oratorios, with much additional information. The composers are treated separately. First a sketch is given of the musician's life, then each of his great productions is described, when and where it was first given to the public, with the cast. The plot is then told and the principal airs or the chief beauties of the opera or oratorio alluded to. The author has performed his task admirably. The work is for the general public, and with this aim in view, scarcely any

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technicalities occur. All the operas in the modern repertory are thus described, in such a way as to make them more familiar to opera-goers who have no special musical education. In the volume on the Oratorios, a sketch is given of the origin and development of this department of sacred music; also some compositions are included like Bach's "Passion Music," Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri" and others, which are not strictly oratorios, but which may be roughly classed as such. Mr. Upton's handbooks will commend themselves at once, and will be found useful scores of times. They are of convenient size, clearly printed on laid paper and bound in half-flexible blue cloth.

Beckonings for Every Day. A Calendar of Thought. Arranged by Lucy Larcom. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.00. For sale by Judd.

This little book will doubtless find a welcome in many homes. The arranger is so widely known for her graceful poems, that many will be glad to see the results of her taste and skill in compilation. For every day in the year, there are several selections from the best thoughts in the world's literature; the book is appropriately called a "Calendar of Thought." Not the least interesting part of the book is the original contributions of Lucy Larcom. She has written a short preface to each month, which has that echo of spiritual beauty, which comes from her own heart and which can be heard in many of her poems. Poetry and prose are combined in the daily readings; and as the book is the growth of several years of sympathetic study, it has no marks of haste or roughness in its composition. The selections are all standard. The poem "The New Year," which heads the work, is exquisite.

Teresa Itasca. By Avery MacAlpine. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

"Teresa Itasca" is a sad story of the California coast, in the time of the gold-craze. The heroine is a lovely Mexican girl, who has married an Eastern man, without knowing anything of his past history. After two years of happiness, a woman appears on the scene, the wife of Teresa's husband, whom he had deserted. In an agony of self-sacrifice, Teresa yields him up, refusing his offers to fly with her. He returns to the East with his wife, while Teresa, becoming penniless, desperate with her hopeless love, losing her wonderful beauty and finally ruined, commits suicide. Her lover—his wife having died—returns to California, expecting to find Teresa alive and well and ready to receive him. As he steps off the ship on to the dock, a woman's body is found floating in the bay, and to his horror he discovers the object of his love. The romance is written in a powerful way, and with an excellent style. Two other stories by the same author are included in this volume.

Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States. Edited by Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton. New York: Cassell & Co. $1.50 per vol. For sale by Judd.

This is the fourth volume of the series and brings the history down to our own day. The great names in this book are Macready, Forrest, Charlotte Cushman and John McCullough. The lives of the first two are sketched by Lawrence Barrett, and are exceedingly interesting, though rather crudely written. It is one of the best features of the series, however, to have before us the critical judgment of one great actor by another. The anecdotes about Forrest are very entertaining; his character was so peculiar as to afford rich material for short stories and "recollections" by friends. Mr. Winter, the well-known dramatic critic, contributes the article on John McCullough. It is written with all his skill and sympathy. McCullough was one of the most manly and open-hearted of the great actors. The fifth and last volume will treat of the histrionic celebrities of to-day.

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The Queen of the Pirate Isle. By Bret Hart. Illustrated by Kate Greenaway. Engraved and printed by Edmund Evans. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50. For sale by Judd.

This is one of the most charming stories that it has been our good fortune to read. It is rather a children's book—at least, it is about children—but anyone can read it; in fact, we couldn't help reading it after the first few words. In spite of its simplicity of style, it shows great literary skill. It is a Californian story, and winds up with a discovery of gold by means of a doll's hair. The narrative is told in a most amusing way, and is full of humor. The colored illustrations are excellent, and are a most important addition to the prose. The binding is original and very attractive.

The Beecher Calendar. With Selections for Every Day in the Year. New York: Cassell & Co. $1.00. For sale by Judd.

The many friends of the great Brooklyn preacher will be pleased to see that a "Beecher" calendar has been published for 1887. He has made so many striking and original short remarks, that the compiler of this calendar must have felt embarrassed by the wealth of material. It is hard to overestimate the vast amount of good Mr. Beecher has accomplished during his busy life; his influence has been so strong and so wide in its extent. Many will undoubtedly welcome this new collection of his best thoughts and pithy sayings. On the calendar are pictures of his birth-place at Litchfield, his home at Peekskill, the First Presbyterian Church at Lawrenceburgh, Ind., and Plymouth Church at Brooklyn, with a fine portrait.

We have received from L. Prang & Co., of Boston, some representative samples of their Christmas and New Year cards for this season. Their house has always been the most popular in the line of Christmas cards and novelties of art, and for this reason. They evidently make it their aim to publish what is truly artistic; there are so many things offered under the name of art, falsely so called, which possess neither beauty nor attractiveness of any kind, that it seems to be the exception to find suitable cards to send for Christmas remembrances. For Mr. Prang, however, the most competent artists are employed, and many of the cards issued from this house are highly artistic. The Satin Art Prints are especially fine this year.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Most of the following books will be reviewed in the January number. There was no space for them this month:

In the Clouds. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25. For sale by Peck.

The Cruise of the Mystery, and Other Poems. By Celia Thaxter. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.00. For sale by Judd.

Ancient Cities. From the Dawn to the Daylight. By William Burnet Wright. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25. For sale by Judd.

Applied Christianity. Moral Aspects of Social Questions. By Washington Gladden. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25. For sale by Judd.

Taken by Siege. A Novel. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25. For sale by Judd.

November. Through the Year with the Poets. By Oscar Fay Adams. 75 cents. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

Connecticut Almanac for 1887. Edited by Professor A. W. Phillips. New Haven: H. H. Peck.

The Diary of Samuel Pepys, 1662—1663. Cassell's Nat. Library. 10 cts.

Early Australian Voyages. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents.

Travels in England in 1782. By C. P. Moritz. Cassell's Nat. Library. 10 c.

The Bravo of Venice. A Romance. Translated from the German by M. G. Lewis. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents.

Peter Plymley's Letters and Selected Essays. By Sydney Smith. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents.

Plutarch's Lives of Demetrius, Mark Antony, and Themistocles. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

"This," quoth St. Elihu, "is a strange season in my existence. Those devoted to my service oft complain of examinations and other pressing duties, and would fain neglect an old man, were it not for the constitution of 'Chi Delta Theta' and the iron bound oath of allegiance, which none may break and live. Those who desire to enter my service, how they cluster about, how they toil to make their devotion apparent; 'twas ever thus; the world is very hollow and the *Princetonian* * * * But a truce to such remarks. How profitless are these recriminations, charges and counter charges. Some profit may be gained in the progress of editorial development, but in only one possible way. It may be of utility in the legal or editorial professions to be able to convey very violent comminations in very harmless terms. The ideas conveyed have certainly been harsh enough, but have they been at all padded in gracious phrases? Not that St. Elihu is not loyal to his colors, but speaking from a rostrum erected for his especial benefit, he tries to ignore the mud of Jersey, that peculiar compound which, both lubricating and adhesive, allows some to stick helplessly while others slide smoothly and quickly and without injury, aside from the slime clinging to their garments." (We hear of a certain popular highway paved with good intentions, but we are inclined to a very different view, feeling that from peculiar adaptability, that the substance to which our patron hates to allude, is none other than the clay of Princeton.—This is a stage whisper which the old gentleman cannot hear). "What are you saying there," cries the O. G. "'Nothing? fine day? eh?' Well, you cannot be too careful in such matters. What is this I hear about the Texas young man cleaning up his '45,' as he calls it. I suppose you told *him* it was a fine day. The *Vassar Misc.* has been sputtering a trifle, too, I see. Told her, I suppose, that it was nice weather. Why can't you be severely critical, or pretend to be so, which is better and easier as well? Why not tell the 'Bungstarter Bludgeon' that its only excelled by the 'Christian at Work?' I fear you are allowing yourselves to be ill natured and unkind, besides losing dignity."

"Now please don't be too hard on us, O Patron! but listen to our explanatory wail. Perhaps years and years ago, when you were very young, you had the measles; don't be offended. Well, did they try to discourage them? No, they were fostered as though things of beauty, for fear lest they might strike in and work much greater mischief. Thus it is with us. Gaze on the rest of the contents. You don't find levity there. No, nor ill will. It all comes out in the Table, and we would recommend all publications to have just such a safety valve. Even the *Century* publishes 'Uncle Esak's Wisdom,' which the *Courant* has recently satirized most pointedly."

If those who feel themselves injured will not accept our excuse they may drive us to a miserable end by repressing the harmless symptoms to which we have alluded.

Poetry seems scarce this month, the "Autumn tints" and the "first snow flake" varieties being a little *passée*, and the moralizing crop seeming to have fallen victim to foot ball and examinations.

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The *Ohio University Monthly* is responsible for the following worn out doggerel, which we print in place of better things unattainable.

"A youth tried to drive to Chatauqua,
But his horse proved an obstinate bauqua,
Being patient as Job,
He took out whip and rob,
Remarking, thank the lord 'I'm a wauqua.'"

The *Dartmouth Lit.* publishes an excellent article on "Volapük," the new universal language. Its novelette, however, seems a trifle too long, excluding shorter pieces, which would be more likely to find readers. The "Fact and Fancy" column is creditable enough, but in our opinion the editors will find the necessity of manufacturing jests to order the hardest part of their duties. We fear for this innovation in *Lit.* work.

The other Lits., aside from the *Nassau*, have not appeared, and accordingly we close up our criticisms with the remark that Princeton ought to furnish more and better poetry for that otherwise excellent publication.

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Supplement to] *DECEMBER, 1886.* [*Vol. LII*

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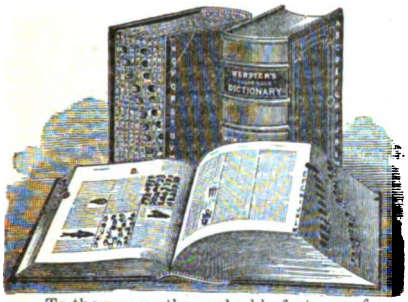
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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-second Volume with the number for October, 1886. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

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THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LII. JANUARY, 1887. • NO. 4

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '87.

ANDREW F. GATES, CHAS. H. LUDINGTON, JR.
WILLIAM KENT, WILLIAM L. PHELPS,
JOHN N. POMEROY.

BOHEMIANISM IN STUDENT LIFE.

THE "college world" is a current phrase among student journalists, and to its utility undoubtedly it owes its wide acceptance. That it is grounded upon an analogy, at least plausible, is patent at first glance, but how stable that analogy would prove if critically tested, is a more doubtful point. As long as its use is commonly approved, however, we may logically expect to be able to discover within the provinces in names illustrations of whatever natural qualities exhibit themselves through the world at large. To this proposition we must add one qualification. These illustrations will be less deeply outlined than in the prototype; a natural consequent of the fact that the character of the average student, even as he steps out into the world the morning after graduation, diploma in hand, the finished product of a college training, is rarely unalterably moulded.

Bohemianism is a quality noticeable the world over; we may be prepared, then, to see it manifesting its existence in every great factor of this so-called college world. What some of its principal phases are is our present topic.

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But a word first concerning the *ism* in general. It is often explained as an insurrection of the original barbarian instincts, still said to underly in man's nature the veneering of enlightenment which forty centuries have brought, against the restrictions of civilization. It is believed to be allied to that tendency, inherent in so many natures, to break laws simply because they are laws. The true Bohemian, moreover, is a good deal of a vagabond. The word home has little place in his affections. He is a creature of the present wholly, without a thought of impending evils that may fall with the break of to-morrow's dawn. The all-important tenet of his philosophy is well outlined in this half-stanza from Dryden's Horace:

> "Happy the man, and happy he alone,
> He who can call to-day his own;
> He who, secure within, can say
> To-morrow do thy worst; for I have lived to-day."

Do we wonder, then, that none of the so-called *isms* ever possessed so potent a charm for youth? And why this charm should appeal to the collegian's affections with especial power is equally obvious when one considers it. From his daily routine of Chauvenet, Plato, Mill and Goethe, the student looks out upon that "gaiest, thirstiest, laziest, least opulent realm in Europe" with a very natural yearning for the season when he may be free at least to taste its sweets, if he will. He notes, and probably with admiration, the independence of all conventionalities as well as the happy-go-lucky recklessness of its denizens and frequenters. And can we deem it strange, then, that within the pale, as he is, of rigorous college discipline he often holds Bohemia and Utopia as in a measure synonymous? A score of years later, however, when as staid paterfamilias, he sips his third cup of Java and spies in the editorial columns of his favorite journal some reference to this bizarre element in society, he will smile incredulously at the thought that he once seriously countenanced its vagaries. But that its charm will never be universally felt in college is undoubted; for in the minds of many, the

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name carries with it far too strong a suggestion of life in a questionably reputable atmosphere of tobacco smoke, wine fumes and free thought. Moreover, that anything like a reformation has been, or ever will be effected throughout the tribe is improbable. For in the first place organization of any sort is incompatible with the very nature of Bohemianism. Again, as to the probability that any genuine Bohemian would ever of himself come to recognize conscientiously any urgent necessity for reform we should be equally skeptical. No! Bohemia is a country where the few cobwebs of custom that have been allowed to gather are not likely to be swept down. It is much the same to-day as a half-century ago. Paris is ideally its capital, and its frontiers are far-reaching, coextensive perhaps with civilization. It is a gay country, indeed—of brilliant and original literary endowments, of equal musical and artistic attachments, of generous goblets, sprightly songs and midnight sessions, where originality and an antipathy to formulae and migratory instincts are inherent in man, and where freedom from care and a notoriety, perhaps ephemeral, are the privileges one may enjoy. Naturally such a prospect, especially when lent enchantment by distance, has a wonderfully attractive power over the average college man's mind, excepting of course that ultra serious element in whose eyes frivolity of any sort seems censurable.

Now, to localize, in what ways does this feeling, if Bohemianism may be styled a feeling, manifest itself in college life? One characteristic of it which is in especial accord with the principle that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," even the most superficial observers cannot fail to notice. None but the exceptionally provident student of "dig" propensities keeps commonly more than a half-day ahead in his work. Think too of the amount of preparation that is daily accomplished after the peripatetic fashion *en route* from chapel to recitation, of the numbers of compositions that are forced into existence only during the last available hours before they fall due! Drop into "Mory's" toward midnight, if you seek more

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palpable evidence, and tell me how many of the jolly coterie about the middle table could even inform you what work has been prescribed for their morning recitation. And when examination season comes around these improvidents are invariably caught napping. They are therefore devotees of the practice of lightning preparation we call "cramming," and generally are adepts in its tactics. None understand better than they the principle of concentrating all one's available powers so as to absorb the greatest possible amount in a given time.

The genuine Bohemian, again, has no permanent abode. His miniature in the college world is in his way an equally vagrant, unsettled character. The subscription man rarely finds him at home. He frequents the fence and the easy sofas at the University club; and asks for nothing pleasanter than an evening's chat in front of some crony's open fire, prolonged into the small hours, regardless of probably disastrous results to his stand. With the "man about college," he has not a few points in common.

In his choice of electives we see a tendency of like nature. He will dabble in every available subject on the catalogue from Political Ethics to Vector Analysis. His restless, erratic disposition would never consent to his devoting his energies to a single branch of study. Variety he must have, with a generous sprinkling too of the desiderata locally termed "snaps." A refreshing independence of conventional styles of dress is another Bohemian trait that obtains somewhat at college. Because a linen shirt and a "Dunlap" are generally accepted as correct elements in an ordinary outfit, friend X. will affect flannel and a soft hat. Because the use of hairbrush and razor is a requirement in polite society, he to a degree forswears them both. And this affectation of originality he is prone to carry over into his everyday life, his opinions, his conversation and his attachments. In the management of his exchequer he is recklessness itself. To nurse money is too commonplace for his creed. Debts never weigh on his mind. And "even when he is *sans six sous*, he is generally *sans souci*." The margin of marks between him and

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suspension is generally infinitesimal, and yet he saunters into chapel just as the final notes of the præludium are dying away with the utmost nonchalance. His reading too will surprise you, from its variety rather than its extent, and he is not infrequently a ready talker and possessed of no mean stock of that marketable article, general information. If he has won laurels in the college arena it is rather by spasmodic effort than steady application, by natural aptness than acquired skill.

To look for causes now whereby to explain these outcroppings of the Bohemian nature in college would be futile. They do not find their germ principally in a desire to imitate, nor are they to be laid wholly to the charge of pure laziness. No! the characteristic is inherent when genuine, and is bound therefore to make its way to the surface. But one feature of a university training we cannot overlook, which undoubtedly tends to emphasize it. Briefly, that is the abruptness with which one is compelled to turn from one to another of the varied occupations that enter into the complete product, college life. If this statement, too obvious to bear a formal proof, need illustration, let a catalogue of your experiences during a single half day serve you. Besides your quota of recitation and lectures, and its attendant variable, the amount of your preparation, you will insert a score of other interests that must be watched over of greater or less import, yet each calling for a share of your time and each for the moment absorbing your attention. From the discussion of Ricardo's theory you hurry to a class meeting. Then the suave, complaisant mien of the subscription collector has to be assumed, only to be transformed a half hour later into an attitude of thoughtful attention when you answer "adsum" at the next roll-call. The diversity of subject-matter one is not infrequently called upon to handle within a few brief hours, is thus a prominent element in campus life. Such a training has one desirable side undeniably. It can hardly fail to produce a versatile man, prompt, vigorous, and fertile in expedients. But is it the most effective discipline to fit one for a sober, persevering application to a single life work?

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A word only in conclusion, and that by way of vindication. Our illustrations have been of the homely sort—such, perhaps, as even the least discerning spectator of student life might not fail to see. For this our defense lies in the principle that, as Richard Grant White puts it, "the characteristic is always the commonplace."

MID-WINTER.

What to offer this Winter day?
  A song on the theme of thy worth
Sung so true it might convey
  The secret of its birth?

A flower perchance, a rose
  Or columbine bud, anemone?
(Any wild flower that grows
  Is like enough to thee.)

Alas, the blossoms are gone!
  The sky is a leaden gray,
No water-lilies at dawn
  Till the ice has broken away.

If I were magician enough
  To make a lily of ice,
With a quick zephyr's puff
  And a breath of spice

I would bring Spring from Winter's heart
  And cast to thy latticed bower
A type of thee, thy counterpart,
  Sweet, opening flower!

—*Henry L. May.*

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TITA'S BIRTHDAY.

TITA sat up and rubbed her eyes. It was late for her to be in bed but she was very drowsy. A lark was pouring out his little soul in floods of music just by her window and her heart was singing too, louder, gladlier than the lark. She was so drowsy that she could not think at first just why her heart should be so strangely glad. Then her eyes opened clear and there stole into them a warm soft light that seemed to come from far down in their hazel depths, and her tiny browned face was all aglow with the prettiest flush as she murmured, "Ah! to-day, Baptiste—caro mio." And as she sprang up and threw open the lattice-work window and began to dress not only her heart sang but her lips. For young as her face was, Tita was seventeen that morning—and it was her wedding day—and she and Baptiste had been waiting almost two years now, and Baptiste was such a noble fellow, and she loved him so!

Just then she heard her mother's voice calling her, and answering with a gay "Coming, madre mia," she ran into the sitting-room where her old father and mother were ready to sit down to the breakfast, and was caressed by them even more tenderly and lovingly than usual. When they had been seated for a little while, old Pietro filled the glasses from a little jar with wine not quite so sour as that they had for every day, and with prayers to heaven for all blessings on his head, called for a toast to their own dear, noble Baptiste. And as they drank, the tears rolled down the cheeks of the old couple, and Tita's eyes had a mist over their deep glory of gladness.

For you must know that two years ago old Pietro and his wife, being able to do hardly any work and having used up the last soldi of their little savings were about to be thrown out of their wee farm and cottage because they could not pay their landlord. And just then Baptiste was on his way from his country home to the great city, Flor-

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ence, to make his way in the world, with a warm heart under his little jacket and a few coins in his pocket. And as he was passing through the village where Tita lived, he had met Tita by the road and his heart had been seized and held fast by those wonderful soft hazel eyes of hers, and he had walked with her and learned her story; and for love of Tita he had given all his coins to pay the rent and buy a few simple tools for the garden and the farm. Then he had set to work to support Tita and old Pietro and Lisa with his own hands—for he had forgotten Florence when he saw Tita's eyes.

And though he was only eighteen and not large, he was strong and clever, and so handsome and warm-hearted that all the neighbors helped him and he was fortunate and the farm did wonderfully. So by this sweet May morning he had added a few acres to the farm and had built such a tiny little house and to-day was going to marry Tita—for Tita had loved him almost as long as he had loved her, though poor Baptiste had been so bashful that he did not find this out for nearly a month. So you see old Pietro and Lisa had good reason for all their tears and prayers for blessings for Baptiste.

They were to be married that morning at the little church by old Father Francis, and before long Baptiste came, with a little donkey cart he had borrowed, to take old Pietro and his wife to the church and then he was to come back for Tita. Tita did not see him when he came for her father and mother, for she was in her room praying to the good saints to send her Baptiste and herself blessings in their new, strange life and to keep them from any wrong thought or deed to anyone. Before long she heard him come back and call, and ran out to meet him. But before she saw him she was caught up in eager yet very tender arms and held so close and kissed so many times that she had to stop him with a tiny slap and a little lecture.

Hand in hand they set out for the church, not talking or laughing much, but very, very happy. The lark was not singing any longer, but they did not notice it—the

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whole world was one grand symphony just then. Tita felt almost as if her heart must burst with its glad swelling, and Baptiste thought that men never were so happy save in dreams—but the pressure of Tita's little brown palm in his made him very sure this was not a dream. Just before they reached the church there came a blinding flash and a long, horrid growl of thunder. They had not noticed that in the last few moments the sky had grown black with rain clouds, but now they saw that a thunderstorm was upon them and started at a run towards the church. It was only a frolic for them, and as they reached the door just as the first big drops fell and another awful flash came, there was no reflection of the clouds in their eyes or hearts. But just inside they started and grew pale; for Father Francis was kneeling at the altar praying, while his body shook with sobs. Tita's mother was kneeling too, but not in prayer, only moaning and rocking to and fro, and old Pietro wringing his hands tottered up and down the aisle, while all the neighbors, looking up as the young couple entered fell to sobbing and whispering among themselves. Tita's great hazel eyes grew tortured with a sudden presentiment of dread and she shrank back, but Baptiste walked quickly up to old Pietro, and, though his cheeks were blanched and his lips twitched, asked bravely enough, gently taking the old man's hand, "What is it troubles you? Has any evil come? Here is Tita—and I—for our marriage. Why are all these neighbors weeping?" But Pietro only moaned and wrung his hands and could not answer, so Baptiste turned to the priest, while Tita, running to her mother threw her arms around her and tried to make her speak.

But when Baptiste touched the sleeve of the priest he rose and beckoned Tita to him and Baptiste seized her hand again. And as they stood thus before him amid the cries and sobs of the neighbors, Father Francis told them that their marriage must not be; that the saints had, with the terrors of the lightning, forbidden it almost at the steps of the altar, and that he may not join them in marriage now—or ever; breaking down many times as he spoke.

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For a moment they stood quiet—stunned, before him; then Baptiste, with a fierce, despairing gesture, started to speak, but Tita, turning, threw her arms around his neck and swooned. All around sprang forward, but Baptiste, clasping Tita close, turned at bay with "Back, all! you and the saints—curses forever be on them!—have killed her. She is mine!" And as they shrank back, he laid her on the floor and, bending over her, with every soft caress and pleading brings her back to life, and rising, he supporting her, they go sadly, slowly, like young stricken deer, out of the church into the meadows beyond. And as they go, in mockery the sun comes out with a brighter glory and the lark once more sends forth his message of love.

All day long they were seen wandering over the fields or sitting side by side on a hillside; and the rude neighbors respected their sorrow and left them to each other. All night long old Pietro and Lisa waited for them to come home, but the latch was never lifted. And in the early morning the good priest went down for water to the wild little river behind the church and there, drifted ashore just where the pool was deepest lay Baptiste with Tita's arms about his neck—and on both faces there was a smile. *Harold Russell Griffith.*

THACKERAY IN HENRY ESMOND.

THAT charm, which an ideal hero has for us, gains nothing from a comparison with such a portrayal of the true action of manhood, as is happily brought out in Thackeray's Esmond. What this character lacks in ideality it makes up in naturalness. As a personal friend of the author has said, "His characters are, indeed, not so much *inventions* as *existences*." An insight into human nature, powerful in its intensity, was his peculiar gift. He could put himself in the position he was describing, and

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throw the whole of his nature into the effort. This was so, in many ways, with this history of Esmond. Thus the character is partially Thackeray's own and he confides to us in this way his own feelings and experiences. Writing with that realistic touch which is consequent upon his putting himself in another's place, he brings the incidents of Harry Esmond's life nearer to us, from their very unaffectedness.

That part of the history which treats of Esmond's boyhood has a real charm of its own for us. Thackeray had a boy's heart, even when a man in years. His fondest memories, as shown in a thousand allusions throughout his writings, are the memories of his schoolboy days, "where once his careless childhood strayed, a stranger yet to pain." As he grew older these remembrances of childhood were more frequent and touching. There is no better instance of this than in "The Newcomes," when the little gown-boy of Grey Friars takes his leave of Codd Colonel.

Esmond's boyhood differed essentially in circumstance from that of Thackeray, yet as phases of human life repeat themselves, so Thackeray, appreciating the fact, draws from his own experience to form the life of Esmond. He gives this boy a melancholy disposition and thoughtful tastes. The former characteristic was not seemingly his own. Yet it did exist, though dissembled by an outward show of jollity. This unfailing command of his feelings made him the most agreeable of companions, and it would seem, on this very account, as if he pitied a melancholy disposition, and would have us see its effect on the life of a man.

When Esmond goes up to Cambridge he does, as Thackeray himself did, little of consequence. Still he gets some repute from his knowledge of the classics, just as Thackeray's earliest literary attempts brought him some local celebrity, which, however, ended a mile away from his Alma Mater. The death of his patron prevented Esmond from returning to his college. With this, the fact that Thackeray left Cambridge, to earn his livelihood, is strikingly coincident. In points like this he follows out the lines of his own life in the history of his hero. At this

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stage of the story, also, the author moralizes to some extent upon the sensitive and retiring nature of Esmond. He himself stood in dread of the coldness of the world, the result of the very sensitiveness which he satirizes. Thus he moralizes, "he fancied a hundred slights and sneers from young and old, who, no doubt, had treated him better had he met them himself more frankly. And, as he looks back, in calmer days, upon this period of his life, which he thinks so unhappy, he can see that his own pride and vanity caused no small part of the mortification which he attributed to other's ill will." Touches like these give an insight into the depth of this feeling. Again he says, "there is scarcely any thoughtful man or woman, I suppose, but can look back upon his course of past life and remember some point trifling as it may have seemed at the time of its occurrence, which has, nevertheless, turned and altered his whole career. 'Tis with almost all of us."

The career of the author himself was turned and altered many times. His first wish was to be an artist. Then turning to law, he finally altered his purpose to gain his living by means of the pen. This was a bitter disappointment to him, for his heart had been set upon achieving greatness with the brush. However, his artistic tastes, when coupled with his humor, have gained him a greater reputation than he could ever have hoped for merely as an artist. Esmond is given an ability to express himself felicitously in verse. Speaking of his early youth the narrative reads that "about this time young Esmond, who had a knack of stringing verses, turned some of Ovid's epistles into rhyme, and brought them to his lady for her delectation." This rhyming propensity was in Thackeray's nature, and his knowledge of the classics was so prodigious that an eminent authority said of him that had he but given it his attention, he would have been the greatest classical scholar of his day. This knowledge has been the source of very many beautiful similes all through his works.

In speaking of the estrangement of Lady Castlewood from her lord, the author moralizes in a particularly sad tone. Thackeray's wife, on account of the loss of her

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mind, was separated from him early in their married life. He would have had her with him, would have been her constant attendant, however heavy the load might be to bear. But he yielded to the opinion of his friends and parted from her for the rest of his life. With her in his thoughts he writes of the "treasures of love doomed to perish without a hand to gather them; sweet fancies and images of beauty that would grow and unfold themselves into flower; bright wit that would shine like diamonds could it be brought into the sun." One of the deepest sorrows of a life which had never, in truth, been very happy, came upon him now, when he was compelled to understand and pity a grief which he stood quite powerless to relieve. The power of the writer is appreciated when we feel that Henry Esmond is but a part of that great intellect, an expression of what that mind had experienced.

William B. Goodwin.

EVENING.

Lying here and gazing upward
One can watch the shadows fall,
As the deep'ning, dark'ning twilight
Softly gathers over all.

With the shadows comes a silence
That relieves the soul from care,
Sending peaceful, restful quiet;
No such peace is found elsewhere.

As the daylight into twilight
Slowly sinks, and fades away,
So the twilight fades to darkness,
And accomplishes the day.

In the firmament of Heaven
One by one the stars appear,
Twinkling orbs and shining jewels,
Answering God with — "I am here."

Thus from turmoils, strifes and troubles
Of the hours that make the day,
Turn we to the hours of evening,
Which our better feelings sway.

William B. Goodwin.

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ABÉLARD AND HÉLOÏSE.

IN the cemetery of Père la Chaise, in Paris, there stands a beautiful monument representing two figures: one, a man of noble face and bearing, the other, a beautiful woman. At the foot of the monument and over the statues themselves a profusion of fresh flowers woven in garlands or rudely bunched in humble nosegays—is daily strewn by unknown hands. A solitary maiden or loving couple may from time to time be seen to pause a moment in tender meditation before this sculptured pair as before some votive shrine. What is it that lends such a powerful charm to this particular spot, surrounded as it is by the tombs of France's most illustrious dead?

At the beginning of the twelfth century there lived in Paris a young woman of remarkable beauty and still more extraordinary intellectual gifts. She dwelt with an uncle, an old ecclesiast, who, recognizing her rare mental ability, had provided her with the best culture that that darkened age afforded—a convent education. At his house she met with the most cultured minds of her time, to whom she eagerly resorted to quench her burning thirst for knowledge. Her brilliancy and personal charms were a source of admiration to everyone, while she fairly worshiped her visitors for their scholarly attainments. Among these was a man thirty-eight years of age—she herself being but eighteen, of commanding presence and wonderful intellect. By his marvelous reasoning powers he had refuted the greatest scholars and teachers of the world, and for his temerity in attempting to undermine the tenets of the Church he had been banished from Paris —at that time the centre of all learning. But in his exile he had been followed by thousands of admiring students, who were willing to give up the gaities of Paris for the privilege of being with him. They listened to him as to one inspired and loaded him with honors. Emboldened by his success and longing for greater fame as a philoso-

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pher and dialectician, he returned to the outskirts of Paris. Here he won such power and renown by his lectures that his persecutors were obliged to yield and leave him to reign supreme in the intellectual field. He now turned his attention to the philosophical study of religion. Enthusiastic students from Germany, Italy and England flocked to hear him, including among their number many future dignitaries of the Church and state.

Thus the greatest man of the age met the most beautiful and accomplished woman in the world under circumstances the most favorable for their knowing and appreciating each other. So eager was she for learning and so desirous was her uncle for her advancement—that she was soon placed in the hands of this remarkable man for the completion of her education. Then followed the "old, old story,"—mutual admiration of rare qualities of mind and soul ripened rapidly into a mad infatuation, which soon broke through all bonds of restraint. The passion of the lover overshadowed his brilliancy; he became listless in his study and utterly unfitted for his pursuit as lecturer. Such a course naturally excited comment and finally scandal. The old uncle became furious and demanded their immediate marriage. This would have saved them from further infamy, but the blind folly of that benighted period precluded advancement in the Church to a married man. He, however, was willing to forego fame for love of her, but her love was greater than his; she was ready to sacrifice her very passion to his interests; she would not let her love stand in the way of his preferment and reputation.

So the matter was finally compromised by a secret marriage. The secret, however, could not be kept. Both met accusation with immediate denial, which gave such offense to the uncle that they were obliged to flee from his house and from Paris. The husband, giving up all hope, saw no other resource but to place his wife in a convent and himself to seek a monastic cell. She readily submitted to his will—her love was too great to allow her to think of rebelling—but she realized that henceforth, as

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a nun, she would be dead to her husband. Her love would be destined to pine away, yet not to die. Nay, as we shall see, to grow even stronger and purer through suffering and solitude.

Her husband devoted himself to penance and religious study. Forced to leave the monastery he again resorted to lecturing in a desert spot. Unable to resist the spell which he had cast over them, students again flocked to hear him and idolized him more than ever. This success in the very midst of ignominy aroused the hostility of the Church to such an extent that his life henceforth became one continued effort to escape persecution. During this time he wrote an account of his sufferings, which, falling by chance into the possession of his wife, who had now become an abbess, aroused all her old love, refined and intensified by fifteen years of dreary seclusion. Unable longer to repress her feelings, she wrote a letter to her beloved in which her whole soul went out to him in the purest affection and in unbounded admiration for the noble qualities of his nature. Thus was established a correspondence in which her every sentence breathes the sincerity of her devotion, unalterable even by her husband's own efforts to restrain her ardor.

Soon this unfortunate man died, worn out by his struggles against adverse circumstances. His body was consigned to the loving care of his wife by the true friend with whom he had sought refuge in his last days.

For twenty long years this noble soul filled her office in the convent and mourned over the ashes of him who had been her life even when dead to her. Having completed the number of years which had comprised the period of his earthly existence, her mission on earth was ended. But she has left behind her an example and an influence that shall last as long as the human soul is capable of love. Every Frenchman—nay, all the world knows and loves the story of Héloïse and Abélard.

Preserved through seven centuries by the veneration of their countrymen, the coffin enclosing the bodies of the lovers remained undisturbed through all the violence of

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the Revolution, and finally, in the early part of the present century was interred in the Père la Chaise.

Unmindful of the mausoleums of the country's great men who have lived and died in the last century, human nature pays grateful homage at this tomb to the memory of this pair, whose lives were spent amid the gloom of the Dark Ages. The story of their lives is but the story of their love, but it exhibits in all its constancy and purity that sentiment which springs from the triumph of soul over sense, which ever has and ever will actuate men to the performance of the highest and noblest deeds.

Fred. P. Solley.

AN ALPINE TOUR.

MUNICH—a pleasant place it is, that ancient city almost under the shadows of the Bavarian Alps; pleasant, the cheerful outdoor life of the boulevards and promenades; pleasant, the narrow winding streets of the old town with their quaint bits of mediæval architecture in strange contrast to their eager bustling modern life. Then there are always glimpses of the Alps, whose snow-draped summits sparkle and glitter in the distance; and the Isar rushing and roaring impetuously on in its course to the Danube. And the green terraces by the river, where we whiled away many a long afternoon and tarried yet awhile as the Autumn's sun, slowly sinking beneath the distant horizon, poured its slanting rays far over the green Bavarian plain and flooded in its crimson light, alike the gray towers and turrets and the swift Isar sparkling and surging far beneath. How the golden summer days slipped away unheeded while we loitered on within those hospitable walls. But then, alas, along in August, despite the cool mountain breezes it gets to be very warm in Munich. Then it is that Munich bestirs herself; the placid burghers arise in a body and there is a grand hegira to the Alps.

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And we too were affected by the general migration. The material attractions of Munich began to weary us, the foaming tankards of the Hofbraühaus palled upon our taste, the green terraces along the Isar were deserted and our old haunts knew us no more. Then it was that we consulted with the Portier; for the Portier, be it known, was an all-important functionary who dwelt in the dusty little closet beneath the stairs of the hotel and who artistically combined in his charming person the several duties of head clerk, waiter and boots. A very versatile creature, he conversed fluently in four languages and lied serenely and deliberately in all alike. Everything was the same, to the Portier. He hied him forth with alacrity to the neighboring hostelry for beer; he bulldozed a creditor with pitiless severity, and he deliberately perjured his soul a dozen times a day and in four distinct languages, always with an unmoved countenance and the same serene smile. And all these things he did for such an absurdly small recompense as would have filled the soul of the free born American citizen with loathing and contempt. "All the Elite," sweetly quoth the Portier, "go to the mountains for an Alpine stroll, and shall our young gentlemen go also?" Ah, yes, we too should take an Alpine stroll (with the rest of the Elite.) True, we had never taken an Alpine stroll, but then we knew all about it for had we not carefully perused Herr Schutzenheimer's exhaustive treatise on the subject, in which he treats of everything thereto pertaining; from the regulation of the liver to the slaughter of the evasive chamois. Visions of picturesquely clad mountaineers arose before us, of Alpine beauties and of vast herds of chamois gambolling about their native peaks. Brimming with enthusiasm, we purchased alpenstocks; beautiful things they were too, elegantly shod in nickel; especially prepared for such innocents as we and warranted to break at the first leap. Then, too, we must have artistically woven leggings of wool, glittering axes to hang about our waists, and a raking headgear of eagle's plumes. Thus arrayed, our stocks firmly in our grasp, our shiny "gepäcks" upon our backs and our eagle's

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plumes flaunting in the breeze, we marched proudly to the station and were swallowed up in a vast perspiring mob all bound for Schliersee and the Alps. And at Schliersee it was that we first tasted of the large handed hospitality of the Tyrol; for as with some diffidence we approached the village inn we were astounded at the apparition of a large, vigorous female, who, rushing down upon us with open arms seized us each by a hand and hurried us within with such expedition as to fairly take away our breath. Seating herself between us, she gently stroked our hands and gazed thoughtfully into our liquid eyes. Cold terror seized upon us. In vain we blushed and stammered and protested in wretched Dutch that we were Americans and foreigners and strangers in a strange land. Alas, she would none of it. In vain we strove to escape, in vain looked for relief. All hope vanished from out our hearts and we gazed stonily into one another's eyes. Suddenly, however, this extraordinary female arose, with lightning like rapidity, flew to the adjoining apartment and speedily reappeared with twin tankards of foaming beer. Then we breathed again and mopped our perspiring brows. This was the incomparable Faifa! Excellent woman; she cherished her guests as her own children and, departing, they rose up and called her blessed. Peculiar in her manner, yet she had a large heart ever open to the needs and sorrows of her guests. This was only her way, and when one was fairly broken in it was not so bad, after all. Large, robust, vigorous, she ruled the household with an iron hand; overseeing all things, foreseeing all things, from early morn when she milked the lowing kine till dewy eve when with her own strong hand she ejected the village sots sleeping sweetly upon the porch without. Never shall we cease to admire her many unique beauties of character. Always thoughtful, always kind, ever cherishing our hands and gazing into our eyes; with her own fair hands she superintended the garnishing of our couches and the preparation of our meals.

At Schliersee, too, we first came upon the Alpine bed in its primitive simplicity, and as we gazed upon its stern

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and rugged lineaments the ideal Alpine bed trundled rapidly away into the dim, dark recesses of our imagination, a scrawny mattress draped with a threadbare sheet, a feather bed a yard thick and an emaciated pillow about the dimensions of a fence rail. The spotless linen is renovated once in three months, and when we consider the hardy mountaineer, that he omits the ceremony of disrobing and generally sleeps in his boots—well, the thin skinned American thinks of these things and groans aloud and shrivels up into mere nothingness. Still this whited sepulchre is seemly to gaze upon, plump and well favored, and as the victim gazes upon its stern features illumined by the feeble rays of the tallow dip, joy fills his soul and he cheerfully abandons himself to its grasp. But then—does he gather the illusive fabric about his shoulders, then his limbs cry aloud for shelter, does he cover his freezing limbs, then the cold blast howls about his quaking shoulders; finally, falling into a fitful slumber, he is tortured with fearful dreams and along in the dim, dark watches he awakes in a profuse perspiration to find the wretched feather bed gloating over him like a malignant spirit. After much profanity and experience, however, he grows wiser and follows the example of the native. He doesn't disrobe, but coils himself up like the imaginary roots of a binomial theorem and is happy.

The next morning, when we were called for an early start the stars were still shining; it was cold, dark and dismal. We felt wretchedly and miserably unhappy, and there was no balm in Gilead. However, a cup of hot coffee braced us up amazingly and we started out eager for the fray. Our first mountain! we commenced the ascent with great vigor, our alpenstocks glittering in the rays of the rising sun as we trod manfully up the winding path. Presently we decided to tarry a bit by the wayside to see the magnificent prospect beneath, and worthy of our pains was the grand panorama spread out before our eyes. The blue lake, lying far below its surface sparkling and shining in the rays of the sun, as it slowly appeared above the opposing range—the little village just visible

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among the trees, and the village church the sound of whose matin-ringing bells floated softly up to us where we stood. In silence we renewed the ascent; nothing was heard but the crunching of our shoes upon the loose gravel of the path, and the crashing of rocks and stones as they went leaping and bounding down the mountain side into the valley below. Thistles and brambles penetrated our leggings, and our feet were blistered in our heavy shoes. The sun rising high in the heavens beat mercilessly down—our packs grew very heavy upon our backs; silently we plucked them off and hurled them into the valley, and kept on climbing. Well, we climbed and climbed and climbed again. Our eagle's plumes trailed ingloriously over our shoulders and our heads hung dejectedly upon our slender necks. Still we climbed on; but when at noon we discovered to our horror that we had only ascended a small foothill and that the main range was yet some miles in advance. Well, then we swore by a great oath that we had enough, and we returned to Munich footsore, weary, and profane.

W. D. Washburn, Jr.

JEAN VALJEAN.

"SO long as there shall exist, by reason of law and custom, a social condemnation, which, in the face of civilization, artificially creates hells on earth, and complicates a destiny that is divine, with human fatality * * * * books like this cannot be useless."

With this preface of a single sentence, Victor Hugo begins *Les Miserables.* Seldom does a writer so confidently place a value on his own work, and seldom does one have a better right so to do. The literary worth of the book is great; its ethical worth is greater. It is more than a masterpiece of art; it is an outpouring of a great man's soul. Every fibre of Victor Hugo's nature is tingling

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with indignation at a glaring wrong. It is from this depth of feeling that his eloquence springs.

The main purpose is to picture to society how indiscreet criminal laws and institutions sometimes blight noble characters. Jean Valjean, a hard-working peasant, trying to furnish subsistence for those he loved, and finding one pair of hands insufficient to feed seven little mouths, was driven to commit a petty theft. He was sentenced to the galleys. "In our civilization. there are fearful hours. Such are those when society pronounces shipwreck upon a man." He entered harmless and benevolent; he came out hardened and desperate. Nineteen years of hard toil made harder by the lash, with harsh words and looks for encouragement to "grow better," made their inevitable impress on his character. He afterward said of himself: "The galleys make the galley slave. * * * Before the galleys, I was a poor peasant, unintelligent, a species of idiot; the galleys changed me. I was stupid, I became wicked; I was a log, I became a firebrand." All that was amiable and good in his nature had been covered up by that hideous excrescence which grows in the dank moral atmosphere of the galleys. All that was manly had been dissolved in the acid of the dungeon. It was for the bishop to put in a drop of Christian kindness to precipitate this and bring it back to its crystal form.

Finding this one sympathizing friend, Jean Valjean feels a desire to be again a man. He assumes a new name, enters a town where he is unknown, and there, after his years are two-thirds spent, begins life anew. Fortune favors him. He makes an invention and thereby becomes wealthy. He reads books and broadens his intellectual horizon. He casts aside his morbid growth of misanthropy and from his universal kindness receives the deep respect of his townsmen. They offer him the position of mayor, he refuses, they force it upon him. Wealth, social favor, public honor! He feels once more free. The state had given him nominal liberty. Society now gives him real liberty.

Throughout the many misfortunes of his subsequent

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life, Jean Valjean never again lost his self-respect or flinched from his firm purpose of living a true and useful life. In all his adventures with that demon Javert, he never betrayed a desire of revenge. After all he had suffered from the institutions of society, he tried to do for the world what was in his power. He became a philanthropist. An erect, white-haired man, he wandered about the streets of Paris in the disguise of a workingman and was known among the poor as "the beggar who gives alms." Little Cosette generally accompanied him; there is no more touching period of his life than those years when she unconsciously exercised so much of tender, gentle influence on his life.

It is not necessary to follow Victor Hugo's hero farther. His history, as far as events are concerned, would carry us beyond our limits. The history of his character is ended.

Les Miserables is considered by some too gloomy. Certainly few books are more tragic or pathetic. But on this dark background of circumstances are pictured, in golden colors, the triumphs of a soul. *Irving Fisher.*

NOTABILIA.

To the most casual observer of Yale life for the past years, of the rapid, though silent working over of old material under the influence of a new idea, one fact stands out preëminent, perhaps, above all the rest. The fact I refer to is, the sudden numerical advance of Sheff., at the expense, it would seem, of the college proper. One can hardly have helped noticing, too, the less rapid, but no s certain, breaking down of those barriers of custom ich for no good reason have existed between the two partments,—the growing interest taken by Sheff. in ny forms of university activity, her growing desire for, t the willingness to allow to her, representation in or-

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ganizations which once were looked upon as purely academical. In athletics, indeed, she seems to show even more than her proportionate amount of zeal. It is hard to see how all this can be looked upon otherwise than as one of the most hopeful signs of these new times. In the various literary enterprises, however, which as truly as any others should represent the University as a whole, it is impossible to make out any such advance. Sheff. contributions to the bi-weeklies are of the meagerest amount; for the LIT. they have fallen off altogether. This, most certainly, is not the ideal state of things. We have no doubt that literary ability is quite as frequently to be met with in our sister department as in our own. Lack of time is the sole excuse which we find offered—the one so often urged as covering the multitude of sins, and always so insufficient. The fact is, that for the ideal scientific education even more than for the classical some break in the round of text-book and laboratory work is necessary. Six or eight years of constant translation from Greek and Latin naturally tends to give some mastery of expression which cannot be gotten from the exclusive perusal of mathematical and chemical formulae. Everything beyond this must be gained by work done for the college press, for the amount of writing required in either department counts for almost nothing. The LIT. will undoubtedly be very glad to meet half-way a sufficient increase of interest from this quarter by the appointment—by no means a new thing—of a Sheff. editor; but it cannot take the initiative. With the support of Sheff. it could be enlarged to a size which several other college monthlies have attained already, and take its proper place as the University magazine.

THE article, "Social Life at Harvard," by Mr. Barrett Wendell, in the January *Lippincott*—the first one of the promised series upon the student life of the leading American colleges—is especially interesting as suggesting the great, and, we think, permanent difference between the Harvard system and that of Yale, the normal type of the American college. We see in the latter the class system

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in its completest development; in the former the total absorption of the class in the University. I have heard it said that in most respects Harvard and Yale have far more in common with one another than with any of the smaller colleges. However this may be, other distinctions are trifling as compared with this one fundamental divergence, or for the most part can be traced to it. In one sentence Mr. Wendell sets the matter in the clearest light; "You may pass through college," he says, "without knowing so much as the names of many classmates whom you might like extremely if accident once brought you together." The reason easily assigned for this state of things is the elective system and the intermingling of different classes in the same recitations. Now on the other hand if you attempt to persuade a non-collegian that class feeling as we have it, means anything but a violent hostility to members of a different class, finding vent in hazing and rushes, you are apt to be met with a shrug at least. Yet the observation is trite enough that this same sentiment is the secret of all that Yale men most prize. In seeking for its sufficient cause, we must of course, admit that rushes, class games and races, and above all the fence, with its perfect democracy, forcing upon each man acquaintance with his classmates of types however different are agents whose power a full system of electives could not wholly do away. But an element of much importance is the pursuit of common studies whether this pursuit be drudgery or a willing service. The question now naturally arises, what will come of the partial abandonment, in the two upper years, of this common interest? Will it tend to a general loosening of all class ties? On the contrary, it seems that it will result in no more than a desirable degree of relaxation in the rigor of the system. The somewhat strained relations between the two lower classes,

cessary, perhaps, to the development of class feeling,
e later felt to be out of date. Their service has been
eady rendered; and in the competition of the class-
om we may expect to see a tendency to the neutralizing
these unprofitable restraints.

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PORTFOLIO.

——To a literary trifler there is no more curious and interesting way of spending a chance half hour, than to read what may be called the mistakes of the critics. There is a little sermon also, even in this waste of time, for it bids us beware of pinning our faith to contemporary criticism. There is a half-truth in Swift's remark, "When a great genius appears in the world, you may know him by this infallible sign, that all the dunces are in confederacy against him." Yet not only the dunces—though by that name the Dean probably meant humanity in general—but men who have attained to great heights of literary success have made the most surprising mistakes in their estimates of contemporaries. DeQuincey was certainly no fool; but on taking up a volume of his the other day, I chanced upon a prophecy that has miscarried so completely as to be positively amusing. The Mephistopheles of the critics is prejudice; how it leads a man by the nose in a circle of folly! Well, DeQuincey was talking about Coleridge, and was making a comparison between that philosopher-poet and the poet-philosopher, Goethe. Alluding to the former, he remarks: "He had the same defect, as a contemporary, more celebrated, and more widely celebrated, than Coleridge, but far his inferior in power and compass of intellect. Both are now gone—Goethe and Coleridge; both are honored by those who knew them and by multitudes who did not. But the honors of Coleridge are perennial and will annually grow more verdant; whilst from those of Goethe every generation will see something fall away, until posterity will wonder at the subverted idol, whose basis being hollow and unsound, will leave the worship of their fathers an enigma to their descendants." If posterity ever wonders at anything—and we are getting bravely over that habit—it will wonder how many blankets of British prejudice the critic was wearing when he wrote those unfortunate words. Coleridge is remembered to-day as the author of two beautiful poems, "Christabel" and the "Ancient Mariner;" his influence on thought has dwindled away, while every year sees Goethe higher in the estimation of men and his influence felt in every

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branch of literature, art and philosophy. How the ghost of the self-satisfied critic must shudder at seeing one whom he contemptuously called a "German *litterateur*," placed in the trinity of genius, along with Shakspere and Homer. W. L.

——Arnold and Swinburne have each given us the legend of Tristram and Iseult in verse; and in doing this they have done more; they have given us an almost ideally perfect illustration of their contrast in thought and in expression. How curiously different are the ways in which they approach the tale. Arnold gives us the tragic end of all, with wondrous strength of pathos, yet through the tragedy there runs the note of high rejoicing at the triumph in purity of the fatally love-smitten pair. The whole action of the poem is round the bedside of the dying knight—save for a tender after-view of the future life of Iseult of Brittany. We gain knowledge of the wild passion, of the meeting and separation and wanderings of the lovers only incidentally, through the mind-wanderings of the dying Tristram. In Swinburne we find as preface a wonderful, almost wild, panegyric on Love, and after that all we see is an exulting, cowering, love-mad couple, clasped in each other's arms on a ship that is bearing them to separation; one awful storm of raging sea and troubled sky and human passion. Do you see how clearly the contrast of the natures of the two poets shows itself? Swinburne could have seen no attraction in the contemplation of the great moral victory over their passions of two tortured souls. That is the subduing of fire and Swinburne delights in the flashing and leaping of the flames. On the other hand, Arnold would have shrunk irresistibly from the thought of painting only the fierce outbreak of mad passion uncontrolled. In his moral sensibilities Arnold is as immeasurably the superior of Swinburne, as Swinburne is the superior of Arnold in the beauty and majesty of verse. H. R. G.

——Curiosity, yet more refined than the morbid inquisitiveness that influences the veteran sightseer, impelled us to explore the beauties of that wonderful region which suggested to our great Longfellow the plot of Hiawatha. The Pictured Rocks extend about twelve miles along the south shore of Lake Superior. That wall of solid rock is only broken by three intervening sandy beaches, which afford a refuge to a small boat. Here it was that the "murmuring pines" and the

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sighing hemlocks sang to the poet the exploits of his hero. We pulled leisurely along beneath the bluffs that towered a hundred feet above. Colored streaks of every hue line the rock. To a vivid imagination the cliffs present a panorama changing with every stroke of the oar. Passing Monument Rock, Miner's Castle, Sail Rock and the cliff where the steamer Superior was wrecked, we entered the Grand Portal, whose enormous mouth can easily receive the masted bow of one of our great lake steamers. Above us the vaulted top so deceptively tinted, seems at first the azure sky. The pillared sides have those wonderful streaks of color found upon the rock without. Dark red lines have bright green as neighbors. Yellow and purple patches lie side by side. Beneath, the water, rippling and dancing with ceaseless motion, reflects the painted cave, dazzling you with the brilliancy of its kaleidoscopic display. The pure depths as a summer's veil are easily pierced by the eye, and lazy fishes are seen gazing suspiciously upward, darting away at an unexpected movement. We pass out the opening at the far end of the cave, entering Chapel Bay. Here, I am forced to believe, the poet received the greater part of his inspiration. Indian legends seem whispered in the breezes that raise "cats' paws" upon the quiet water and the voice of Gitche Manito is heard in the waves upon the shore. We coasted along the white sand beach, marred only by the tracks of deer and other animals that slake their thirst in the icy lake. Early roses blush upon the bank and the air is rich with the perfume of the lingering arbutus. At the distant end of the bay the Chapel nestled among the mossy pines, its natural pillars half concealed by waving clematis, forms a pretty picture against an indigo background. At its base Chapel River, whose waters have been filtered by forest pebbles and the charcoal of Indian camp-fires, rushing, roaring, rioting through the tangled thicket, tumbles over a rocky ledge into the lake beneath. We can easily imagine the boyish Hiawatha with strained bow patiently crouched upon its banks waiting the thirsty red deer's approach; or the manly warrior guiding his bark canoe through its foaming rapids. Now, as in his day, Adjidaumo, the red squirrel, chatters in yonder oak and the sea gull cries his ceaseless ke-lu-a! ke-lu-a! around the rocky points. Hiawatha is gone. His red children have been driven

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westward toward the Golden Gate. Ere long at the golden gate he will receive them into their Happy Hunting Grounds.

G. M.

——The rapidly increasing number of text-books and works of reference on English literature, show that this subject is gaining a much more important place in educational systems than it has held heretofore. The colleges cannot claim to have inaugurated this reform; it is hardly unjust to say that they are yielding sullenly to an unmistakable demand. Not long ago the fact of one's recent graduation from college was considered sufficient excuse for his ignorance of English literature; but, happily, this paradoxical state of affairs is now on the way to a radical change. It is an interesting fact that many—perhaps a clear majority—of recent works on the subject have been written or edited by women; for while the young lady's education for many years past has been considered sadly incomplete without at least a smattering of polite literature, innocence of any knowledge of this kind has subtracted nothing from the respect due to the average man's education. Whether this is owing to the supposed utilitarian character of the masculine mind, or to a belief in its lofty disdain of all broad culture, is uncertain; but it is probably due to the fact that the autocrats on educational matters have discovered that in training for the "battle of life"—God save the mark!—cosines and tangents, fancy curves and snake-like formulas are more necessary than living ideas and a command of good English. But as every period of gloom and depression is compelled to give way sooner or later to better influences, so in this Dark Age of mathematics and physical science—doubly dark by reason of the bigotry of specialists in these branches—we may already observe on the intellectual sky faint streaks of light which herald an approaching day of reason and of common sense.

W. L.

——Thackeray's pen was no respecter of persons. Merciless as it was keen, it laid bare with impartiality the sins and follies of both great and small. But it was not poisoned. It did not shrivel and blight where it could find nothing to ridicule or condemn. It shows us many a sad picture of selfishness and worldliness; but many a scene, also, lighted by love and self-sacrifice, and rendered sweet by the essence of charity. Among all the false and tangled days of his youth, Pendennis

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still spent happy and peaceful evenings with his mother, as with arms interlocked they together watched the sunset fade from sky and river. Opposite that blasé old sinner and miracle of the valet's skill, Major Pendennis, stands dear Colonel Newcome, his heart as fresh and innocent as a child's, indignantly quitting the room when an objectionable song is sung in the presence of a young lad. Harry Esmond, amid the gay and frivolous society at the Wells', still could escape his painted, card-playing old aunt and her disreputable company, and seek the society of gentle Theo and Hetty Lambert; and that sturdy old soldier, their father, with his affectionate wife, forms the strongest contrast to pompous Sir Miles Warrington, with his sanctimonious consort and his selfish soul. We are grateful to Thackeray for his faithful delineation of the unlovely; we bless him for the whole-souled men and pure, true women with whom he has made us acquainted. E. C. F.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Our record for the past month is necessarily a short one, covering the period from December 12 to January 20, and in part a sad one.

George Alvin Watkinson

died at his home in New Haven, December 15. At a meeting the following day his classmates adopted the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, God in His Providence has seen fit to take from among us our classmate, George Alvin Watkinson, one who was deeply loved and cherished by all who knew him;

Resolved, That we, the class of 1890, do testify to our warm appreciation of his frank, open disposition and his uniform courtesy toward all his companions; and, furthermore, that in this time of deep sorrow, we desire to tender our most sincere sympathy to his bereaved parents.

Resolved, That as a token of our sorrow we wear a badge of mourning for thirty days and that a committee of three be appointed to represent the class at the funeral.

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Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and, furthermore, furnished to the press for publication.

ROGER S. BALDWIN,
S. B. MORISON,
HARRY G. FOSTER,
} *Committee for the Class.*

Inasmuch as God, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to remove from among us our beloved friend, George Alvin Watkinson, we, the members of the class of 1889, his former classmates, desire to give expression to our sorrow at the loss of one who was beloved by all who knew him, and whose manly and generous nature had won our admiration and respect.

Also, we would convey to his family our deep sympathy with them in their affliction, and as a token of our sorrow would wear a badge of mourning for thirty days.

CHARLES O. GILL,
SAMUEL L. SMITH,
DE WITT C. WEST,
} *Committee for the Class.*

Henry C. Kingsley, born December 12, 1815, died December 19, 1886. He was a graduate of the class of '34; also of the Yale Law School. Since 1862 he has been treasurer of Yale College, an indefatigable worker for its prosperity and a firm defender of its conservative government.

On December 18, Dr. Barbour resigned the pastoral office of the college. The following is his letter of resignation:

To the Church of Christ in Yale College:

In accepting the pastoral care of this church, now nearly ten years ago, although the greater part of those who were urgent on my coming are gone, those of you who remain are aware that it was with considerable reluctance that I left a situation very much to my own mind in order to accept it.

On coming here I prophesied to myself that if I might be spared to serve the church and college for ten years, I should think that my ministry here would be fulfilled.

The ten years I gave myself are now nearly completed, and as I am still of the same mind on the length of my pastorate, I desire here and now, and by this act, to resign the pastorate of this church, the resignation to take effect on the completion of my tenth year of service, that is, at the close of the present year, June, 1887.

In recommitting to your trust that which you have honored me to hold so long, I can assuredly say that only by the grace of the Great Head of the church, and by your kind forbearance, has it been possible for me to serve you in these bygone years. For this I can only praise Him, and thank you.

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It is no matter of regret with me that by your counsel, and by the indications of Divine Providence I was led hither; for personally, I have enjoyed my ministry among the young men of the college, with whom I have been in the most friendly relations, and from whom I have had nothing but the most marked respect. Coming with a sincere desire (as I trust) to do what might be done for the Gospel among the young, I am going with the same end in view, with just as sincere a desire that, by some other and better ministry than mine, more and better may be done for the cause of Christ in this honored university.

Thanking you all, officers, members, households of the church and college, and wishing you all grace, mercy and peace from our common Father, Saviour, Comforter, I am, with high regard, yours in the bonds of the gospel.

WILLIAM M. BARBOUR.

YALE COLLEGE, December 18.

Townsend Subjects.

1. Victor Hugo; 2. Jonathan Swift and Ireland; 3. The English Tories since the Death of Peel; 4. The Political Revolution in Connecticut in 1818; 5. Lessing's Dramatic Influence as Playwright and Critic; 6. Present Tendencies of Religious Thought in the Protestant Churches of America; 7. Historic Attitude of the Democratic Party toward the Tariff; 8. The Influence of Coleridge on English Thought; 9. The Future of the French Canadians; 10. The Romantic History of Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia.

The Class Historians

divided the class of '87 as follows:

W. S. BURNS.

Abel, Arn, Beard, Berkele, Bigelow, Bliss, Brownson, E. L. Caldwell, Clarke, Coxe, Cunningham, Dann, Glisan, Gray, Hand, F. W. Hart, Howe, Huntington, Irvin, Ivison, Keeler, Ketcham, Kirkham, S. Knight, Lewis, Maxwell, H. F. Perkins, Pomeroy, Staehlin, Stein, Tracy, Whittlesey.

C. M. HINCKLE.

Adams, Anderson, Beard, Bigelow, Bissell, Carlton, Chambers, Coxe, Diehl, Gardiner, Gillespie, H. S. Hart, Hawkes, G. E. Hill, Holly, O. G. Jennings, Ketcham, C. H. Ludington, Jr., Meacham, Pennell, Pettee, Playford, Rogers, Rosenzweig, Sheffield, Smith, Sprague, Taylor, Tuttle, F. S. Woodward, G. S. Woodward, Young.

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W. KENT.

Beard, Bigelow, Burke, V. Caldwell, Coit, Copley, Cornish, Corwin, Coxe, Francis, Gates, Goodenough, Haven, Hunt, Hyde, C. Jennings, Johnson, Kendall, Ketcham, Lee, Partree, Penney, A. Perkins, Phelps, Romaine, Root, Seymour, Sheppard, Thacher, Torrey, Waring.

H. L. MAY.

Beach, Beard, Brooks, Bigelow, M. Caldwell, Cobb, Cochrane, Coxe, H. Fervis, Gaffney, Grant, Hare, Keep, Ketcham, King, Leeds, Leffingwell, W. Ludington, Middlebrook, C. Morse, R. Morse, Nesbitt, Norton, Peet, Pickett, Scoville, Setchell, Simonds, Spencer, Thomas, F. Trowbridge.

A. R. PRITCHARD.

Archbald, Beard, Bennetto, Bigelow, Bonar, Bowers, Brady, Brigham, Chase, Cowles, Cullinan, Coxe, J. Curtis, T. Curtis, Douglas, C. Ferris, Guernsey, Hartridge, F. Hill, Hume, Jenks, Ketcham, C. Knight, Leveritt, W. McCormick, J. McCormick, Penrose, Porter, Thornton, E. Trowbridge, W. Trowbridge, Weed.

The Glee and Banjo Clubs

made the annual vacation trip, and gave concerts in Harrisburgh, Pittsburgh, Erie, Cleveland, Buffalo and Utica.

The Townsend Subjects

for the Law School seniors are: 1. The University Idea; 2. The Constitutional Limitations to Land Taxes; 3. The Old Age of Gladstone; 4. Newspaper Libels.

The Junior Appointments

for the class of '88, are as follows:

PHILOSOPHICAL ORATIONS.—J. Franklin Carter, Charles E. Cornwall, Irving Fisher, Orland S. Isbell, Bernard C. Steiner, Henry L. Stimson.—6.

HIGH ORATIONS.—Edward F. Ayres, William P. Baldwin, Jesse H. Behrends, Henry B. Brownell, Harlan W. Cooley, Edward S. Farrington, Edward C. Fellowes, Theodore L. Leverett, Harry W. McCauley, Harold V. Ogden, Harrison G. Platt, Fred P. Solley, Henry E. Stevens, Jr.—13.

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ORATIONS.—Philip D. Bunce, Daniel R. Hardenbergh, William Loving, Jr., Frederic W. Mar, Duncan S. Merwin, Carl Meyer, William A. Parshall, E. R. Tillinghast, Herbert C. Tolman.—9.

DISSERTATIONS.—Leonard W. Bacon, Jr., Asa O. Gallup, Eugene W. Harter, Clarence W. Lincoln, Moses J. Husinsky, Gard Maynard, Philip Pond, Edward S. Thomas, Morison R. Waite, Jr., Frank B. Tibbals.—10.

FIRST DISPUTES.—Hallock C. Alvord, George O. Brott, Laurance J. Carmalt, Willis G. Cosad, George B. Fowler, Alfred Hand, Jr., Frank L. Woodward.—7.

SECOND DISPUTES.—William S. Clark, Hervey R. Franklin, Charles A. Klots, James H. McMillan, Frank V. Millard, Arthur L. Moore, James R. Seeley, Leo Stein.—8.

FIRST COLLOQUIES.—Winthrop G. Bushnell, William Campbell, George M. Gill, Frank R. Herrick, Richard M. Hurd, John J. Kutz, Alfred Raymond, William H. Seward, Jr., Edward A. Stevenson, Hector W. Thomas, Frank L. Thompson.—11.

SECOND COLLOQUIES.—William B. Bissell, Arthur K. Buxton, Benjamin A. Cheney, Harry H. Covell, Henry H. Haight, Charles Neave, George M. Pavey, Thomas E. Ripley, Frederic A. Stevenson, William S. Stone, Samuel J. Walker, Ephraim M. Youmans.—12.

LIT. *Election.*

The junior class met at 4.15 P. M. Wednesday, January 19, to elect their LIT. board. Messrs. Griffith, Fellowes, Paradise, Maynard, Carter, Stimson, Hurd and Raymond were nominated. The first and formal ballot stood: Griffith, 100; Fellowes, 100; Paradise, 99; Carter, 82; Hurd, 56; Stimson, 56; Maynard, 26; Raymond, 6. As it was too late to have another ballot the class was notified to meet the next day at 4.15 to decide between the two men who received 56 votes. Hurd was elected. At a subsequent meeting of the newly elected board Paradise was chosen chairman, and Fellowes financial editor. Griffith has charge of the Notabilia, Carter the Editor's Table, Fellowes the Memorabilia, Hurd the Book Notices, and Paradise the Portfolio.

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BOOK NOTICES.

Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States. Edited by Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton. New York: Cassell & Co. $1.50 per vol. For sale by Judd.

This is the concluding volume of this series and treats of the celebrities of the present time. It is therefore by far the most interesting book of the five. Twenty actors and actresses are included, the most famous being Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Henry Irving, Joseph Jefferson, Mary Anderson, Ellen Terry and Mme. Modjeska. The sketch of Edwin Booth is written by Mr. Barrett, and is the best thing in the volume. It is a most graceful tribute to Mr. Booth's genius, coming as it does from one whose own reputation is so deservedly great. The sketch includes these generous words: "The noble subject of these records is still in the zenith of his strength. He lives to lead the American stage of to-day, with the same power as of old, and with the same love on the part of his followers to sustain him. Eulogy and praise stand mute in the presence of such merits." The fact that the words are perfectly true does not in the least detract from the generosity of the writer. William L. Keese contributes the sketch of Miss Anderson, H. C. Bunner that of Mr. Jefferson, J. Ranken Towse that of Mr. Irving, and William Winter that of Mr. Lester Wallack. The work in this volume is most excellent and the series as a whole—including the great actors and actresses from Garrick to those of the present time—will make a most desirable addition to any library. The pictures on the cover of this book are portraits of Miss Anderson and Miss Terry.

Applied Christianity. Moral Aspects of Social Questions. By Washington Gladden. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25. For sale by Judd.

Dr. Gladden has a wide reputation as a speaker and writer on economic subjects. He studies political economy from an ethical stand-point, and attempts to apply Christian doctrines to business transactions. We believe him to be entirely in the right in many of his ideas and we cannot help sympathizing with the general tendencies of his thought. For example, his advocacy of profit-sharing between capital and labor is wisely as well as earnestly urged as a way to promote harmony in the different classes of society. The general carrying out of this measure—and it is steadily growing in popular favor—cannot well be otherwise than beneficial in its effects, both morally and economically. It seems to be a practical plan to elevate the laborer into a higher stamp of manhood, and social harmony cannot be realized until something of this kind is carried into effect. The paper on the "Strength and Weakness of Socialism" is admirably written and shows a strong grasp of that difficult problem, even if his remarks are not wholly satisfactory. Those who are attending Dr. Gladden's course of lectures at Yale this year, and all who are interested in social problems, will find this book of special interest.

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The Silent Workman. A Story. By Clinton Ross. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents. For sale by Judd.

This novel—aside from its intrinsic merit—will have a special interest to all Yale men, since its author is so recent a graduate. He was chairman of the '84 *Record* board, and frequently contributed to the LIT. when in college. "The Silent Workman" is a story which is full of promise for the author's success in the future. It is not very original and is a little thin in places, but on the whole it is decidedly well written and interesting throughout. It is unpretentious in style, being happily free from that most offensive fault which is so common in young writers. Mr. Ross nowhere attempts to say anything wonderfully striking, and accordingly succeeds in saying many things that are entertaining and excellent in their way. The conception of the hero's character is well carried out. The novel is most pleasant reading because it gives so much reason to expect work of a very high order from this author in the future.

An Unfortunate Woman, and Ass'ya. By Turgenieff. From the Russian by Henry Gersoni. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

Turgenieff wrote his novels for a special purpose, to work for the liberation of the serfs. The only way open for him to do this, was to reflect in his books the abilities and moral worth of this wretched class, and along with it, to show the immoralities and degradation of the nobility. Mr. Gersoni has made these translations not only to give us Turgenieff's literary work, which, however, is well worth the translating, but to exhibit the great novelist's aims and life work to English and American readers. These two stories have been selected with this end in view. They are written with an intensity and power which is thrilling, and the pathos touches the deepest and saddest notes of human experience. There is an insight into the workings of the mind and into impelling motives for good and evil which is surprisingly clear. One reads these stories with the most painful interest. There is such a revelation of sorrow and despair—such a portrayal of hopeless longing for higher and better things. Both of these works bear upon them the stamp of an original genius—and a genius devoted to a pure and lofty purpose.

In the Clouds. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25. For sale by Peck.

Miss Murfree's stories are so well-known to the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* that no lengthy comment on her work is necessary. She has been called a second George Eliot; frankly speaking, she has done nothing to deserve such a title. Still, her books are full of that charm which an original writer gifted with rare descriptive power cannot fail to give. Her descriptions of the wild natural scenery of the Alleghanies are as remarkable as her delineation of the types of character that appear in her stories. In short, the author has a wonderful command of language, a great power of sketching character and a literary skill which is all her own. Her pen sketches are like paintings with the brush in their vividness and truth to nature.

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Post-Laureate Idyls, and other Poems. By Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

Mr. Adams, who is well-known as the editor of the series "Through the Year with the Poets," has here given us some of his original work. We have found it delightful reading. It is full of verse that is light and charming and some of the poems exhibit high metrical skill. The few sonnets at the end of the book are some of the best things in it, the one "To Modjeska as Rosalind" being especially worthy of commendation. The binding, paper and type leave nothing to be desired. The book is pleasing without and within.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Of which there may be critical notice hereafter.

The Trial of Gideon, and Countess Almara's Murder. By Julian Hawthorne. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

My Lodger's Legacy, or The History of a Recluse. Written by Himself. Compiled and Arranged by Robert W. Hume. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

Civitas. The Romance of our Nation's Life. By Walter L. Campbell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00 For sale by Judd.

How to Strengthen the Memory. By M. L. Holbrook, M.D. $1.00. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.

A Christmas Carol and the Chimes. By Dickens. Cassell's Nat. Library. 10 cents.

As You Like It. By Shakespeare. Cassell's Nat. Library. 10 cents.

Undine, The Two Captains. By LaMotte Fouqué. Cassell's Nat. Library. 10 cents.

Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit, and Miscellaneous Essays from "The Friend." By Coleridge. Cassell's Nat. Library. 10 cents.

Social Studies. By R. Heber Newton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00. For sale by Judd.

The Martyr of Golgotha. A Picture of Oriental Tradition. By Enrique Perez Escrich. From the Spanish by Adèle Josephine Godoy. In Two Volumes. New York: Wm. S. Gottsberger. $1.75. For sale by Peck.

Le Romantisme Français. A Selection from Writers of the French Romantic School, 1824–1848. Edited for the Use of Schools and Colleges, with an Introduction and Notes, by Thomas F. Crane. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50. For sale by Judd.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

The more St. Elihu has thought that he has thought over some questions the more absolutely incomprehensible they have grown to his year-befogged brain. There are sorts of knowledge, so-called, so to speak, if he may use that expression in a certain or an uncertain sense, which lead solely into the mud. There is that Ego, that Self, the Reason with a large R and the Understanding with a capital U which delude with the appearance of furnishing wisdom. More misleading than the will-o'-the-wisp with a small o, they worry their follower until Death with a capital D switches them off on a track whose initial is a matter of doubt. If asking such questions as "What am I" be justifiable, why not turn to something in the line of query no less unreasonable and enquire "Why am I not someone else" or "Why is here." "But, St. Elihu," we feebly remonstrate, "don't you know that although we personally may not grasp these matters, they are all understood and put in large fat books; books which their authors at least must have understood." "Books, bah," replies the Saint, "old as I am I could sort out several thousand 'the's' and 'and's,' could select the largest words in the lexicon, and by manufacturing Greek and Latin adjectives for Conciousness and Concept, I too, could make a book which would puzzle every one. Then, I would get some one to teach it who disagreed with what he called my plan, and who could further show his wisdom by taking an occasional shy at some one who really knew something about some other subject, and then my system of mental torture would be complete.

"Metaphysics have been defined as consisting of the same solid substance as that found in a hole when all surroundings have been removed. For metaphysics as taught in college the simile is incomplete. I remember years and years ago a wicked playmate who filled his father's cologne atomizer with bi-sulphide of carbon, a very malodorous substance. Well, when the bottle was removed, as in fact it was by violent contact with the floor on the very first application to the old gentleman's face, the hole left seemed a much fitter semblance." "But, dear patron, with all respect to your gray hairs, we cannot listen to such heresy; are you not aware that these same metaphysics are the only required studies of a senior year at Yale? If the Ego be really the Ego, by all means let it stay so, as it probably will, and pray don't by any means reduce the complex beauty of the Concept to the simple offensiveness of a bad smell. We cannot bear such shocks. This is a nice day is it not." The hoary Eli being thus silenced, our flock of exchanges call aloud for their monthly shearing.

From amid a dismal though would-be joyous throng of Christmas carols we extract the following:

THE BELL BUOY.

Brightly the embers of the dying day
  On beach and distant city cast their gleam,
Tinting with changeful lights the glassy bay;
  The peaceful closing of a summer's dream.

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Over the waters' silent, broad expanse,
We hear the tinkling of a sweet-toned bell,
As now and then the buoy on yonder reef
Receives the motion of the gentle swell.

Again, the tide rolls in with broadening sweep,
Beneath the glowing stars and clear moon's light.
In sterner tones, unceasing, loud and deep,
The bell repeats its warning through the night.

But when by storm the waves are tossed and lashed
And hidden ledges beat the sea to foam,
While high above the buoy the spray is dashed
To fall and break again upon the stones,

Then o'er the mighty gnashing of the waves
Sounds a discordant clamor from the bell
Ringing, exultant, above sailors' graves
Or tolling fiercely some ship's final knell.

Constant interpreter of Nature's thought,
Thy changeful music hath a note for each!
By thy clear voice God's silences are wrought
Into the symbols of our human speech. —*Amherst Lit.*

The *Advocate* too, as usual, contains a thing or two that are meet for St. Elihu's rusty shears:

A HINT TO DAN CUPID.

We talked together, she and I,
Of many things both "dry" and "sweet,"
When Cupid, idly sauntering by,
Murmured, chuckling, "Here's a treat!"
So, deftly aiming, raised his bow,
And loosed the shaft—my heart received the blow.

Half frightened fled the roguish boy,
Nor paused the other heart to smite;
And I was doomed, with maiden coy,
To push my suit as best I might.
Beware, bad child, and keep thy darts,
Or else be very sure you hit two hearts! —*Advocate.*

I love to burn the midnight oil,
My brain with learnéd words to fill,
To spend my days in steadfast toil;
But I love loafing better still.

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I love to eat in the open air,
To drink the water from the well,
But though I dote on frugal fare,
E'en better is a good hotel.

I love to be like a mountaineer,
With head erect and feeling hearty,
I love the flesh of mountain deer;
Especially at a dinner party.

I love to rise up with the lark,
Before the dawn has raised its head,
To see the rising sun's first spark;
But still I'd rather stay in bed.

I love to help my fellow man,
To do my very best to please,
To serve him whensoe'er I can;
But most of all I love my ease. —*Advocate.*

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Supplement to] *JANUARY, 1887.* [*Vol. LII*

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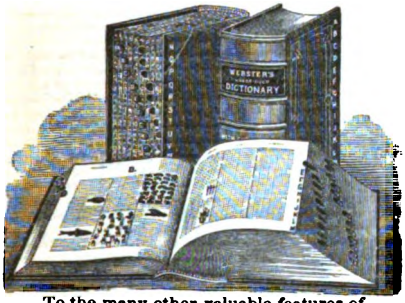
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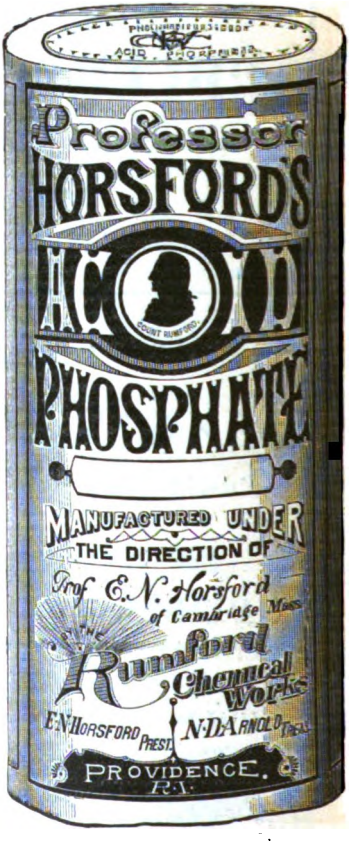


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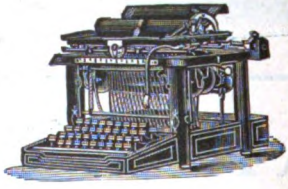
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VOL. LII. No. V.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



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Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

FEBRUARY, 1887.

NEW HAVEN:
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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-second Volume with the number for October, 1886. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is $3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Thompson's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

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THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LII. FEBRUARY, 1887. NO. 5

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '87.

ANDREW F. GATES, CHAS. H. LUDINGTON, JR.
WILLIAM KENT, WILLIAM L. PHELPS,
JOHN N. POMEROY.

COLLEGE SUPERSTITION.

"Superstition, by which I mean the habit of respecting what we are told to respect, rather than that which is respectable in itself."

—*James Russell Lowell.*

THE word Superstition has been perverted almost as often as the word Liberty; and it is rather amusing to notice that those who are the most eager in denunciating whatever they are pleased to brand with this name, are commonly the ones who are held most firmly in its chains. The platform orators of to-day, who mouth so loudly about superstition, usually have for their sole stock-in-trade, a little smattering of science; and it is really exquisite to see them tear a passion to tatters, and out-herod Herod on the stage, profoundly unconscious all the while that they are the most superstitious of all persons, because the easiest to be gulled. Anything that has a flavor of "science" about it, is swallowed by them whole, and without a moment's hesitation.

Still it is not a matter for regret, that the word superstition should generally have a connection with religious belief in our minds; for there is nothing so enthralling, so hampering and hurtful to the free play of the intellect, as

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a blind fanaticism or in fact any religious zeal pushed to foolish extremes. Just as liberty is the grandest thing in life, and license the meanest, so religion is the greatest elevating force among men and superstition the most degrading.

But it is not my purpose to speak of the religious phase of superstition in the college world. It is not very strongly marked nor is there any immediate danger that the collegiate mind will become too religious. There is, however, in college life—especially in Yale life—a genuine superstition, in whose bonds many unconsciously remain during the whole course, and which at times shackles the boldest and most questioning among us. I refer to the superstition of Custom. A custom representing a beneficial order of things becomes, like good wine, better with age; a bad custom grows worse at an alarming rate of speed. For those who follow it not only make no advance, but at each step are farther away from the true road; and use almost can change the stamp of nature. When the freshman comes to begin his first year in New Haven, no matter how defiantly his heart may beat, no matter how freely he may have been accustomed to express his opin ions in Podunk Station, he finds in the Yale atmosphere a "pre-established harmony," an iron regularity of things, which not only is it sacrilegious to think of breaking, but which it is unpardonable to discuss in public. Like so many other freshmen before him, he soon abandons radical ideas and unthinkingly winds about him the chains of college superstition, which are riveted more firmly as time goes on. He soon understands that he must respect many things which have nothing in them essentially respectable; for which he cannot inwardly entertain any such feeling. However, he finds it judicious to feign respect, and pretty soon neither you nor he can tell when he is feigning and when he is sincere. Nothing twists and warps a man worse than the habit of bowing the knee to what is really below him. There is a grain of truth in the Frenchman's remark, "The great appear to us great because we are kneeling—let us rise."

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It is not wisdom nor expediency that regulates some of the main features of Yale life. It is custom. We follow in the conservative footsteps of those who have passed on before us, heedless whether we are advancing or retrograding. Occasionally, it is true, an old custom dies, but it is because a new one is growing in its place, which soon becomes as despotic as the old. The succeeding custom may be better or it may be worse. Most of us never stop to consider that point. We found it when we came here; we may get ourselves disliked if we express doubts as to its usefulness. Very good! let us be careful not to express any doubts! Better still, let us decide not to have any!

Perhaps the most interesting thing in the semi-centennial number of this magazine, published one year ago, was the article on "Linonia and the Brothers," by Hon. W. W. Crapo, '52. The opening words had to me a slightly satirical significance, though no such meaning was probably intended by the writer. The article began, "The older graduates of Yale find it difficult to understand the decadence of Linonia and the Brothers." That is, it is difficult for the older graduates—who have experienced so much benefit from those two great organizations—to understand why they cannot be re-established and awaken something of their old interest among Yale men of to-day. Well, the reason is simple enough to undergraduates. In order to have a successful literary or debating society in college, there must be something besides the certain assurance of intellectual benefit to attract us; it must have a prestige, a glory, a halo of light surrounding it to induce us to enter. Men must feel that they are honored in the eyes of their associates by becoming members. This evidently cannot be the case at present. The Pundit Club and other institutions of like nature have the seeds of death in them at their birth. And why? Simply because there is something else which is absorbing all these feelings of pride and ambition.

At the risk of being considered profane and sacrilegious, I propose to dwell a little on this "something else." To the thoughtful observer of Yale life, there is no more

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interesting feature than the Senior Society system in the Academical department. Its influence on the undergraduates is enormous. Nothing can be farther from my purpose than to indulge in a tirade against these societies. I am not blind to the fact that their vast influence is in many directions for good, and that they often contain the flower of the Senior class. It is my intention simply to examine in a dispassionate way their influence on college literary life and on that alone. Much sense and non-sense is spoken and written about their evil effect on athletics and the damage Yale's reputation suffers in consequence, which,—if I had the ability, and I have not—I do not feel the least inclination to discuss here.

At the outset, however, we meet a serious obstacle, which illustrates the tyranny of custom in a remarkable way. As it is the worst feature of the society system, I feel no hesitation in giving it an unqualified condemnation. It is the fact that it is considered a breach of college etiquette to allude to these societies in any way or to make any reference to them in the college press. The fact that all discussion of the most distinctive thing about Yale life is prohibited in the college press ought not to be a pleasant reflection to any undergraduate, least of all to those who are themselves members of these societies. I think that the real opinion of many of the latter do not differ so widely from this as may be supposed. If the secret society system is the best thing for the college, fearlessness in discussion, so far from injuring it, will only be helpful by making its merits more commonly known. If it is a bad thing for the college, no man ought to let personal selfishness stand in the way of his expressing what he believes to be the truth.

There can never be a warm literary life in this University, until there is a literary spirit. College literature in New Haven is not a success, because men do not love literature for its own sake. Men work for places on the college papers exactly as they work for distinction in athletics or in social life, so that they may have hopes of entering what is to them the Holy of Holies of the college

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course. Nothing could be more blighting and deadening to the literary spirit. Using literature as a means, rather than as an end in itself! This is what makes the literary life among us so sickly and artificial. It is robbed of its free growth by the attempt to cultivate it as a hot-house plant. What must an outsider think of the genuineness of the literary spirit in Yale, when he sees men not satisfied with attaining literary distinction as the reward of their toil, but longing to have a label on them to make their qualities known?

What I have just said is no idle day-dreaming; it is painful, it is humiliating, but it is true. Yet there is a gleam of hope in a tendency which is becoming more apparent in these days. It is both interesting and pleasant to note that the tendency of the Senior Societies is to become social clubs. The youngest of the three has that as its *raison d'etre;* and one of its elder brothers is unquestionably going in the same direction. It does not now profess to take within its pale only the men who have won the highest intellectual distinction; it does profess to take gentlemen, and it thoroughly succeeds in that object. If any one imagines that this society has lost power by dispensing with childish things and by being less arrogant in its pretensions, he has but to open his eyes and see the character of the recruits it is obtaining from the heart of the other camp. The oldest of these societies, it is true, professes to cling to its ancient traditions. But the bottom has long since fallen out. The attempt to make an Olympus in the college world has succeeded about as well as might have been expected. For in university life, as everywhere else, few are born great, fewer achieve greatness, but many have greatness thrust upon them. Accordingly this society will either, like the other, yield to the social tendency—and during the last ten years it has been doing so—or it must fall before the march of Progress, which affects even Yale life, and which is the ruthless enemy of all such institutions. That organization, as a dispenser of rewards to men who have become prominent in college, has already outlived its usefulness. When a

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thing has outlived its usefulness, it is not merely colorless and harmless; as long as it continues to exist it is a drag on progress, and so far from aiding in carrying the burdens, it has to be carried itself, with a manifest loss of speed to the whole body of workers.

Superstition has always been the most deadly foe to literature. It frightens men with shadows and befogs and blinds them until they cannot see. On a smaller scale, it is doing the same work among us.

No man who sincerely loves literary life in the university, can view with regret the social tendencies of the societies. Social societies are in many respects the most pleasant feature of college life, and as soon as we can dissociate intellectual and literary distinction with membership in a secret organization, we have made a tremendous advance in the right direction. To put it in a concrete form, as soon as a man can try for a college editorship, and not be influenced at all by the Senior Society system, then we shall have a literary movement which will be warm and glowing with life, not the fleshless mockery which it is to-day.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in a short essay on "Manners and Fashion," has said, "To the true reformer, no institution is sacred, no belief above criticism. Everything shall conform itself to equity and reason; nothing shall be saved by its prestige." I am not trying to pose in the *rôle* of a reformer; but it is in the spirit of the words quoted, and wholly on my own responsibility, that I have written this paper. I hope it is unnecessary to add that I have had nothing in mind but the society system; it is not the societies I have criticised, it is the effect of the present system on the literary life of the college. That system seems at least to be open to criticism. We hear a great deal about the pure democratic spirit here, and how much bolder and more free in our thinking are we than our brothers in other colleges. It is always mischievous to look at the question in that collective way, because it relieves us from personal responsibility. "Let us test the truth and our own selves." Instead of saying, *How splen-*

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didly manliness is developed here! How democratic is the spirit! it is better for each man to ask himself earnestly, *Am I growing in breadth of thought? Am I free from the superstition of Custom? Am I fearless and uncompromising in the pursuit of truth?* It is the answer we can give to these questions which will advance or retard our mental progress and that of the University we all love so well.

THE SCOTTISH BARD.

O gentle Burns, thy Muse since long
Hath silent been in fields of song,
  No more it chants those martial strains,
  Those sunny songs and sad refrains;
But yet the swain his Jessie woos
While birks are wet with evening dews,
  And, breathing vows in songs of thine
  Their hearts unite, their arms entwine.

When all thy sky was overcast,
And even faith was fading fast,
  Thy genius scattered gems of song
  With careless hand thy path along;
But purer flights of mind we see,
And richer sheaves of poesy,
  When Age thy fuller life should crown
  With genial Peace and calm renown.

But, noble Bard, thy life was spent,
  And sunk in gloom thy morning sun,
  Long ere thy work of life was done;
Yet, faithful hearts in reverence bent
Shall be thy lasting monument,
  The guerdon thou hast won. —*T. W. Buchanan.*

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OXFORD.

FEW places in the world are richer in treasures of the past, or tend more to awaken into actual life the associations and memories connected with historic scenes and action, than Oxford. Whatever is best in the religion, history, and literature of our race has been represented among her traditions.

Her history brings us at every turn into contact with the history of England, and not alone with the history of the intellectual growth of the people, but with their social and military achievements as well. The storms of the reformation, of the civil wars, and of the Revolution, swept with fierce violence about the walls, and at a later period she combined the martial bearing of a camp and the splendors of a court, with the sanctity of a cloister. "As goes Oxford so goes England," is an old proverb, the truth of which has been proven on more than one occasion.

In imagination I had pictured the town as a collection of grand old buildings of great antiquity and beauty, and, though I let my fancy paint it as it would, a better knowledge proved my imagination to have made merely the sketch which the reality completed in glowing colors. It was in the "long vacation" when we left London for Oxford.

We had spent sufficient time on English soil to be imbued with the national spirit; for Americans can better appreciate such a place after their prejudices have been somewhat worn away by the softening influence of English tradition, and their minds thus brought into more cordial sympathy with their surroundings. The ride from the station to the city proper is through a poor suburb, whose narrow streets and wretched houses enhance by comparison the beauty of the scene when, at last, one reaches High street and finds himself amid the Gothic architecture of old and new Oxford.

It was our good fortune to reach there late in the afternoon, and the setting sun formed a rich background of

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red and gold for the towers and spires, whose delicate pinnacles stood out with wonderful clearness in that English atmosphere, while the lengthening shadows made the gray colleges beneath look doubly venerable. It would be difficult to give a clear idea of Oxford to one who has never seen anything like it. The churches of the middle ages, the colleges old when Chaucer wrote his "Tales," their quadrangles, monuments, and porticos distributed gracefully here and there, the winding streets and quiet lanes terminating suddenly in ancient buildings, are all so different from our American ideas that to be appreciated one must come into close communion with them. There is, perhaps, no better way of appreciating the beauties of such a place than by first obtaining a bird's-eye view of the whole; so, before examining any of the buildings in detail, we took a grand panoramic view of them all from the top of the Radcliffe library.

There lying below us were embattled walls and dim cloisters, above which, like grim sentinels, rose the clusters of pinnacles and tall spires, often merely suggesting the colleges hidden in the dense foliage beneath, while beyond lay the green meadows and woods of historic name, through which flowed the Isis and Cherwell, tapering away to a silver thread in the distance. Were I to choose one college among the twenty as especially beautiful, I should name "Magdalen," which James the First called "The most absolute thing in Oxford." The view from the streets is of low embattled buildings covered with vines, while at one end stands a lofty tower, almost perfect in its beauty, from whose summit a Latin hymn is annually chanted. As we entered the first quadrangle through a narrow gate, we were attracted by the notice "Students must be in by eleven o'clock," which contrasted strangely with the independence allowed us in our own colleges. This quadrangle was a court entirely shut in by the college buildings, which, with their mullioned windows and bright vines, made the place seem more like some enchanted palace than a school for learning. A covered walk or cloister ran around the sides of the court, in which

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the stones of the floor had been hollowed out by the wear of centuries.

This cloister was adorned with grotesque figures, rudely carved in stone, supposed to represent the different forms of vice and virtue.

From this quadrangle we passed into another surrounded on three sides by buildings of a modern type, while on the fourth side was a grove filled with deer which came tamely up to the gate to take food from our hands.

But that for which Magdalen is chiefly noted is her park called "Magdalen Walks," where, in term-time, one may see scores of students lounging in the shade of the ancient trees or lying on their backs in punts along the banks of the Cherwell, to study or to rest. Our portion of it, where the long avenue of trees forms a natural cloister far more graceful than the grandest stone-work, is known by the name of "Addison's Walk." In the days we spent at Oxford we visited every one of the twenty colleges, lingering for hours around the more interesting, and gleaning the bits of biography and history that each has fallen heir to.

In most of the universities one may trace the general history of England beginning with the Norman and Plantagenets times on through the Tudors and Stuarts to our own age. As one sees that what was most precious in the old buildings has been preserved, and what is most useful and beautiful in our modern life has been added, so one realizes how the history of that great university harmonizes with the history of England—a history not of sudden demolition of old theories or of hasty acceptance of new ones, but a slow development out of the old into the new. The same chapel in which the Catholic students of the sixteenth century chanted their prayers echoes to the "Te Deum" of the Protestant scholar of to-day.

It is characteristic of a place like Oxford, that when once you are under its spell you seem to live as another being in another atmosphere.

And when wandering through the deserted cloisters and quadrangles, where no step was heard, save the echo of

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your own, but which had echoed to the tread of generations of men—whose names are recorded in every quarter of the globe, you must feel, as no where else, your own insignificance. The bustle of ordinary life does not accord with the solemn majesty of these storied scenes, and in naught else but solitude can one re-people the cloisters of Oxford with the giants of learning and truth, for whom she has proved herself an Alma Mater indeed.

Those old gray and ivy-covered walls seemed to cry out in their very silence of what they had accomplished for Christianity and the world, and though their stones are crumbling, yet the university yearly gathers strength, illustrating, as it seemed to us, that, though the out-works of science and religion are often worn away by time, yet the main structures still stand and are stronger to-day than ever before. As we took the train to depart, the charm of the place went with us, and not until we heard the shouts of the cab drivers in the streets of London were we able to fully free ourselves from its spell and awaken to the fact that Oxford was not a dream but a living *reality.* *S. R.*

A FIRELIGHT FANCY.

"O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin,
The driftwood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within."

ANOTHER day has gone, another night has come, without bringing Frank. Again I read over his letter from Hamburg in which he says he will sail on the 10th, and again my calculations tell me that it is high time for his appearance. Heaping the fireplace high with hickory logs, I sit down in the genial glow to fret at his absence, for we are fast friends.

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'Tis a wild night. The whistling blasts seize great masses of snow and hurl them against the window pane, madly, fiercely, as though the wind was wroth that here was one snug corner where its biting breath was not felt—nay, even scorned. Without, fierce old Boreas tortures the bending elms, their interlacing branches lash each other in seeming agony, while the winds romp madly in their rocking tops, and ever and anon rattle at the casement of my window—a wild, fierce night, when one goes not out or, once out, scampers quickly back again. Above the shrieks of the wind comes the dull roar of the surf thundering on the reef out beyond the headlands. God pity the craft afloat to-night!

Within is quiet and comfort, a cosy retreat which smiles at the maddened elements, knocking for admittance. In the quaint old fireplace the bright fire flickers and burns. The cheerful glow drives the shadows from sight into the corners and behind the heavy chairs. Elegance here yields in everything to comfort, doubly enhanced on such a night as this. The lamps are not lighted, books and papers unheeded, a dreamy mood is upon me, nor do I struggle against the spell.

Cannot see scenes in the firelight and coals! who cannot? Perhaps a Charlie Hexam; but the firegrate was an open volume, mystical and prophetic, to pure-souled Lizzie, at whose heart bonds of nature tugged like cables of steel. In the firelight danced her joys and lowered her fears, while her brother saw nothing in the grate but coals, nothing in life but self. But to-night Lizzie's mystical volume, under the magic of the storm, lies open for all to read. The fire flames on, the winds howl on, and ever the dull thunder of the surf, sounding fearfully like a hollow knell, is borne to me in my snug retreat. I shudder at the ominous sound. A dismal fear lies heavy on the air. Can Frank be on the sea to-night? and an image of the good ship Volga, on which he was to sail, comes drifting across the coals. The spell deepens. That feeling of security and comfort is gone and a brooding, indefinable fear takes possession of my soul. I turn away and look at the snow

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heaping the casement and covering the lower panes, but a strange fascination turns me back to the crackling fire again. I shudder from very horror, the cold sweat starts to my forehead in beads. There, just beyond the reef, where the surf roars loudest, beyond the maelstrom of death which has swallowed many a goodly vessel, is the Volga drifting at the mercy of the waves. The sailors are on deck, bravely facing death, and among them—oh, Frank! The decks are sheeted with ice, and at every pitch the billows break over them and carry away the men by ones and twos. She is driving straight on the reef. The black waters are lashed into seething foam. Right ahead, hidden in clouds of spray, lies the reef against which the rushing cataract thunders and boils—truly, a maelstrom of death. O agony! another moment will be her last. A faint cry pierces the thunder of the waters driving on the reef—surely, Frank's, and to me! One desperate plunge forward and the merciful clouds hide the ill-fated vessel and hapless men. A sound as of crushing timbers, another cry, then hideous, black darkness.

The hickory logs, entirely consumed, had flared up, showing that last wild scene, then fallen in ashes. Everything in the deepened gloom looked ghostlike, even the gathering snows peered in through the window like the ghastly faces of the dead out beyond the reef. Unable to rise, frightened in my very soul, with great, cold beads of sweat standing out upon my brow, I sat, fascinated, gazing upon the dying embers. That cry still rang in my ears, but I tried to say it was only the wind wailing among the elm branches. The room had grown quite chill, but I still sat in horror while the storm without raged on and the surf still thundered on the reef.

How long I would have sat there I know not, but there me a hollow knock at my door. I could not answer. I d been dreading to hear that, for I knew it would come. t would he come with all those other ghosts in train? nother knock, and to my faint "come in" the door flew rply back. The ghastly, flickering gaslight in the hall

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served only to outline to me the tall, muffled figure of a man peering into the gloom of the room. Shivering with fear I saw the snowy clothing clinging around his limbs like the frozen cerements of one just from an ocean grave. With a low cry I recoiled—Frank's ghost! but with a step it was at my side, and a cheery voice cried out: "Wake up, old man"—Frank alive and hearty, to judge from the sounding thump upon my shoulder.

The spell was broken and, despite the snow which I had taken for a winding sheet such as ghosts are reputed to wear, I emphatically hugged my chum, whom I had just imagined a clammy, staring corpse deep in the maelstrom of death. We lighted the lamps and piled the fireplace high with hickory, then, with our pipes and talk, the night wore on; but I looked no more in the glowing grate. My last experience had been too frightful. No wonder Lizzie Hexam grew sad when she read in her favorite volume! The undulating rings of smoke hung above Frank's head in festoons—like crowns I thought.

"But why didn't you answer when I called under the window?" said Frank, and I told him all. He smiled. "I sailed the day before the Volga," he said.

The Volga never came into port. Was it all the fiction of an overheated imagination, or did I see her last plunge, and is she lying deep in the maelstrom of death, out beyond the headlands? *T. W. Buchanan.*

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THE LONELY WAY.

Since at the parting of the ways
  I looked into thy tender eyes
That speak the spirit in thy face
  (E'en now I feel their farewell grace
Of benediction.) Oft in pain
  And grief, I had not ceased to hope
That our two paths might meet again.

I left thee and the summer, too;
  Along my path the autumn leaves
Lay red and golden. Southward flew
  The robin when the yellow sheaves
Were garnered, and no more the woods
  Woke to an echo as he pierced
The shadiness of solitudes.

But still along my lonely path
  Flowers bloomed to cheer me; softly bent
The golden rod; the aftermath
  Was blue with gentians. More content
My heart bowed to my will. I prayed
  For grace—"O let my drowsy pulse
Wake to the task before me laid!"

Autumn lay still and Winter spread
  A snowy covering o'er her face.
On hill and hollow there was made
  A moaning of great winds that pace
Like sentinels to watch the dead,
  And, with a solemn challenge, halt
The owner of each passing tread.

In vain I hoped that at some path
  Or crossroad I should see thee there
Awaiting me with joy that hath
  Expression in the falling tear
And fitful silences, until
  Care grew to peace—the peace that is
Submission to a nobler will.

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I oft have thought, as journeying on,
How bitter were the words I said
At parting, but a benison
Hath on my lips her finger laid.
'Tis but the surface of the years
That scorns; deep in their heart of hearts
In pity rain the rapid tears.

The Spring her harbingers hath sent
In melting snows and warmer airs.
The Winter's faltering force is spent—
The streams are loosed, and Nature wears
A ray of hope upon her face.
With cheerful eyes I look to where
Again may meet our lonely ways.

It may be when the amorous winds
Have kissed the violet purple bloom;
It may be when the summer finds
New birth, when in his northern home
The robin builds; it may be soon
Or not for years, but this I know—
Our paths now twain shall yet be one.

—*Hubert W. Wells.*

A DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY.

I.

"How now, how now, chop-logic! what is this?"

Romeo and Juliet.

IT was about five o'clock in the afternoon of a pleasant April day; comfortably seated in the small but handsome billiard room of the Rossmore Hotel, I was watching the fancy shots of some of the more ambitious players, and listening to the music of the spheres. The room was well filled with gentlemen of the green cloth and admiring spectators; little knots of men were standing apart, and in their animated conversation could occasionally be heard the names of famous billiard artists; for M. Vignaux was expected from France, in a few days, to take part in the

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international tournament. The news of his speedy coming had awakened a lively interest and had brought to the Rossmore a number of local magnates of the cue, and not a few enthusiasts, who were playing the beautiful game in all its varieties of skill, from the three-ball cushion-carrom down to "straight" billiards. However, I soon grew weary of looking on, and listlessly passed out of the room, intending to take a walk on Sixth avenue before supper. It was not surprising that I had grown weary of watching the play, for at that time I was one of those unfortunate men who are perpetually in a state of weariness with themselves and the external world, the result of cultivating a spiritless and cynical languor. It was not simply that I was made lazy by character and circumstances, but because, during the thirty years of my uneventful life, I had never passed through one deep experience, nor ever seen anything which had thoroughly aroused my enthusiasm. Of course I liked to read a bright novel, or to hear a good opera, or to look at a pretty girl; but I never could go into raptures about these things, like my misguided fellow creatures. One evening at the Metropolitan—after Herr Alvary had been singing a passionate solo in Goldmark's new opera—I heard a lady next to me, who, during the singing, had been leaning forward with parted lips and an expression of ecstasy on her face, exclaim, "I could listen to that forever!" It irritated me so much that I could hardly remain through the act.

I had taken not more than a dozen steps on Sixth avenue, when, to my surprise, which I checked as decorously as possible, I met an old friend, Henry Holbrook of Detroit, whose disposition and habits were as far from mine as the east is from the west. Overflowing with zeal and ambition, he had the most unlimited capacity for enjoyment I have ever seen in any human being; and if his immediate surroundings happened to be particularly dismal and depressing, Henry would discover a ludicrous side which would fairly choke him with laughter. Hungering and thirsting for the fruits of knowledge, his

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father's flat refusal to send him to college was a bitter disappointment. Mr. Holbrook, by dint of industry and perseverance, had made a fortune in the wholesale dry goods business, and, as a consequence, had a theory on the college question. His theory was that all colleges were so many by-ways to the infernal regions. The effect of this was to make all colleges appear to his son as so many ladders leading up to heaven. Unbaffled by his father's decision, Henry had resolutely set to work by himself; and by hard study and some intellectual companionship, he became remarkably proficient in the higher branches of learning. Philosophical questions had a special fascination for him; strangely enough, he could never appreciate the comic aspect which most of those problems have. He was in the most exquisite pleasure when toiling in the fog of some of the German metaphysicians. Again and again, when walking with him from his office on Jefferson avenue—for he was still nominally connected with his father's business—he would attempt to arouse some interest in me, in the matters that absorbed so much of his attention; but I never had been able to follow him nor could I respond with any sympathy. Stating some metaphysical subtlety, he would gravely ask for my opinion on the subject, to which I invariably replied that I had none. A dialogue like this would then take place.

"This is a thing of tremendous importance; which school do you sympathize with?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"You must have had something about this at college?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"Which side did the professors support?"

"I never could tell; I guess they never gave it away."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"I'm not going to do anything."

Henry would have been completely lost to mortal view in the clouds of speculation, if there had not been one tie which bound him to the earth. He was constantly falling in love, and was rather proud of the strange accomplishment. He used to say that he found more philosophy in

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a pair of brown eyes than in the whole synthetic system of Spencer. I became so familiar with my friend's symptoms that I could always and unerringly tell what was the matter with him. He would come into my room some morning, fall into a chair with an air of dejection, look at me with eyes that betokened a sleepless night, and heave several deep sighs; and on my inquiring who it was this time, and where he had met her, and what was her style of beauty, he would launch forth into a prolonged eulogy on the lovely face, shapely figure and matchless manners of his goddess. His disease, as I called it, usually lasted from three to four days. Once a perfect queen of love kept him miserable for almost a week; but she was something uncommonly fine, as he remarked when convalescent.

This afternoon, when I met Henry so unexpectedly in New York, we took supper together, and spent the evening in pleasant conversation. In a month or so, he was expecting to take a pleasure trip in his steam yacht, going from Detroit up Lake Huron to Mackinac and possibly continuing on Lake Superior. I had accompanied him before on his handsome vessel, and was about to accept the earnest invitation he now gave me, when he said that he had also invited an intimate friend, who had recently taken the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the University of Michigan. Despair filled my heart. I pictured to myself a disagreeable, awkward fellow, with a tangled bush of hair and whitish eyes peering through enormous spectacles; an expression of omniscience and a tall forehead wrinkled into numberless interrogation points; and I searched for an excuse to decline. Henry seemed to read my thoughts, for he said gaily, "Oh, but you must come; and I know you will like the Doctor," adding with emphasis, "everybody is *stuck* on the Doctor." I finally made a half promise, but with dismal forebodings, and inwardly resolved that if the philosopher attempted to spring any of his metaphysics on me, they would meet with such a chilling reception as would frighten him out of his wits.

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II.

"Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet."
—*Romeo and Juliet.*
"Let me talk with this philosopher."
—*King Lear.*

Some business matters detained me longer in New York than I had expected; and it was not until the evening of the day Henry had meant to sail, that I arrived in Detroit. I went to the Russell House to see if any message had been left for me, and was agreeably surprised by meeting Henry in the office. It was about eleven o'clock; and we went down to the yacht, as my friend wished to sail before morning. While we were steaming up the river, I felt no little curiosity as to what manner of man the Doctor might be; and I asked Henry, half-mockingly, if the philosopher wouldn't come upon deck and smoke a cigar with us, to which he replied, rather shortly, that the Doctor had retired, and was not fond of smoking, anyway.

My hard work of the past week had thoroughly used me up; and I slept like the dead until ten the next morning. Hastily dressing, with the assurance of a hungry and privileged friend, I started out on a forage. Passing carelessly into the cabin and whistling a popular air, I stopped short in utter amazement. Half-reclining on the sofa, and reading aloud from a magazine to a matronly lady sitting near by, I saw the prettiest girl it had ever been my good fortune to meet. It is needless to go through the catalogue of her charms; her reclining position was the perfection of grace, and her face had that peculiar expression which compels an unconditional surrender. The young lady returned my blank and rather rude stare with a look of unruffled complacency; still, as I turned and fled, I was not sure that I had not seen the suggestion of a sparkle in her eyes. Rushing onto the deck in my confusion, I ran into one of the crew, who, from force of habit, instantly consigned me to the nether world. Meeting Henry, I fired a broadside of questions at him. For an answer he pushed me back into the cabin, and I had

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the pleasure of adding to my acquaintances Mrs. Austin and Miss Lily Austin of Ann Arbor. Henry soon left the room, and to my immense satisfaction, Mrs. Austin followed suit. It is remarkable how quickly strangers become confiding friends in such circumstances. Of course I began with commenting on the beauty of the morning, and the smoothness of the water, with other remarks of an equally striking originality. But the conversation soon became more personal. Miss Austin burst into a peal of merry laughter as she described the interesting expression on my countenance when I saw her for the first time. After discussing that situation from a dozen points of view, I began to allude to Henry's strange interest in metaphysical abstractions, and what singular taste he had shown in inviting a Doctor of Philosophy to accompany him on a pleasure trip, and ended by asking my fair friend if she were personally acquainted with the Ph.D. She looked a little perplexed at first, but finally said that she had known the Doctor for years, that they had been at school together; adding with a untranslatable smile, that the philosopher was the best friend she had in the world. I began to grow jealous of him; my dislike for him increased ten-fold; and accordingly I replied that I should like, above all things, to meet him, for I was certain he must be a splendid fellow.

Much to my surprise, the Doctor did not appear at dinner; and in the afternoon the rising wind made a choppy sea, causing the ladies to retire with whitening faces. Pacing the deck with Henry, I spoke of Miss Lily in so enthusiastic a manner, that he said he had never seen me so aroused on any subject, and, though it was rather early to judge as yet, it must be a clear case. Feeling a sudden desire to change the subject, I asked where in the world the mystic Doctor was; whether he was studying in solitude, or was sea-sick. I reflected that on either hypothesis the Doctor must be a chump. Henry remarked that the Doctor was sick and would not probably make an appearance until the next morning.

The lake grew ugly during the afternoon, and a small

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gale came up which lasted three days; days in which I had no eyes for the weather; for, after the first touch of rough water, Miss Lily had not been sick at all; and the time spent in her society passed with wonderful rapidity. I had not seen the Doctor once, and I soon ceased inquiring after him. I almost forgot there was such a person; and my anxiety for his recovery was not so keen as it might have been. One morning, to my inward disgust, Henry started off on one of his interminable speculative discussions; and, to my horror, Miss Austin took part in the conversation in a way that showed a thorough familiarity with the subject. I asked her, in a despairing tone, if she could really be interested in such stuff. She frankly replied that it fascinated her. After that, philosophy lost a little of its gloomy aspect in my eyes, and I gradually became interested in it myself, occasionally taking part in the discussions. One evening, while smoking on the deck with Henry, I called his attention to the fact that the moon was shining; and then irrelevantly blurted out, "Henry, are you engaged to Miss Austin?" I thought it took him a week to answer. He said, "Nonsense, man! What put that idea into your head? You know I shall never be engaged to anybody. I could never hold out." For some queer reason, his answer gave me immense relief.

That evening, as I sat alone in the cabin, I carelessly took up a catalogue of the University of Michigan, which lay on a table. The page I opened at gave a list of degrees conferred at Commencement; and almost the first thing I saw, under the heading "Doctor of Philosophy," was the name *Lily Austin.* It took me some moments to recover. At first, I was intensely angry at the trick Henry had played on me; but on thinking it all over, of the mental picture I had formed of the Doctor, my surprise at his prolonged solitude, and my jealousy of him, I laughed helplessly. I then began a more sober reflection. Unquestionably I was falling in love with Miss Austin, and no, she did not seem to find my presence disagreeable to her.

Falling in love with a Doctor of Philosophy!

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A few weeks later Miss Lily and I were seated in a secluded part of the yacht. Our chairs were not ridiculously far apart, and we were discussing, in low tones, a subject of vastly greater importance than all the philosophy in the world. This problem was solved in a way that sent through me the first real thrill of pleasure I had ever known. Hearing Henry's footsteps approaching, we seated ourselves again, for we had found it necessary to rise. To conceal her blushing confusion, Miss Lily began to defend a theory of Lotze on the nature of the mind, unconscious of the fact that I had not attacked it; however, I now stuck to an opposing theory with all my powers of language. By this time Henry was standing before us. With amused interest he watched me as I excitedly upheld my theory. He finally opened his lips. "Well, *well!*" he said, "is Saul also among the prophets?"

DARK CLOUDS.

Dark clouds of rain and mist
  Are hanging in the skies;
A flower the sun had softly kissed,
  In drooping sadness dies.

A breeze is rising mild,
  The clouded heaven clears;
And nature, like a little child,
  Is smiling through her tears.

I would that I might wake
  From a strange dream of pain!
But memory's clouds will never break
  And give me peace again.

Her soul was like a flower,
  Blossoming in her eyes.
Death chose a dark, unguarded hour
  To seize that lovely prize.

I live in speechless sorrow,
  To memory a slave.
Asleep, awake, to-day, to-morrow,
  My heart is in her grave.

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THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

BETWEEN thirty and sixty years ago, in the literary society of Edinburgh, a brilliant group, whose leaders were Lord Jeffrey, "Christopher North," and Sir William Hamilton, the peculiar pride of the Scotch "metapheesic," there now and then appeared a remarkable man, who in downright genius undoubtedly surpassed them all. His elfish little figure might often be seen wandering shyly about the picturesque old streets of the northern capital till a late hour of the night, or, with the guidance of a lantern, trudging manfully over the hills to his bright little cottage home at Lasswade, ten miles out of town. Fortunate, indeed, was the Edinburgh host of literary aspirations who might succeed in enticing to his own fireside this wonderful eccentric. Come, to be sure, he would, if he came at all, in most outlandish guise. "His costume," writes an eye-witness of one such visit, "was, in fact, a boy's great-coat, very threadbare, with a hole in it, and buttoned tight to the chin, where it meets the fragments of a parti-colored handkerchief; on his feet are list shoes, covered with snow, for it is a stormy winter night, and the trousers!—someone suggests that they are mere linen inner garments, blackened with writing ink, but that Papaverius never would have been at the trouble so to disguise them." Yet strange as the outward semblance might be, all was forgotten in the charm of that silvery speech, so masterful of any subject that might be suggested, yet playing about it with the most winning grace. But for all the sweetness of that conversation, for all the radiant intellectuality in the delicate, pain-worn face, there was an unearthly air about it all which moved Carlyle to exclaim, at the first encounter, "*Eccovi!* That child has been in hell!"

I incline to think that, in a way, De Quincey is as much a stranger to the ordinary reader of English literature as, personally, he was to his Edinburgh acquaintances. Of

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eight stout volumes of his writings on the library shelves, rarely is more than one taken down from year to year. This one, the Opium Confessions, is, of course, familiar enough. He is known to every one as the dreamer, the child vagrant, the architect of gorgeous, labyrinthine sentences. Besides this work, the reader is dimly conscious of a vague beyond, designated by Mrs. Oliphant, "Essays under various titles." Indeed, this typical epitomist finds it easy to leave unnoticed at least three-quarters of his literary life, and in summing up is moved to describe him, with an amusingly feminine shriek of nervous horror at an unknown something, as "a curious little monster in literature," quite unworthy to be mentioned in the same day with Lamb and his other literary compatriots. It is only rational to inquire, then, why is it that one whose published work is so great in quantity and of such uniform excellence both in style and thought, should be treated with such scant courtesy by the epitomists? The question is more easily asked than answered. Partly it is because he was not, in the strictest sense, a *moral* force. He originated no "ism." He had no particular "mission" to inspire him. He did not feel called upon to go out of his way to pinch the British lion's tail, an' operation which always gives that animal much secret satisfaction, growl howsoever much he may.

De Quincey was, first and last, a scholar, in full compliance with his own definition—"not one who depends simply on an infinite memory, but also on an infinite power of combination; bringing together from the four winds, like the angel of resurrection, what else were dust from dead men's bones, into the unity of breathing life." A simple glance at the titles of his published works will show how vast was the field of research and scholarship over which his memory, equally vast, could play. And to all his work he brought the same acuteness, the same life-giving spirit, the same freshness and originality of view, a hatred of the commonplace which may go far to explain the intensity of Mrs. Oliphant's expressed dislike for him. All, too, was illuminated by that wonderful style, pecu-

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liarly his own; a style that lingers long to gather in all the thoughts and fancies which the subject may suggest, bearing you on subtly, almost unconsciously yet resistlessly, till the subject is within your grasp; or again, lavishing all the richness of our composite speech upon descriptions for whose match, in point of pomp and splendor, we must seek far to find in English prose. So elaborate are they, in fact, that we are often tempted to question whether there be within them any solid residue of truth and feeling. But we soon learn, I think, to dismiss the doubt. It is no crabbed specialist with whom we have to deal, but one who touched humanity at many points. De Quincey is a critic of life, not of books. Oftentimes in his narratives, as in his pathetic story of Cataliña, the Spanish Military Nun, we find a tenderness which suggests Thackeray, but with no touch of cynicism. Above all, we find in him a deep sympathy for human misery—the misery of the Pariah and the outcast, the wretchedness of hopeless pain. This aspect of his philosophy is well summed up in one of the most majestic of his prose lyrics, "The Three Ladies of Sorrow," which has been styled "a permanent addition to the mythology of the human race." A sentence here and there may show its drift.

"The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and mourns, calling for vanished faces. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of innocents, and the little feet were stiffened forever, which, heard at times as they tottered along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven." . . . "The second sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum*, Our Lady of Sighs. . . . Every woman sitting in darkness, without love to shelter her head, or hope to illumine her solitude, because the heaven-born instincts kindling in her nature germs of holy affections, which God implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled by social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste, like sepulchral lamps among the ancients; . . . all these walk with Our Lady of

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Sighs. . . . But the third sister, who is also the youngest—! Hush! whisper whilst we talk of *her!* . . . She is the defier of God. She is also the mother of lunacies and the suggestive of suicides. . . . and *her* name is *Mater Tenebrarum*, Our Lady of Darkness."

Perhaps, then, after all, this "curious little monster" is worthy of some other fate than, as Mrs. Oliphant's language seems to suggest, to be tacked away in a cabinet among other entomological specimens, only to be looked at now and then in the interest of science or for the luxury of a feminine shudder.

NOTABILIA.

THAT the position of a censurer is no enviable one is not more than a platitude, and it is perhaps equally trite to assert that St. Elihu possesses his full share of the natural reluctance of human kind to pose in that attitude before his readers. Still, we venture to lay some stress on such an assertion, for we are about to offer a criticism upon the action, or inaction rather, of the college in regard to a question which has none of the zest of novelty about it—the question of the debt still remaining upon the Yale Field. It is not our purpose to emphasize here the needs of the corporation, nor simply to enter a plea that the college shoulder its share of the responsibility with a decent show of readiness. All of that has been done, and done well, in the college papers repeatedly, until triteness has deprived such exhortations of a great measure of their force. The financial situation of the corporation has been but recently laid before us, and as appeared since in print, and the figures therein given eed but little comment, such only perhaps as each man in supply for himself. In a word the position is now: debtedness, $21,000; income, just equal to current exenses; prospect of liquidating this debt, dependent solely

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upon the subscriptions of the undergraduates and the generosity of alumni. But upon this we do not propose to enlarge. Our special text is the recent attitude of the college toward this question, and a fair index of this we take to be the *University* meeting held on the eleventh. The attendance at that meeting was unpardonably meagre, and the bearing of the modicum, who had the courtesy to appear, can be described by but one word, indifference. Throughout the campus the announcement of the meeting was received in the same spirit of careless apathy. There was almost no feeling of responsibility, either individual or as the body of undergraduates. The prevailing sentiment seemed to be, as we heard more than one man put it; the field is a fixture now, let the debt look after itself until some plutocratic alumnus feel disposed to drop the necessary thousands into the hands of the corporation. Now, that any fair-minded man can judge such a position either courteous toward those graduates who have sacrificed, and are sacrificing, both time and energy in the interests of the undergraduates, or honorable toward preceding classes that have shouldered a generous share of the burden, seems inconceivable. For it assuredly is neither, and the reception that was accorded those gentlemen who have borne an active part in providing the college with such a field as we are enjoying to-day, when they had put themselves to the inconvenience of appearing at a college meeting, reflects but small credit upon the student body. Shall we consent, then, to have it appear that we are content to avail ourselves of the advantages of this field, and to allow these graduates to continue laboring for our comfort, while we in return are ready to show absolutely no interest in the matter, and express neither gratitude for, nor appreciation of their efforts?

THE University meeting of the 16th, however, was, we venture to say, almost an ideal one. The remarks of the different speakers were well considered and well expressed, and succeeded in holding the close attention of

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their hearers. Especially was the meeting noteworthy for its freedom from the usual vice of assemblies of its kind; I mean the well-known unwillingness to depart from the path marked out by the speaker who chances first to have the floor. In the result arrived at, too, it was a striking exhibition of the Yale spirit, which President Dwight, a few days ago, so admirably defined. Speaking of Yale's attitude in the past, he said: "They have been able to consider a new thought without being carried away by its novelty or its charm beyond their own control." But let us not forget that, by the same definition, while holding fast to all the good which has been attained, we may still reach out to all that which is yet to be. Let the matter not be dropped. If the Association were nearly unanimous in favor of the change proposed, it should be surety enough that a change of some kind is desirable. The subject is one that may be, and has been approached from many sides. All the arguments that could be advanced, have been advanced already. Each one has its weight; what now remains is for every undergraduate, in his own best judgment, to assign to each its relative importance.

THE pervading spirit of rivalry which rules in all the relations of Yale and Harvard has brought these institutions into close comparison before the eyes of intelligent men the country over; and one result of their discrimination stands revealed in the prevailing belief that the literary spirit is a more lively force in the sister university than in our own. Students are never ready to see any inferiority in the college which is their choice and their glory. They are slow to do it even when confronted by facts whose force they may not dispute. Yet the belief which holds beyond the college walls has surmounted the strong defenser of our pride, and compelled even the undergraduate mind to admit its force. I am far from believing that the ambition of Yale ever measures itself by the attainments of any rival. Absolute perfection is the only goal towards which a university with her history and her hopes can labor. But no comparison is odious that

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can point in any true way to a possible remedy of an admitted failing. The men of average literary ability, or less, are the ones who feel most sharply the misfortunes of our present system of teaching English Composition. Still their needs are, only in greater degree, the needs of all. The criticism of undergraduate writing at Yale consists too often in much praise and little correction for the talented, and for the dullard, witty sarcasm or careless indifference. In either case the result must be the same—the faltering of one's best efforts, revealing itself in the exaggerated confidence of one class, and, what is far worse, in the absolute discouragement of the other. College students who feel in writing a genuine pleasure, and who have come to college in part because they there can find a standard adapted to their development, will get out of their ambitions and resolves alone the stimulus to repaying effort. But even such exceptional men lack both the incentives and the aid they have a right to expect. And if it be so in the green tree how in the dry? Where is the impulse to come from that can act upon the less ambitious, the less talented, those who have not the knack of writing, but who yet—what college man does not—know the importance of pure and correct expression? These would be glad enough of amiable instruction. These are the mass of college students now-a-days, and surely in this department, as is the principle in most others, they are the ones whose needs are to be most consulted.

If the daily use of one's mother tongue and constant meeting with it in its written form insured elegance or even accuracy in writing and speaking there would be much less call for further aid. But so far is this from the evident truth that we are forced to think that there is a call for the same sort of teaching in English composition as is employed in the study of Latin prose. The difference is one of quantity rather than of kind. Yet here is where Yale is essentially lacking. College writing, especially when labored, is not apt to show much literary power. By far the larger part is doubtless exasperating stuff for

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the men of cultivated literary tastes and attainment who have to read it. One of them has written that he knows nothing more dreary. From its origin it is bound to be what it is so long as the present status holds. Steady drill and constant effort only can elevate its standard. It is in having risen to the appreciation in practice of this that Harvard has taken a step in advance of us. Among the optional courses at Cambridge there is at least one in which it is the custom to bring to every recitation a short but carefully-written composition, covering, perhaps, no more than a page or two of foolscap. Each piece is individually criticised sharply but encouragingly, so that in time the moulding of sentences, and the uses and fitness of words become, in some degree at least, a habit. The students grow enthusiastic and speak only praise of the method. It is not strange that, when composition is taught in such a kindly, practical way, there should be an inspiration bred of effort. Under some such method as this, better-conceived and more broadly-applied, if possible, is it presumptuous to believe that the standard at Yale might be elevated? Alas, that there should he need here for the excuse that must pass for so many of the existing deficiencies—no money. Men are to be had. But when the alumni of Yale shall open the windows of their treasure houses, and pour us out a golden blessing, our literary elective courses ought to be enlarged and manned.

H. F. P.

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PORTFOLIO.

——In the January number of *Lippincott*, under the title of "My Book and I," Walt Whitman favors the public with a brief exposition of the idea that has been the motive power of his work as a poet, and a partial vindication of the methods he has employed in bringing that idea into concrete form. The general tone of his statements is subdued, and far less self-assertive than that which we recognize in "Leaves of Grass." This is undoubtedly, to a degree, the concomitant of old age. At the same time to most readers I venture it will betoken a sensible weakening of that once emphatically affirmed conviction that his is the true poetry of the American future; that, though society to-day refuses to countenance him, "an audience interminable" throughout posterity will do him homage as the pioneer in the new school, as the poet who first wrote in a strain proportional to "the material vastness and unmeasured destinies" of this great Republic. "*I* am the poet of America," was once his modest assertion. All existing American poetry he uncompromisingly denounced as "elegantly weak sentimentalism—at bottom, nothing but maudlin puerilities, or more or less musical verbiage." He alone, if we are to acknowledge his claims, sang the chant of true democracy, and gave expression to all that is manly, pure and grand in the nature and life of man throughout this vigorous and growing nation. Such was once the strain that pervaded all the blatant, turgid rant he offered to society as poetry. But behind these latest words there appears a far milder temper, though he still maintains, in word at least, a complacent air of self-assurance, and will not for a moment admit that his chance of future acceptance is less certain than he once believed. The question that now awaits an answer is whether this less positive attitude is due alone to the mollifying influences of age. For my part, I am inclined to believe that it is not. To me it seems an evidence that his vaunted self-faith is weakening, that the rebuffs he has encountered upon every side, despite the extravagant eulogies a small coterie of critics have showered upon him, have shaken his conviction of his own immortality. And to be sure such

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abuse (deserved to a degree) as he has been subjected to, might well cool the ardor of any seeker after fame, however enthusiastic. That Walt Whitman is little more than a literary empiric who has had the wit to invent a new device—a trick in the trade of letters—and the shrewdness to stick to it, and merits the limited pecuniary remuneration which any energetic quack receives, I thoroughly believe; but that he ever realized this fact, or has come now to see it clearly, I doubt. No! His own life, commendable as it is in so many of its features, is proof enough of his sincerity. This latest voice, then, to which he has given utterance, is part apology, part defence, and was penned by a man who is by no means positive that his "carte de visite" to posterity will effect for him the easy entreé that he once supposed. This in word he denies, and the principal foundation such opinion has is the altered tone that pervades "My Book and I." I think you will agree with me if you will but compare that article with such passages as this:

> "See projected through time,
> For me an audience interminable,
> Succession of men, Americanos, a hundred million,
> With faces turned sideways or backwards toward me, to listen,
> With eyes retrospective toward *me*."

——The name of Arthur Hugh Clough is one which now rarely falls from the lips of men, or is known to aught save the few, whom literary pursuits have induced to hunt over the minor writers of the century. One of those men who left on all who knew him the impression of high intellectual and spiritual qualities, he died before they had struggled into complete expression through the impediments — great to him—of words and circumstances. Carlyle, when asked to write a memoir, replied that he loved the man, but had nothing to say; and perhaps there was an intimation in these words, which the works Clough has left, if judged from a high standard, would certainly justify. For there is little or no new truth to be found in them, no great message there to men, or powerful deep-sighted interpretation of the multitudinous aspects of human life. Noble thoughts in abundance, but few of those transcendant ones which are like beacon lights in the darkness. And yet such is the loftiness of the personality of the man, and such the spirit of his best verse,

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that one who had once made his acquaintance is loath that he should be left to oblivion on the back shelves. As he who has known the sadness and bitterness of life, instinctively turning to Tennyson, finds in him a deep sympathy of thought and feeling—and crowning that, finds in him, too, a mastery—for through all his depth of sorrow runs the strong undercurrent of triumphant hope, and an indestructible belief in the intrinsic nobility of man, so one, who has felt the spiritual calm and peace of life, will find in much of Clough's verse identity of experience and response to his heart. Yet it is not the calmness that is rest; it is rather the calmness of a man who has known the struggle, but has conquered and moved quietly onward to the goal, victor of himself, victor of life. In the "Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich," he reveals also a most attractive generosity and fullness of nature, bubbling up with a healthy enjoyment in men and things. His keen sensitiveness so far from driving him into isolation and complaint, seemed only to guide him unerringly to what was highest in society and nature. There is a manly appreciation in him of what was sunshiny that floods his lines with human warmth and cheer, and breathes into the reader its secret strength of confidence; and moreover releases him from that continual strain on the eyesight, which one has to undergo to star-gaze with some of the poets—dimly peering off into space where all things human are indefinitely remote. The ideal and the practical are so harmoniously combined in him, that neither is lost sight of, while each completes the other. Perhaps it is this healthiness which is Clough's predominating trait, the highest sense of duty, without morbidness, sentimentality. Search as you will there is no taint in that heart. You would say that this man by some wondrous magic has escaped contamination with sin while seeing and measuring it. He too was one of the few chosen, whose works are filled with the intense life of the great spiritual movement of the century—wherein, also, its religious movement is to be found in its deepest, holiest sense. W. P. A.

——It has happened from time to time that a man has been born endowed with the very genius of deception and willing to use his power upon the world at large. Such an one was Richard Alton Locke, the author of the most notable and most successful fabrication in all American literature. The work on

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which his fame rests appeared originally in the New York *Sun* during the year 1835. It has come down to us under the title of "Locke's Moon Story," but the narrative itself purports to be taken from the "Supplement to the Edinburgh Journal of Science." Locke has made a most judicious use of scientific phraseology, and although to the eye of an astronomer there are many flaws, to the reader untrained in celestial matters the *vraisemblance* is perfect. After an elaborate introduction our author describes the construction of a lense twenty-four feet in diameter, and its establishment at the Cape of Good Hope, under the direction of Sir John Herschel, who was actually at work at Cape Town when the Moon-Story was first published. Then at length our induction into the mysteries of lunar life and scenery is effected. Nowhere does Locke's exquisite touch show itself more clearly than in this genesis of the Natural History of the Moon. He begins with a mere bit of barren rock, and then brings before us a poppy, exactly like its earthly congener, and so leads us through scenery of ever-increasing splendor up the scale of life until he has prepared us to receive without shock to our common sense his description of the "biped beaver," an animal acquainted with the use of fire, and which is intended in its turn to prepare our minds for the "Vespertilio-homo," the most interesting inhabitant of the moon that the great telescope reveals. This curious creature appears to be, briefly, an etherealized monkey furnished with wings. It is possessed of the manners and courtesies of human society, with some marked exceptions, and spends its happy and innocent life "in flying, bathing, and loitering about the summits of precipices." Then comes the climax of discovery, "an equiangular temple, built of polished sapphire," roofed by a flaming globe executed in some yellow metal, and standing alone and untenanted. With this most suggestive description the main interest of the narrative is at an end. Locke supplied his story with that profusion of detail on which the vivid realism of Gulliver's Travels is so largely based, and the success of his method was abundantly demonstrated by that of the Moon-Story. The rival of the South Sea Bubble, the superior of Poe's Balloon Hoax, it is left to us as an added testimony to the patient and never-failing gullibility of the human race.

G. P.

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——We have recently been favored by the publication of a "wing," as some have called it, to Tennyson's Locksley Hall —a poem entitled "Locksley Hall Sixty Years after." Modeled on his famous poem of fifty years ago, we expect an outgrowth of maturer judgment and longer experience; but of late years Tennyson has been growing too old, and nothing, not even excepting some shorter poems, shows this better than Locksley. The verses bear the stamp of a great poet but of one who has passed his vigor. This is true in sentiment and finish alike. Before we are fairly into the poem, an imperfection in the verse jars our nerves—an imperfection of which Tennyson, the great master of words and harmony, could never have been guilty in his prime. And he seems to have lost his delicacy of perception. Edith, the loyal and sweet, loses half her charm when described as:

> "Feminine to her inmost heart, and feminine to her tender feet."

So the lines "babble" on, and in vain do we look for more than babble. The old man has returned after sixty years, apparently a pessimist, yet one who has "helped his homelier brother men," but perhaps only too strong a lover of bygone times. Hardly a ray of hope or encouragement lights his gloomy complaints. All is dark and dreary.

> "Chaos, Cosmos! Cosmos, Chaos! once again the sickening game:
> Freedom, free to slay herself, and dying while they shout her name."

A poem overflowing with such sentiment—the sentiment of a querulous old man, surely is not worthy to stand by its brother of the vigorous Past. To the end it is the same, and we finish the poem, disappointed with Tennyson and praying that so dark an exponent of our age may never reach the future.

E. L. P.

——If you have recourse to a Murray or Patterson for information about Oxford hotels, you will probably find them recommended somewhat in this fashion: Randolph, Clarendon, Mitre; first-class. If I were writing that list, and might base my judgment upon my own delightful recollections of one of them, and the external appearance of the other two, I should reverse the order. The distinctive feature of each member of that trio may be briefly given. If you be an aristocrat of the first order, for whom the best alone is good enough, and if your purse be sufficiently elastic to with-

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stand the inroads of a gigantic tariff, register at the Randolph and dine with Plutus and Sir James at the "five and six" table d'hote. Every modern convenience may there be made to add to your comfort, and will simultaneously increase the sum of your bill. If, however, you prefer the society of local big-wigs and county magnates, you may quaff bumpers *ad libitum* with the sheriff and the M. P. at the Clarendon. But if you be a moderate man, with a limited exchequer, and can enjoy life without gilded and panelled surroundings, pass on down High Street, and we will discuss a pipe and a "'alf tankard of bitter" at the old Mitre. Ask John Bull at any street corner, or cabby at the station; I wager either will tell you the same story: The Randolph, plutocratic; the Clarendon, patronised by the county aristocracy; but the Mitre, the old, vine-draped, rambling Mitre inn, once dear also to every Oxonian as par excellence the 'Varsity hotel, for every short-pursed good fellow who is content to take his comfort in a more humble fashion. It was established in the days of the old caravansaries, and has the dignity of four hundred years supporting its still sturdy walls. In front of its porch it was, that years past, before the steam whistle had banished them all from the road, the through coaches for London, with a ringing tally-ho and creaking brake and clanking chains, would come rumbling around the splendid curve of High Street and pull up "in that region of science—in front of the Mitre Hotel." "Mitre meat" was once almost a proverb, and to-day its "dinners from the joint" and the juicy chop you are treated to at breakfast do not belie its reputation. Then, those Mitre beds! Oh! Luxury, after a tedious day's rail-roading! You take your candle and shuffle wearily up the winding old staircase, and after a ramble among a multiplicity of short hallways, perplexing angles and quaintly similar doorways, you come slowly to the realization that you have lost your bearings. While you stand sleepily pondering what to do next, a brisk little lace-capped chambermaid comes to the rescue and turns you once more in the right direction with a cheery "good night, sir." Then, once stretched upon one of those billowy expanses of immaculate linen, you may defy all racking pains of over-strained muscle and rheumatic joint. You sink down among its feathery folds, heave one prolonged sigh of contentment, and while you are still meditating whether to reach for the bell and countermand your

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order to "boots" to be roused at eight o'clock, consciousness is weaned away by the soothing influence of your environment. If you have any love of the antiquated then, and can draw comfort from surroundings neither symmetrically modern (for there is nothing symmetrical about this rambling pile) nor regal, accept my endorsement of the place, and when next you step from your carriage at the Oxford station, bid cabby set you down at the Mitre Hotel.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

A Yale Dramatic Association,

with a membership of over forty students, has been formed. The members are at work and hope to produce a play this term, the proceeds to go to some of our athletic interests. H. S. Hamlin, '87 S., is President, Brinsmade, '88, Secretary, and Fisher, '89, Treasurer.

Φ. B. K. Elections

are as follows: Carter, Cornwall, Fisher, Isbell, Steiner, Stimson, Ayers, Baldwin, Behrends, Brownell, Cooley, Farrington, Fellowes, Leverett, McCauly, Ogden, Platt, Solley and Stevens. The initiations took place Thursday evening, January 27th. The

Φ. B. K. Course of Lectures

inaugurated two years ago, is revived again this winter. Interesting and well attended lectures have been delivered in Linonia by President Dwight on "What a Yale Student Should be;" by the Hon. D. H. Chamberlain on "Education in the Southern States," and by Prof. Wheeler on "The Government of the City of London."

The Glee Club Concert

on Monday, January 31st, presented the novel attraction of being assisted by the recently organized orchestra as well as the Banjo Club. Of course Carll's was crowded as it always is at the concert the evening preceding the

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Promenade

which was this year for the first time held in the Armory. All unite in testifying that the advantages of the Armory over Carll's far outweigh the minor disagreeable features of the change. The decorations and exhibitions of Yale Memorabilia won in our athletic contests were more profuse than ever before. The attendance was unusually large, and barring a few minor details the arrangements made by the committee were excellent.

Sheff. Senior Appointments

have been announced as follows: R. C. Augur, H. S. Bullard, R. A. Chapman, R. F. Gibson, W. E. Griggs, E. B. Harger, L. B. Jenkes, L. A. Jenkins, C. S. Jewett, E. L. Maltby, O. H. Short, E. S. Sperry, M. P. Stevens, A. J. Wakeman, F. O. Walther, N. P. Washburn, E. G. Williams, G. H. Wood.

The Chicago Club

has been organized with Sprague, '87, Pres., Hamlin, '88 S., Sec'y and Treas., Burke, '87, Heyworth, '88, Rogers, '89, committee to draw up a constitution, and Morse, '87, Fitzgerald, '88, and Walker, '88, supper committee. A greater part of the forty-seven Chicago men at Yale were present at the first meeting, February 11th. A poorly attended University meeting was held Friday evening, February 11th, to hear a report in regard to the

Yale Field Finances.

Mr. Sargent, treasurer of the corporation, read a report showing that $53,184.25 had been expended on the Field, and that the present debt is $20,855.58. A motion was made and carried to appoint an undergraduate committee to raise as much money as possible toward paying off the indebtedness. The committee is as follows: G. H. Young, '87, A. B. Coxe, '87, E. L. Burke, '87, R. W. Playford, '87, E. W. Durant, '87 S., and L. A. Jenkins, '87 S. A largely attended University meeting was held Wednesday evening, February 16th, to discuss the question of the

Proposed Inter-Collegiate Base Ball League.

Mr. Archbald, President of the Yale Base Ball Association, presided. At a prior meeting held in New York, the captains of

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the Yale, Harvard and Princeton nines had agreed, subject to the approval of their respective colleges, to withdraw from the present Inter-Collegiate Association and form a new league which should include only Yale, Harvard and Princeton. The proposed change was discussed at length. Captain Dann and Ex-Captain Stewart, Messrs. Archbald, Cross, spoke in favor of the change. It was opposed by Messrs. Sheppard, Jennings, Sheffield, Shipman, Corwin, Rogers and Pritchard. A motion was made and carried, to have the President of the Association appoint a committee of three to investigate the subject, consult the Alumni, and report at a subsequent meeting. Messrs. Stewart, Dann and Sheffield are the members of the committee.

The Senior Class Elections

were held in Lyceum at 4 o'clock Thursday, February 17th. The following is the personnel of the respective committees:

Promenade: R. S. Thomas, H. W. Porter, C. Adams, A. Leeds, A. G. Hunt, H. Ivison, W. H. Ludington, W. J. Hand, R. A. Gardiner.

Class Day: R. Maxwell, E. L. Caldwell, C. Brownson, A. W. Johnson, C. W. Holly.

Class Supper: H. C. Tracy, F. A. Meacham, J. J. Waring, L. K. Hyde, A. W. Brady.

Ivy Committee: W. L. Phelps, F. W. Hart, E. Staehlin.

Class Cup: A. R. Pritchard, A. B. Coxe, H. L. May.

Class Secretary: A. F. Gates.

Items.

The officers for the Chess Club for the ensuing year are: President, Ayers, '88; Vice-President, Ellsworth, '90; Secretary and Treasurer, Harger, '87 S. Kirkham, '87, won the prize medal in the college tournament.——The Athletic Association has secured the services of Dr. W. G. Anderson as trainer for such as intend to take part in the Winter Games. ——Romaine, '87, is President and Manager of the Second Glee Club.——The permanent deacons for the class of '90 are Fowler, Baird, and H. Parsons.——The Banjo Club and a double quartette from the Glee Club gave a concert in Stamford on the evening of February 16th.

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BOOK NOTICES.

Thomas Hart Benton. In "American Statesmen" series. By Theodore Roosevelt. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25. For sale by Peck.

Mr. Roosevelt has written an excellent biographical sketch. Benton is not a star of the first magnitude in the galaxy of American statesmen, but his is one of the few names that are indissolubly connected with the history of the country during his five terms of office in the Senate. Perhaps the "Thirty Years' View" will be most effective in making him remembered; for that great work, apart from its biographical and gossipy interest, is indispensable to anyone who attempts to obtain a good knowledge of American history. Benton was a thorough Westerner in appearance, disposition, manners and ways of thinking; and Mr. Roosevelt well points out the fact that the West once formed as distinct an element in politics as the North or South did later. The echoes of the terrible conflict between the Northern and Southern States are still ringing in our ears; and it is difficult for us clearly to grasp the idea that at first there was no such boundary distinction. The Westerners were bold, aggressive, boastful, unscrupulous; and in the first three of these qualities Benton was a perfect type of the men in his section. He was a firm believer in the doctrine of "Manifest Destiny;" and a quarrel or controversy was a luxury from which he could not abstain. Like his political god, Jackson, he had killed an opponent in a duel; and on one occasion, he and Jackson were mingled in a free fight, during which "Jackson was stabbed, and Benton pitched head-long down stairs." Afterwards, however, nothing could break their friendship. The best thing about Benton's career was his unflinching and fearless loyalty to the Union; perhaps the worst thing was his implacable hatred to the bank, in which war he acted as Jackson's lieutenant. Mr. Roosevelt writes in an entertaining and unaffected style, but the book has the appearance of having been written in great haste; nor does it seem to us to come fully up to the extraordinarily high standard of the "Statesmen" series as thus far published. In some places the author appears to have lost that good sense which is generally characteristic of him; for example, it is only necessary to quote his own words in this book about General Lee, to show their absurdity. "The world has never seen better soldiers than those who followed Lee; and their leader will undoubtedly rank as without any exception the very greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking peoples have brought forth —and this, although the last and chief of his antagonists may himself claim to stand as the full equal of Marlborough or Wellington." This is sheer nonsense.

The Common Chord. A Story of the Ninth Ward. By Henry R. Elliot. New York: Cassell & Co. $1.00. For sale by Judd.

"The Common Chord" is an original story, which has many excellent features, and is written with a good deal of native power. As may be guessed from the title, the scenes are laid among the lower classes in New

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York city. The book is filled with incidents that happen in every-day life, there is a spontaneous flow of humor running through it, and the laughable slang of the day is often brought in with good effect. Stockwell, the reporter —and, by the way, reporters seem to be bonanzas to literary aspirants now-a-days—is a character true to life, and well drawn, the only defect being that he commits suicide without the slightest reason for such an act. Conscience does not make a coward of him, because he has dispensed altogether with that troublesome monitor; but people blessed with brains do not often commit suicide in a temporary sulk. "Crazy" Winans is the central figure, a veteran soldier and a cripple, who talks with boot blacks and quotes Aristotle with equal gusto. He is by far the most interesting character in the book, but it is rather unfortunate to have him continually firing off quotations from poetry, philosophy, science and theology. The class of people who live from hand to mouth in New York, are not usually conversant with the whole range of literature. Apart from this defect, however, the story is told in the most natural vein. Many observations show an uncommon insight into the facts of life and human nature; but the literary style, always crude, is sometimes barbarous. The most offensive thing in Mr. Elliot's book is the continual dragging in of quotations, sometimes in totally unsuitable places, and their constant occurrence inclines us to think that the author's acquaintance with literature is of the most superficial kind. Here is one of the worst examples, where a line of one of Wordsworth's most beautiful lyrics is "worked in," apparently for no other reason than to let the reader know that the writer had read Wordsworth's poetry. "Poor old house! The room where the millionaire slept and where he died, lets for eight dollars; the rooms above, once the young ladies' boudoirs, are a dollar less. How daintily those upper chambers were then furnished! They are 'furnished' yet, 'but oh,' the lodger might exclaim with Wordsworth, 'the difference to me!'" We are glad to state that this abominable passage we have quoted is far below the average of Mr. Elliot's story.

William Shakespeare. By Victor Hugo. Translated by Melville B. Anderson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.00.

This work is deeply interesting, in the first place, because Victor Hugo wrote it, and it is in some sense a history of his own mind. It is said to be the most characteristic of all his prose works; and any one who is at all acquainted with Hugo's style will not doubt the statement. The name by no means indicates the character of the work; taking Shakespeare as a theme, he wanders off through all literature and art. Beginning in the mythical period, half intoxicated in a literary frenzy, he carries the bewildered reader through all nations and all times, through poetry, art, science, the drama, and, in short, everything. One is fairly dazed. Sometimes in this whirling march, noble and striking thoughts flash out like diamonds, and hold the reader spell-bound; then follows a confused jumble, when the author could scarcely have been conscious of what he was saying. The work was written during his exile, away from books of reference, while his son was translating Shakespeare. As a trustworthy life, it is of no value at all; it is all full of mistakes and historical errors, which the Translator corrects for us. But as a work on literature and art, as a philosophy of human life,

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the book is of the highest value. One reads it with intense interest. The monstrous egotism of the author is of course offensive, as it always is; but we can easily pardon it, enriched as his work is with glowing ideas. He pronounces judgment on all the great men of the race, declaring a long list of men to have reached the "hundredth degree of genius," and the impossibility therefore of any one of them being greater than the others. This continual roll-call of genius has the effect of making some of his chapters read like a biographical dictionary. He pronounces Beethoven to be the greatest genius of Germany, not excluding any of her poets or men of science. The English of the Translator is admirable, and Mr. Anderson gives the whole thing in a nut-shell when he remarks that this work of Hugo's belongs to the literature of power rather than to the literature of knowledge.

Social Studies. By R. Heber Newton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00. For sale by Judd.

The increasing interest of the clergy in problems of sociology and political economy, is one of the most interesting "signs of the times." It is rather fashionable for the professorial expounders of the science to look with ill-disguised contempt on these outside efforts; but the reason for this is not after all, because these new writers are clergymen, but because they happen to take as a rule an opposite stand-point of observation. The orthodox school of political economy never grow weary of singing the praises of Malthus; and we have yet to hear of any one's arguing against him on the ground that he was a clergyman. The fact is, it will not do to answer any writer's arguments by saying that he is too hopeful or too sentimental; what he urges must be fairly considered and fairly met. It seems to us that the tendency of the clergy to study problems in social science is a matter for congratulation, as it is likely to prove of benefit in more ways than one. The book before us touches the great subjects on various sides, from the stand-points of expediency, history and ethics. It is written in an interesting way, and will doubtless prove of great value to many readers. Such subjects as "Moral Education in the Public Schools" and "The Religious Aspect of Socialism" are treated here, along with more distinct economic questions.

The Romance of a Poor Young Man. By Octave Feuillet. From the French by J. Henry Hager. New York: Wm. S. Gottsberger. 90 cents. For sale by Judd.

This is one of the most remarkable works of this brilliant French story-writer and dramatist. It is so well-known in the original to many, that a lengthy notice would be out of place here. It is sufficient to say that it is a fascinating novel and written with all the skill of a trained literary man. M. Feuillet's book has also a purifying and morally stimulating effect on the reader, which cannot be said of all French novels. Occasionally the narrative rises to a high pitch of dramatic power, as in the beautiful death-scene of the aged Comtesse. The story would read a little better if it were told in the third person, for the hero makes himself out to be not only the glass of fashion and the mould of form, but such a combination of virtues as rarely appears in the flesh. He is sorely tried and tempted as well as put in the most embarrassing situations; but the delightful way in which he always worsts both his outward and inward foes grows rather amusing, when we

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reflect that we are reading what is supposed to be his own account of affairs. Its being a diary may sufficiently account for that, however.

The Poems of Sir John Suckling. A New Edition, with Preface and Notes. Edited by Frederick A. Stokes. New York: White, Stokes & Allen. $2.00. For sale by Judd.

At last we have a satisfactory edition of Suckling's verse, and the only one which has been published in America. Most of the other editions are both extremely scarce and extremely high priced. Mr. Stokes has made a handsome and tasteful book, which every dabbler in English literature as well as every lover of light lyrics will appreciate highly. Sir John Suckling was a representative Cavalier, as no one would doubt after seeing the portrait in this volume. He was the pet of the court, as gay and as witty as the best of them and presumably as licentious and coarse as any. In his poems—for he was a genuine poet—we see the most beautiful poetry mingled at times with expressions coarse beyond measure and wholly unsuited to present taste. This edition has omitted everything of the latter stamp. While Suckling had the poetic feeling in a high degree, he was a thorough man of the world, and therefore peculiarly fitted to write the style of verse he succeeded in so well. But though his poetry is not of the grandest type, Sir John Suckling is no small name in our literature. His song "Why so pale and wan, fond lover?" which is the first in this volume, almost everyone knows by heart. This is a delightful book to have in one's library; the verse is so light and charming; and the poetry sometimes reaches the highest lyric type.

Whist Scores and Card-Table Talk. With a Bibliography of Whist. By Rudolph H. Rheinhardt. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.

This is a book which will appeal to every lover of card-playing. Mr. Rheinhardt has made a whist score-book which will contain a full record of the play for 250 evenings, giving space also for a little memorandum. Then the book contains what the author calls "card-table talk" which is very entertaining. Besides the rules, advice, etc. which necessarily have a place, there is given the history of cards and gaming, compiled with great care from curious old books and catalogues. A large number of engravings of different styles of cards is not the least interesting feature of the book. A good bibliography of cards is given, and the whist bibliography is probably the most complete in existence. The book is a charming one in every way: and if one uses it to contain records of different games of whist, the autographs and memoranda will recall many delightful evenings and make the book of great value to the owner. The work of the publishers is in every respect above criticism; they have made a pretty and tasteful volume.

The Martyr of Golgotha. A Picture of Oriental Tradition. By Enrique Perez Escrich. From the Spanish by Adèle Josephine Godoy. In Two Volumes. New York: W. S. Gottsberger. $1.75. For sale by Peck.

This book is a highly interesting romance placed in the times of Christ. The scenes described are of the wildest and most exciting nature, but are on the whole well told and with dramatic power. The fortunes of a young bandit are followed through varying haps and mishaps. No one can find the book dull; and it is written in a deeply reverent spirit.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

Of which there may be critical notice hereafter.

The Story of the Normans. Told chiefly in Relation to their Conquest of England. By Sarah Orne Jewett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50. For sale by Judd.

Wanderings in South America. By Charles Waterton. With an Introduction by Norman Moore, M.D. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents.

The Conflict of East and West in Egypt. By John Eliot Bowen, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25. For sale by Judd.

The Conception of the Infinite and the Solution of the Mathematical Antinomies. A Study in Psychological Analysis. By George S. Fullerton, A.M., B.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. $1.00. For sale by Judd.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

St. Elihu occasionally feels the burden of his many winters press heavily upon him; and in the weary pilgrimage of life, he knows no convenient sepulchre, where his fardel may disappear, like that of the man in Bunyan's dream. To-night, as he hangs up his cockle hat and staff, and stretches his creaking, rheumatic limbs before the dying fire, he feels a vague sense of discontent with the hopeless inanity of the world. These radical youngsters with their revolutionary ideas! The aged Saint rises, and in spite of his rheumatism, is stamping his foot and gesticulating fiercely as if he would exorcise an evil spirit. "The devil gets into everything in these days," groans Elihu in his childish treble; "it's all well enough to say

> Satan trembles when he sees
> The weakest saint upon his knees,

and no wonder; for the weakest saint is in that position so rarely, it's enough to scare anybody. Who but the Father of Lies could have suggested that triangular base-ball scheme, where two allies combine against a common foe?" But Elihu is naturally touchy on the subject of triangles, feeling very properly that he has a monopoly of that figure. "How cleverly they meet the conservative arguments, with flat denials of their weight!" Yes, they remind the Saint of a bright fellow he met once, who rarely got worsted in a discussion, but whenever he did get stuck, invariably said either "Utterly fallacious!" or, "I'll speak about that in the lecture." Elihu is now in a

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paroxysm of fury. A knock is heard at the door. *Herein!* In comes the "youth of the period," bearing an enormous armful of logs, which he heaps upon the fire, to the outward irritation and inward satisfaction of the Saint. The youth, deftly lifting his coat-tails, falls into a chair, resting his cork shoes on the mantel. Drawing a photograph from his pocket, he gazes fondly upon it, to obtain the necessary inspiration for a poem in the *Harvard Monthly*. "Well," hissed Elihu, "and so you are going to relieve yourself of another 'gem.' What audacity, sir! It was you who sang that drivel, 'O would that the earth were green!' Why didn't you wade in the green grass, and put on a pair of green spectacles, you gosling?" Evidently St. Elihu is in his dotage.

Taking up the glittering shears, we clip the following from the Williams *Lit.* which is not at all bad. The rhyme "you-uns" and "moons" is, to say the least, ingenious.

TO CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

(*After Reading "In the Clouds."*)

I've jes' been a-readin' with pleasure
The story last written by you-uns,
An' I 'low I aint seen sech a treasure
For many and many long moons.
It's sartin' ye're powerful acquainted
With the kentry of which ye air writin',
An' yer sunsets an' sech like air painted
With a color that makes 'em invitin'.
I reckon ez how ye war thinkin'
To please all yer friends with yer endin';
But I think ef ye'd only left Mink in,
An' guv him a chance for a-mendin'
His mischievous ways an' repentin',
I'd a been very willin' to drop ter
The earth from the clouds, not dissentin'
A whit from yer sense of the proper.

The following profane ebullition from the *Brunonian*, has a "touch of nature" in it. We clip it as a curiosity of college journalism.

TO A TACK.

Written in my Stocking Feet.

Devil's dagger! Satan's sting!
Thorn of hell!
Thorn of hell!

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How I hate thee, hideous thing!
Source of human suffering!
Art thou, as the poets sing—
Prithee tell—
Bristle plucked from Cerberus' back,
Accursed tack?

Ha! There's gore upon thy blade!
Horrid sight!
Horrid sight!
Wherefore ply this bloody trade?
Thou for nobler things wast made.
O I grieve that thou hast strayed—
Sorry plight—
Widely from thy native track,
Misguided tack!

Call to mind thy guileless youth!
Happy days!
Happy days!
Take on wretched mortals ruth!
Think of that Shakespearian truth;
Sharper than a serpent's tooth—
So it says—
'Tis to tread upon, alack,
An upright tack!

This from the *Advocate* has some musical lines, though the subject is not exactly original.

LOVE.

Oft in a trackless desert solitude
Where naught but barren wastes oppose the eye,
The thirsty traveler's tongue is parched and dry,
And fetid death seems everywhere to brood.
Oft in such wilderness, with hope imbued,
Surprised, the pilgrim finds a grateful spring
All near at hand, in happy murmuring,
And musical as some sweet interlude.

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So in the path of life the flower called Love,
Sweet gift to men below from gods above,
E'en by the very wayside stands alone;
From eyes and hands profane is hid its bloom
Until, most perfect then, he comes to whom
'Tis given to win and wear it for his own.

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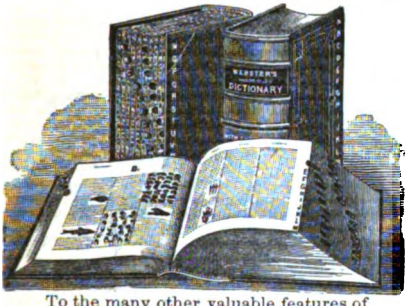
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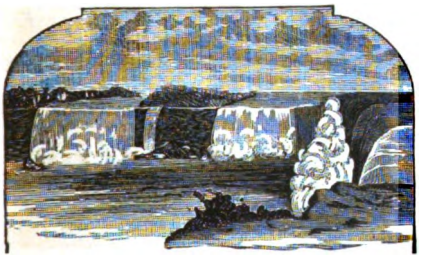
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Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

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VOL. LII. MARCH, 1887. No. 6

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '87.

ANDREW F. GATES, CHAS. H. LUDINGTON, JR.
WILLIAM KENT, WILLIAM L. PHELPS,
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NATIONAL CHARACTER OF YALE LIFE.

AN institution of learning should have, and if it exists for long time will have, as distinct characteristics as an individual. These peculiarities are not created by the fiat of an individual nor are they the growth of a single generation, but are the result of the accumulation of ages. Cambridge and Oxford, and Harvard and Yale have a history that is almost coextensive with the histories of England and America. Universities like these reflect the spirit of the times; in them are imaged the progress and prosperity, the mistakes and prejudices of the national life. Still Cambridge is not like Oxford, nor is Yale like Harvard. Nor can either of the latter two be catalogued with the four hundred so-called colleges and universities which have sprung up and are almost daily springing up in this country. It is an open question whether such an infection for colleges as we are now experiencing is a step toward attaining more universal high education, or will prove to have a diluting effect on our institutions of learning.

Do these small though in many cases richly endowed institutions have a belittling influence? Or do they sup-

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ply a want that would otherwise be unsatisfied? Can they be anything but local in their scope, sectarian in their character and narrowing in their influence? These are problems which we have begun to discuss but which only the future can solve. But to return to our argument, we find in the very origin of our two leading universities the germs of those characteristics which afterward become more apparent. Harvard has riches—the wealthy men of Boston and Massachusetts have bountifully endowed her. It is upon her near surroundings that she, to a greater extent than Yale, depends for and receives her support. Yale is poorer, homelier; she has striven for the useful rather than the beautiful; if her children have been less cultured than Harvard, they have been harder-headed; her old brick buildings, her traditions, the spirit which permeates her institutions, attract the yeomanry of the nation. A study of her catalogue does not betray her Connecticut origin, but compels the recognition of her national character. "To talk about a national university is easy; to assume that it is national because it is located in a certain geographical position, that it is made national by noting the points of the compass, is easy; but to be a national university—that is difficult." Young men come here from all over this land. It is something higher than local pride, something broader and deeper than sectarian spirit that calls them, or that influences parents in sending them here. It is the knowledge that here is a university that exists for its students, not one that is dependent on its students for its existence; that in its composition it represents our national life—politically and socially; that it judges its students by no false or conventional standard; that while in its social life giving the greatest opportunity for individualism, it still tends to mould uniformity of thought and character. The student may come here a son of Connecticut, of Carolina or of California—he will return a son of Yale and an American. What has been said of the students at Heidelberg applies with greater force to us than to any other American university; "but follow whichever path he may,—let fortune smile on him or not,

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let him crown himself with laurels or strive for the wreath of glory in vain,—never will he who has been a genuine Bursch become a Philistine."

We hear it said that we have no distinct American type. The heterogeneous nature of the people that make up our population, the extent of our territory, and the diversity of occupation and interest are hardly conducive to uniformity of thought and character. If such a type is to be found anywhere it is in an university like Yale. Still local peculiarities do not crop out with as much force as one would suppose and we are led to believe that Americans the country over are more alike than is generally supposed. In many cases it requires an intimate acquaintance to gauge at all the differences which can be ascribed as due to locality; yet the individuality of each student contributes something toward the formation of the ideal Yale man. The New Englander is the more plodding worker, the more staid and conservative factor in Yale life; he is fond of his traditions; he has been educated "to prove all things—hold fast that which is good." If he contributes less than his fellows to the social life he adds permanency and strength to the intellectual life. The students from the Middle States and the great cities are more distinctively than any other class of our students what social influence has made them. And it is in this sphere that they contribute most essentially to our composite life. The Southerner is coming back again in yearly increasing numbers; many of them the sons of those who twenty-five or thirty years ago left these walls to become estranged from them, but not to forget them. Warm-hearted and easy-going, and seldom distinguishing himself by his scholarship, he teaches us that life has its pleasures as well as its burdens. The Westerner is *sui generis*. He is the product of a society where social influence counts little towards forming a man. He has more individuality and as much local pride as the New Englander. He is enthusiastic and given to exaggeration; he forms his own opinions and is volatile in expressing them. Far from home, he is thrown almost entirely on his own

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resources. He must form the attachments which are in part supplied to the Easterner by home influence and friendships. Compare the influence which the Western men exert on Yale life, and which the University in turn exerts on them with the almost negative effect, on themselves and the institution, produced by those students who dwell in the city of New Haven! How plainly it shows the difference between a college where the prevailing sentiment is local and where we are impressed "that there is one study which is distinctively to be recognized in a university. And that is the study of human society, sociology,—the study of social institutions and laws and relations." This study can be pursued, not where one feels only the sense of numbers, but of being one of a vast community bordered by the Atlantic and Pacific, and now and then reaching out its arm across the seas. As individuals we need the training, and rubbing, and acquisition, that comes from incessant contact with young men of similar age, pursuits and aims; but of different descent, equipments and characteristics. As a nation we need it as a schooling in politics. We have too few unifying bonds outside of those of business, and such links hardly tend to strengthen our patriotism. We think that Yale trains the leaders in thought and society. She has representatives in all parts of the land. The lessons they learned while here they are silently teaching the American people. The love they bear their Alma Mater increases with the years. Nor is this a weak sentimentality. It is an expression of a feeling akin to that which Shahmah uttered when wandering from his native Algiers in search of freedom. "I ask not if others are truer or fairer or greater than thou; but I stretch out my arms to thee, mother of my boyhood, for thou only art mine."

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NIGHT.

The slumbrous night broods over thee, O Earth!
On thy broad mother-bosom, shadows sleep.
Hushed now the din of day; the veiled hours creep
Back toward Eternity, that gave them birth
To ease our weight of sorrow. Ah the dearth
Of life but for this respite! Glad the leap
Into thy waters, Lethe, as they sweep
Onward to brief oblivion. Joy and mirth
Return again in dreams of days agone,
When on the world we looked with fresher eyes,
And saw no evil, since we sought for none.
—But lo! the sombre fringes of the dawn,
Glowing with sudden orient splendor, rise;
Another night is past, a day begun.

—*Harry L. Hamlin.*

MR. H. RIDER HAGGARD AS A CRITIC.

IT is now about a year since Mr. H. Rider Haggard forced his way into prominence as an author by the publication of an imaginative story of South African adventure called "King Solomon's Mines," which at once gained an astonishing popularity. It was thrilling as the dime novel of our childhood, and possessed, at the same time, a taking, not ungraceful, style. Any striking human interest or power in the characters was conspicuous by its absence, and the plot and incidents scorned the base bounds of possibility. Yet the movement was spirited, the interest was evenly sustained to the end, and thrilling situations jostled each other for room. To the critical in their taste for fiction, the book appeared to occupy rather a low level; but to that great majority of our novel-reading public which infinitely prefers the depiction of adventure to the depiction of character—which, indeed, demands little of the personages of its fiction, save that they

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rush into as many and desperate straits as possible, and happily out again—to this majority the book was a masterpiece and a well of delight. This appreciation it showed in tangible form by buying somewhat more than a hundred thousand copies of the work.

Mr. Rider Haggard, with great commercial good sense, followed this paying lead by quickly putting upon an eager market, "She: a Story of Adventure," which was even more impossible, more thrilling, and more dear to the heart of the aforesaid majority than its predecessor—and of which it seems likely that two hundred thousand copies will be read.

When the pleasing intelligence of this phenomenal success was communicated to Mr. Haggard by his publishers, and when on looking around him, he perceived that in popularity the fruits of his lively fancy already far distanced the master-pieces of George Meredith, or of Mr. Blackmore—or even of that one really noble writer whom the public have had the grace to appreciate, Robert Louis Stevenson—he looked into the mirror of his consciousness and saw that H. Rider Haggard was a very great literary light indeed. Therefore, "Go to!" said he, "why am I not the leading English novelist? does not this rush for 'King Solomon's Mines' and 'She' show that, ever since the days of Gulliver and Robinson Crusoe, the English people have been waiting for me and my romances?"

But when the first flush of prophetic exaltation had passed off, Mr. Haggard reflected that very possibly the public might not as yet have seen and realized this so clearly as he, and that it would be well for him to announce to them without delay the joyful tidings. So he sat down and wrote an article "About Fiction," which he sent to the *Contemporary Review*, and which appears in the current number of that periodical. It is this article—assuredly not commonplace—which marks Mr. Haggard's entrance into the field of criticism, and which we shall notice.

Incidentally there are said in it, we must first remark, some very true and very timely things about the weari-

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some element of prudishness in present English fiction and criticism—for the force and boldness of which Mr. Rider Haggard deserves our sincerest thanks. But the real trend and import of the article is a confident, triumphant proclamation of the near-at-hand downfall, in all their branches, of the schools of naturalism and realism, and of the victory and perpetual enthronement of romances. It is truly a bitter arraignment that is made of the two doomed schools—no good, no saving virtue in them can Mr. Haggard find whatever—and a touching declaration, that, of all the fiction published in the last five years, only two tales have been able to excite his profound interest: "My Trivial Life and Misfortunes," anonymous, and "The Story of a South African Farm" by Ralph Irons! Let us for the moment sit trustingly at the feet of Mr. Haggard and, unquestioning, drink in the wisdom falling from his lips; and then we shall learn how desirable it is that these forms of novel, to the hopeless badness of which he has just opened our eyes, should become speedily extinct without issue, and that the domain of fiction should be filled by that glorious romance, the love for which, we are told, is a mighty primal passion of mankind. And then, believing all this, we shall hail with glad acclamation the closing paragraph—which, for its great tidings and shy modesty, we shall quote: "When naturalism has had its day, when Mr. Howells ceases to charm, and the society novel is utterly played out, the kindly race of men, in their latter as in their earlier developments, will still take pleasure in those works of fancy which appeal, not to a class or a nation, or even to an age, but to all time and humanity at large."

But supposing that we refuse to sit at the feet of Mr. Rider Haggard, and to accept, without using our own brains, his words; then we shall undoubtedly come to the conclusion that all this is ineffable nonsense, and that our new critic has not made anything but a wofully discreditable start. Still, if we are going to do anything but keep this opinion to ourselves, we must prepare to refute him by good and sober argument—we cannot ignore or sneer

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down a man who writes a book that two hundred thousand people read, and who claims that this is only a sign of the birth of a new literature, and of the death of the old. And it is not refutation—nor argument—to say that Mr. H. Rider Haggard has had his head turned with sudden good fortune, that adulation has made him see himself and his work through wofully distorting glasses. It is not refutation nor argument to say that his enormous popularity is the result of novelty of theme and judicious "booming," and that his books will be forgotten within half-a-decade. It would probably not seem refutation or argument to Mr. Haggard to call his attention to the fact that the more competent critics have not at all echoed the plaudits of the crowd—that, indeed, one has declared his popularity to be the most discouraging sign of the times. It does not affect the value of his judgment as a critic that he has had a pretty strong case of plagiarism made out against him by the *Pall Mall Gazette.* Yet all of these things at once occur to us as very obvious and very significant.

What we must do if we wish to prove ourselves moved by something more logical than prejudice in our dissent from Mr. Haggard, is to show that when he declares that the literary taste of the human race is working *up* to romance through the past and present forms of fiction, he is making grave and demonstrable errors in his readings of human nature and of literary history. And this does not seem to us a difficult thing to accomplish. For, first, let us look at the manner in which human nature guides our reading. Surely, everywhere children begin with Anderson and Grimm, and the delightful "Water Babies" and the Arabian Nights—wildest romance, most thoroughgoing nonsense. They go on to Pilgrim's Progress—allegorical, but with recognizably human men and women, and the dragons and Beelzebub not altogether dominant over the tale. Then to Robinson Crusoe and "The Swiss Family Robinson," where we get our fill of striking adventures, but nothing of the supernatural or ogreish, with an atmosphere of fact. So far all children go hand in

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hand; after this point no books can be so surely named, but yet we can see the steady progress from the story of the wonderful to the story of the real, from the pictures of adventurous incident to the pictures of life and character. We all weep over the more romantic plot, the more obvious pathos of David Copperfield and Little Dorrit younger than over the finer introspection, the mightier soul-anguish of Pendennis and Romola. We laugh ourselves sick over the stage comicalities of Pickwick years before we appreciate the richer humor of Vanity Fair. We enjoy Wilkie Collins before George Meredith, Cooper before Hawthorne. We may often and again go back with a boy's delight to our Crusoe and Gulliver and Pathfinder, but in the long and steady run we go more and more to the writers who exercise their fancy less and their insight more, who show us the life of the mind and of the soul more than of the body.

For the history of literature, the case is even more plainly made out against Mr. Haggard. From Robinson Crusoe in 1719 to the works of Meredith and Howells, and James, in 1887, there is hardly a break in the same tendency that we have observed in the reading of an individual. At the time of the French Revolution, indeed, the romantic tendency spread into every department of life and art—and in literature put forth as blossoms "The Mysteries of Udolpho" and its like. But the reaction was speedy, and who reads "Udolpho" now? Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Sterne, Goldsmith, Godwin, Dickens, Thackeray, Elliott, Meredith—such are the mile-stones along the course of English fiction, and not one stone shows us nearer romance than the last. Truly, Mr. H. Rider Haggard seems to us to have written with most insufficient knowledge of his subject, with no calmness of judgment, and, so far as it is possible to judge, with no higher motive than to proclaim his own greatness and to advertise his own books. Frankly, it would appear, that we can hope for no great things from this last accession to the ranks of English critics.

Harold Russell Griffith.

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HIGHLAND MARY.

"Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!"

OVER the facts of the case which Burns so richly commemorated in this poem, time and circumstance have combined to throw a roseate halo of romance. Indeed, all the scenes of the poet's life, though less than a century has rolled away since his early death, seemed enveloped in the mist of ages. But this one scene in the tragedy of his life, for we have but one in which Mary appears, is one upon which we can dwell with affectionate respect for the poet and tender regret for the Highland lassie's untimely fate. The circumstances of their affectionate parting and her sudden death Burns has immortalized in exquisite strains of poetry which but few can read without feeling a thrill of tender regard for the maiden whom the poet's affections singled out, and none without an interest in their love. Nor is this feeling of sympathetic interest lessened, but deepened, when we remember that to love was but a pastime for the poet; yet through all his many loves, the image of his Mary, in all her purity and tenderness of attachment to him, ever remained deep in his fitful heart.

The story of their acquaintance is short, 'tis only known they met and loved; but the story of their parting is immortal; nor can it be better, more tenderly told, than the poet himself tells it in those incomparable verses to Highland Mary. Yet even trifles in that last scene are of intense interest to us who admire him and love her whose picture he has so tenderly drawn. The parting occurred one Sunday about the middle of May when the beauty of

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the scenery, as he looked through a lover's eyes, caused Burns afterwards to exclaim:

> "How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
> How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
> As underneath their fragrant shade
> I clasp'd her to my bosom!"

The Scottish lassie was about to leave for the Western Highlands to arrange matters for their marriage which was to take place upon her return. The adieu was passionately solemn. All those binding ceremonials which the superstition and sentiment of the rugged Highlands had inspired in the hearts of rustic lovers were closely observed. It was upon the banks of the Ayr, his beloved Ayr, which, "gurgling, kissed its pebbled shore," that the parting lovers stood. They dipped their hands in the gently rippling waters and, with a bible between them, spoke vows of eternal faithfulness to each other; then parted—never to meet again on the shores of Time:

> "Eternity will not efface
> Those records dear of transports past;
> Thy image at our last embrace;
> Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!"

The Summer sped by in ecstacy of hope, the Highland Autumn was fast fading into dreary Winter. The harvest work upon the farm at Mossgiel was completed. Burns was in daily expectation of a letter with the news that Mary had crossed the narrow frith to meet him at Greenock and was awaiting him there. Nor had he long to wait. One day, as he was standing at the window and dreamily watching the first loitering snowflakes of the season, it came; but bore as well the blighting news that her earthly love and her sorrows were over and she would await him in the unknown Beyond. A look of unutterable agony settled on his face, and he went silently out into the drifting snow.

That is the entire story—all that is known. The poet never complained, but, long afterwards, his pent-up grief found utterance in the pathetic songs which he wrote to the memory of her whom he had lost. And what richer offering could wealth or genius bring! Those little songs

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plainly show that the fragrance of that passion flower of sudden birth which had bloomed for her was yet strong and sweet, and pervaded his impassioned soul. One might naturally think that in a heart like his, with its tumultuous tides of passion, her memory would be of short duration. But it was not so. He could never recall the mournful fate of the winsome Highland girl without a heartfelt pang. Indeed, it was several years afterwards, upon the anniversary of Mary's death, when he had a wife and family, that he wrote those heart-touching lines to Mary in Heaven. 'Twas upon a bright starry night and, in contemplation of the sparkling vault above him, he seemed to feel the influence of her spirit in the silver light. None can read those pathetic lines without feeling that the poet, during the few years he survived his Highland Mary, was true to the vows he took with her beneath the birks upon the banks of "winding Ayr." The bible, upon which the fond lovers plighted their troth, is still sacredly kept—the only tangible evidence of the undying love of Burns and Mary; while some of the poet's admirers have reared an elegant structure of marble, upon which is cut in bas-relief the scene of the parting lovers, to the memory of this Scottish girl whose name, though it be enveloped in a veil of seeming romance, the poet himself has immortalized by his love and his exquisite songs.

T. W. Buchanan.

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THE ANEMONE.

O first soft passion-kiss of Spring—
  Trembling, sweet anemone!
Beautiful, shivering little thing
  Firmly yet so timidly

Peeping out from the old stone wall
  Into the shuddery, chilly air,
I silently wonder how at all
  You grow in your cranny there.

Sweet forerunner of sweeter days,
  Scattering light and hope and cheer
Out on the dead things of the ways—
  Wrecks of the bygone year,

Is it to tell us of coming flowers
  Fairer than you, if fairer grow,
Whose buds will swell in the April showers
  Bringing nepenthe of snow?

Or is it that Love may draw
  Out of the hearts of stones
Beauty and order and law,
  Seen in such frail, sweet ones
As you, peerless anemone!

—*Hubert W. Wells.*

JIM BRIDGER.

ALL western men of long standing know very well who Jim Bridger was. Perhaps the best army guide that it has ever been Uncle Sam's pleasure to employ, Jim Bridger might have left behind him no mean reputation as a pioneer in the exploration of the great West, but for one failing, an absolute and unblushing disregard for the truth. This defect in his character, however, did not interfere one jot with his usefulness and reliability as a guide, for once ordered to lead a calvary column to some designated point, or in pursuit of some band of hostiles, Jim did his duty faithfully.

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It was in another way that his eccentricity—to name it mildly—showed itself. When Jim was not engaged in his duties as a guide, it was not his custom to loaf idly around the military posts. Many a time had this valiant pioneer been seen setting forth, solitary and alone, on wanderings which lasted for months, and several times for even a year. How he escaped capture or death by the Indians no man could ever imagine. One theory which was advanced asserted that he had a wife among every roaming tribe on the continent, and consequently was always welcome amongst them. This explanation for various reasons was unsatisfactory, so some went so far as to maintain that Jim Bridger was in immediate alliance with the father of lies, who always beneficently protects his votaries.

Though Jim really encountered wonderful adventures on these periodical wanderings, and saw strange sights and theretofore unknown scenery, yet the stories he related were altogether too much to be believed. Pictured rocks, marvelous in their design, and perfect in their finish, mountains whose perpendicular sides rose far beyond the limit of the strongest eye, and from whose summits huge waterfalls plunged downward, soon to be lost in mist and spray, strange people, strange animals, all these had Jim Bridger seen, not to mention startling adventures encountered with men and beasts. No wonder that he was not believed! But what made his prevarications still more palpable was the fact that Jim Bridger, the peerless guide, could not exactly locate these wonderful places, and when bullied into guiding several parties to see them, he always managed to lose his way. So Jim's reputation spread, and in a land where truth is held in but little estimation he waxed great and popular.

The army officers all knew well that Jim had really seen what no white man had ever beheld before, and consequently tried for a long time to impress upon him the value of veracity in his narrations. But all to no use. At length they gave up the task as hopeless, and christened him the "man who never told the truth."

Once upon arriving at a post after a prolonged absence,

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Jim rushed directly to the officers, and related a story which made those truth-loving individuals fairly boil over with indignation. Far up to the north west he had gone to the head-waters of the Yellowstone. There he had found a park surrounded by snow capped peaks, insurmountable on all sides save the north, and that only in summer. And, wonder of wonders, he had found it to be a region of various colored clay and stone, sparkling to the sunlight with every tint of the rainbow; and in this basin were numberless lakes of warm water in whose clear blue depths no bottom could be seen. "Frequently," said Jim Bridger, trained liar as he was, still hesitating on the brink of so startling a statement, "frequently these hot springs boil over and send a column of steam and water hundreds of feet into the air." The incredulous audience drove him from their presence, and not long afterwards Jim Bridger died, still adhering to the truth of this remarkable narration.

It was not many years after Jim Bridger's death, that the very same officers who had listened to the story of his last journey, were sitting around a camp-fire on the site of a proposed fort, and were deliberating what to call it. While thus engaged they were interrupted by the arrival of two trappers who had strange news to tell. These trappers explained that they had just come from a hunting trip along the upper Yellowstone. Up there, they said, they had made their way over the mountains into a large park, and really it was the most wonderful place they had ever seen. "Why, there were huge hot springs that boiled over, and then spouted like fountains, all the ground was clay of various beautiful colors, and the springs were so deep that one absolutely could not see the bottom, though the water was as clear as crystal." These trappers, let me add, were men of undoubted veracity.

For a moment the officers gazed at one another lost in stonishment, and scarcely able to believe their ears. Then ith one voice they named the post Fort Jim Bridger, in onor of the man who had told the truth.

P. T. Sherman.

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ABRAHAM ADAMS.

FIELDING'S conception of an ideal parson, as portrayed in the "Adventures of Joseph Andrews and his friend Mr. Abraham Adams," is an essentially different character from Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield. The resemblances between them are, to a great extent, such as would be expected in all clergymen. Simplicity, benevolence and piety are marked traits in both; yet the pictures we form in our minds of these two noted characters of English fiction differ as the broad and fine style of painting. Dr. Charles Primrose is drawn with a much more delicate and refined hand than Abraham Adams. There is a coarseness in the "Adventures of Joseph Andrews" which is not found in the "Vicar of Wakefield," and it has an unfortunate tendency to lower Adams in our estimation, for he is in reality a grand person. The quiet dignity of the Vicar seems hardly compatible with the character of Adams. It is difficult to imagine the former in such a state of hilarity as that in which we find Adams, when, "being well filled with ale and pudding, he gives a loose to more facetiousness than is usual to him." How unnatural it would be to see the Rev. Dr. Charles Primrose seated on a stile reading Aeschylus and waiting for some passer to tell where he can find an ale-house—although there is one within a hundred yards in plain sight—and to hear him call a fellow who jeers at his absurd question a "saucy jackanapes"! What a shock it would give our feelings to see him leaning over the banisters of an ale-house with a night-cap drawn over his wig, half his cassock showing from under his great-coat, and a pipe in his mouth, from which the blue smoke slowly arises! Yet in neither of these nor in like situations is there anything unbecoming in Adams' actions.

Joseph Andrews' friend and protector is, in Fielding's words, "as entirely ignorant of the ways of this world as an infant just entered into it could possibly be." While

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Dr. Primrose shares this innocence to a great degree, beneath it he has a fund of practical sense which Adams lacks; for Adams never sees any farther into a man's character and actions than it is desired he should. The Vicar is not deceived by any of his daughters' remarks about Mr. Thornhill. He understands his family, at least, and on the receipt of that card from the "town ladies" expressing the hope that they will see the family at church, he had "strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendour the next day." The faintest suspicion never entered Adams' head and he is entirely incapable of design in his actions. When he gets out of a dilemma it is seldom by any forethought or scheming on his part. He goes through life on the happy-go-lucky plan.

The difference in their ideas of a coquette well shows how much superior is Dr. Primrose in worldly and fashionable knowledge, if we may so call it. He seems to have the true idea and it is apparent to his eyes when Olivia is acting the coquette to perfection. Adams, on the other hand, asks Mr. Wilson, when the latter is telling the story of his life, "what is a coquette? I have met with the word in French authors, but never could assign any idea to it. I believe it is the same with *une sotte*, Anglicè, a fool"! A person as unsuspecting as Adams would naturally be at a loss to understand the nature of "this creature," to use Fielding's expression.

One of the most amusing things in the laughable situations in which Fielding's hero is placed is that he himself fails to realize their ridiculousness. When he suddenly disappears from the sight of Joseph and Fanny in their walk over the Downs and rolls down the steep hill from top to bottom, not a laugh nor a single mention of his trip escapes his lips—of course we would not expect a man of his good-nature to be angry—but he picks himself up and halloes to Joseph as if it were an every-day occurrence. He has a serenity which takes the place of the Vicar's dignity and which does not desert him even in the mire of Parson Trulliber's pig-pen. We feel respect for him even

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there, although we laugh at the ludicrousness of his appearance.

In the nineteenth century a man like Adams would be called remarkably eccentric. His habit of snapping his fingers and taking three steps across the room, his meditative moods and absent-mindedness—witness him unconsciously throwing his beloved Aeschylus into the fire—would doubtless attract considerable attention in a hotel of to-day, and I am inclined to think he would fare worse in this age of youthful disrespect for one's elders than in Fielding's time, although our exalted regard for the "good old days" is somewhat injured by Fielding's narrative, which doubtless gives an insight into real English life as then existing. He would share such treatment as he received at the hands of the facetious squire and his "gentlemen of curlike disposition," only in greater abundance.

In some respects Dr. Primrose approaches nearer our ideal of a clergyman than Adams and he could perhaps fill one of our pulpits to better advantage; yet Adams is much more charming and amusing and at the same time as noble.

B. R. Abbe, Jr.

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GLENDOWER.

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep,"
The starry fires are under my control;
To me the future is an open scroll
Reveal'd in visions and in dreamy sleep.
Kings tremble at my name; and women weep
In piteous terror when my chariots roll
To bloody battles; the funereal toll
Foretells the harvest I am come to reap.
I have a part in God's eternal power!
A word of mine will calm the ocean's swell,
Or hush the furious Winter's icy breath.
My joy is in the combat's dreadful hour;
I fear no foe in earth or heaven or hell,
And laugh in mockery at staring Death.

A SCANDINAVIAN STORYTELLER.

ONE would scarce expect from Norway's sterile fells so sweet a growth as is the product of Björnson's fancy. We wept over the Little Mermaid's longing for humanity, and dreamed about Ole Shut Eye, long before we realized that a less rugged clime could never grant to childhood so dear a boon as Denmark had given in Hans Andersen's Tales. But the works of this later northern dreamer appeal to something deeper than a childish imagination. While lacking nothing of the purity and simplicity of the gifted Dane, his are something more than nursery tales; they are the portrayal of all that is nearest and dearest to the heart of his noble race, the love and sorrow, the light and shade, the hopes and disappointments of Norwegian life, while the ideal is so beautifully mingled with the real that his characters, while thoroughly life-like, are yet something more than dull realism, less than mere romance.

When Björnstjerne Björnson was a young man of twenty-five, he struck the chord that went resounding through Norway, finding a responsive tone in every heart, whether in hamlet or palace. Norwegian literature was lifeless;

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the ancient sagas, the ballads of the skalds and vikings, stood alone as the only embodiment of the nation's thought. But in "Synnöve Solbakken" modern Norwegian literature may be said to have had its birth. Its charming little plot, and graphic delineation at once filled all Norway with a glowing enthusiasm and tended to rouse it to a livelier patriotism. The peasantry turned with an eager pride to this picture of their wild heath and mist-clad mountains, listening with wondering delight to the thoughts and language of their own hearts, while the blasé aristocracy, weary of an artificial, effete Arcadia, in which they had once found all their pastime, could now discover in the rustic simplicity of Norwegian lads and lasses, a romanticism that was no less charming, and much more wholesome. "Arne" and "A Happy Boy" quickly followed Björnson's first novel. He had gently touched the strings, and the sweetest harmony had gone forth; now with a stronger, bolder, yet no less delicate, stroke, he produced two of the loveliest idyls of the century. Not alone in Norway are these paragons of exquisite diction read and loved; they have been translated into many tongues, and we unhesitatingly admit that never in our own language at least have they found their counterpart. In one is embodied the deep yearning for what is beyond and unknown, the yearning that so often thrilled the author's young life, the fretful chafing of a caged spirit that longs to fly "over the lofty mountains." The other depicts, with a wonderfully distinct psychological insight, the love of an ardent, happy youth. Add to these "The Bridal March," as tender and altogether fascinating a love story as we have ever read, and the collection of short sketches which he produced through this period, each one a poem in itself, and we condemn him as wanting in an earnest appreciation of what is best and truest in literature who questions their author's well-deserved reputation. Had he written nothing more he would have been not a whit less dear to the American public. But these delightful folk-idyls, which were the offshoots of his early years, were abandoned as he grew older for what was more ambitious, though of less interest to us. As

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playwright, theatre director and politician he has been widely known through Scandinavia for the past twenty years; but it is in his simple tales of pleasant life that we feel the subtle charm which is peculiarly his own, which has sent his fame ringing through Europe and America.

Hans Andersen and Björnstjerne Björnson have been condemned in the same breath by hypercritical censors, who accuse them of employing a style that is at once austerely barren and infantile. Especially have these captious critics taken Björnson to task for compression and what they choose to name "laconic sententiousness." To these there is but little to say in reply; one who is not won over by the simple grace of their works as a whole may gain little by employing the keen knife of the analyzer for the purposes of dissection. The difficulty of clothing a noble thought in a modest garb is no slight one, nor must it be carelessly disregarded. Such was at one time Wordsworth's loftiest ambition; but we can scarce restrain a smile at his curious failures. Dickens has in certain marked cases produced what seems to verge on perfection in this simplicity of expression; but it is only accomplished with forced and studied effect. For our Scandinavians we claim a greater amount of credit. They write freely, spontaneously, gracefully. They are free alike from nambypambyism and sickly sentimentality. They speak what they feel; no more. Nay, even less, for Björnson at least signifies more than he speaks. His every word is needful and weighted with preciousness, but we must also read between the lines, for far beneath the surface of his lovely tales, too deep for mere allegory, in Öyvind's fervid impulses, in Arne's half-suppressed sighs, in Petra's passionate earnestness, is hidden the hopeful, restless spirit of struggling Norway.

The differences between Björnson's methods and those of the average novelist of to-day are so evident to the most superficial reader as to need little remark. His characters speak for themselves; there is no tedious description of the hero's personality, no finely drawn analysis of the heroine's traits. Yet he is perfect in characterization; indeed he has never been surpassed in the

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delineation of delicate female types. Nor does he launch out at the beginning of each chapter in a tiresome dissertation on the moral import of what has gone before. His morals, like his characters, unfold themselves without commentary. His words are few, but each word is pregnant with meaning. If we call him an impressionist we will not be far wrong. His tales are imbued with a deeper significance than what we read from the bubbles on the surface.

Björnson has not stood apart from the babbling multitude and sketched his characters with the romance and enchantment which distance lends. He has from childhood mingled with the peasantry of his land, he knows whereof he writes, he is himself, body and soul, an honest Norwegian peasant, his heart beating in unison with those sons of the fell and fjord, whose peace and prosperity are dearer to him than his own. Their words and deeds he treasured up and pondered over. Had one asked him, as Eli wonderingly asks Arne, "How do you manage when you make songs?" he, too, might have replied in Arne's words, "I hoard up the thoughts that others are in the habit of letting go."

Noble, earnest, tender, Björnstjerne Björnson still dwells by his loved Scandinavian fjords, as free from the affectation and debasement of a less sincere type of men, as a true-hearted patriot can ever be. His sweetest songs are sung; that ardent, pent-up spirit that long ago yearned, to fly, querulously sighing,

> "Shall I the journey never take
> Over the lofty mountains?"

has lost its longing as the years have rolled. His shackles and his countrymen's are burst; the happy peasantry are at peace; he may fly where he will. But the sturdy Scandinavian, orator, dramatist, patriot, and what is more the "finest pastoral tale-teller of this generation," to-day sends his clear, firm voice ringing from his nest among his fatherland's wooded hills: "In Norway will I live, in Norway will I lash and be lashed, in Norway will I sing and die."

William McCormick.

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AN ORGAN SOLO.

IN one of the little country towns that lie scattered among the picturesque hills of Lower France, is a cathedral that has been styled the "magnificent" by the simple but admiring country-folk who look with awe and reverence upon this old structure of stone, and point it out to visitors with a genuine feeling of pride. To a traveler who has seen any of the beautiful cathedrals of Europe, this old building would appear comparatively rude and homely; but in the eyes of the simple inhabitants of this little country village it has untold charms and hidden beauties—so strong is the power of association and love.

On entering, one is impressed with the contrast between the battered and storm-riven exterior and the bright and fresh appearance of the inside. Everything seems as though it were but recently put in its place, and, were it not for the antique roof and the quaint windows through which the bright rays of the sun, softened and mellowed by the sombre colors of the glass, shine with a quiet and reverential light, it might have been built but yesterday. All is quiet and hushed save perhaps the footfall of some visitor, which reëchos clearly on the stone floor, or the low mutterings of a devout worshipper who is praying and telling her beads, when there steal over the still air the low and melodious tones of the organ. Soft and sweet they come like the low moaning of the wind in some distant forest which heralds the approach of the storm, or like the continuous dull roar of the ocean waves breaking on the distant beach—but the sounds increase. Louder and more boisterous grow the winds as they rush among the trees and sway their tops until it seems as though they would never rise again. The sky is overcast and dark clouds come skurrying up from the western horizon hiding the face of sun and piling themselves on one another in great black masses. Dust and flying leaves fill the air,

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and it seems heavy and stifling, so that one has to glance at the bright streaks of sun-light on the floor to reassure himself that it is only his imagination. Onward moves the storm, and we instinctively look around to find some place of shelter. Louder and nearer it comes, until with a mighty crash the thunder breaks upon us and the storm in all its fury bursts over the building shaking it to its very foundation.

But the crisis is past and a feeling of relief comes upon all as they hear the hurricane rushing on in its mad career and devastating all that lies in its destructive path. Presently the clouds begin to break and the warm beams of the sun pierce through their scattering forms, delighting the fields with their glad warmth, and transforming the rain drops that are clinging to the grass into many-hued diamonds. In the distance a robin calling in sweet tones to its mate, is heard. Then the answering song comes to our ears, and soon the whole air is filled with the happy notes of the birds as they come forth again into the bright sunshine. We can hear the mountain brook rippling over the smooth stones which lie in its bed, or leaping from rock to rock as it dashes down the steep side of the mountain, or gurgling in some stone-fashioned pool, only to rush on again in its endless journey. All the world seems bright and glad once more, and we leave the quaint church with happy hearts only to find that a real shower has come up which no amount of imagination will keep from drenching us and which sadly dampens our enthusiasm as well as ourselves, changing all our former poetic visions into decidedly uninteresting prose.

Stowe Phelps.

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WILSON BARRETT'S "HAMLET."

THE large audience that greeted Mr. Wilson Barrett in New Haven a few weeks ago, listened to a presentation of Shakspere's play which differs *in toto* from the one usually put upon the stage. It is not simply that Mr. Barrett has departed from the conventional acting in some of the scenes; he has impersonated another character, a Hamlet who is fundamentally a different man from the common conception. We see in him no pale scholar, no melancholy dreamer, no irresolute philosopher who staggers under a burden he cannot support; nor do we see a man whom suffering and horror have driven to the verge of madness; we behold a young prince in whom the native hue of resolution never for a moment changes color; who realizes fully the cruel circumstances in which fate has placed him; who outwits the most trained and skillful courtiers; who, under the mask of an antic disposition, watches eagerly for the first chance when he can strike the blow and avenge the murdered king. The mystery that surrounds the orthodox Hamlet is stripped off; the scenes of the play that have been the most puzzling are accounted for by natural explanations. Instead of a shadowy form which eludes every grasp, we recognize a man among men, a flesh-and-blood Hamlet.

Some of the modern critics of the play have given a new and more rational answer to the question, Why does not Hamlet sweep to his revenge? They deny the assertion that it is his tendency to speculation which seems to blunt his resolution. They point out the simple fact that Hamlet is prevented from executing his purpose by circumstances. He must kill Claudius so that all Denmark hall understand and approve the act. I think that the eason why so few critics share this view is because it oes not make Hamlet a type of anything in particular; and many are always trying to make Shakspere's characers types of this, that and the other trait. In Shakspere

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we see no caricatures; we see life itself. The same writers who declare Hamlet to be a type of irresolution, call Macbeth a type of ambition and Othello a type of jealousy. This is a willful shutting of the eyes. Hamlet is like his author in being many-sided; and any attempt to explain his character by calling him personified irresolution makes the play an enigma, and plunges us into a sea of troubles.

Mr. Barrett divides the play as follows: the first act closes as in the text; the second act begins with the entrance of Ophelia in the first scene and closes after her dialogue with Hamlet in the first scene of the third act; the third act begins with the second scene and closes at the end of the third scene in the fourth act; the next act begins with the fifth scene and closes as in the text; the last act is practically unchanged, ending, of course, with the death of the prince. In this version the play opens with the first scene on the platform, and a few words on this point may not be out of place.

It is at least a fair question whether the play gains in dramatic force on the stage by beginning with the first instead of the second scene. The fact that Shakspere wrote it thus is not so overwhelming an argument as may be imagined: for if that argument by itself is to settle the question, why not *end* the presentation of his tragedies on the stage as Shakspere wrote them? This is not done; to continue a tragedy on the stage after the climax is to part with much of its dramatic power. Yet not one of Shakspere's tragedies concludes with the climax. Of course in reading *Hamlet* the first scene is necessary to acquaint us with the circumstances of the Ghost's appearance; and as we see him only in imagination, our feeling of horror is not sensibly lessened by his appearing several times. But on the stage we actually see him; and after he has appeared twice in the first scene, he does not strike us with the same thrill of surprise and horror that Hamlet feels, and as a consequence our sympathy with Hamlet's emotion is lessened materially. While the prince and his two friends are waiting, our feelings are not

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wrought up to such a pitch as are Hamlet's; we do not wonder how the Ghost will look, for we have seen him and know; we are more in the position of Horatio and Marcellus, and are curious to see what effect the apparition will have on the prince. Instead of shrinking back as Hamlet does, we feel more like saying with Horatio,

"Look, my lord, it comes!"

The best argument in favor of the introduction of the first scene on the stage, is that the bitter cold, the darkness and gloom of the platform, the sadness of the sentinels, and their horror-stricken whispers at the entrance of the Ghost, sound the chord of the whole tragedy, and prepare our minds for what is to follow.

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Barrett's theory of *Hamlet*, few will deny that he gave an admirable interpretation of his ideas. His acting was excellent throughout, and often aroused the audience to genuine enthusiasm; this was done, too, without any apparent aim at effect. Many Shaksperian actors, on coming to a celebrated or oft-quoted passage, pause a moment, as if to say to the audience, "Just listen to the way I speak these famous lines." This defect did not appear at all the other evening. Mr. Barrett began the great speech to the players in an easy, conversational tone, while coming out from behind the scenes. But this naturalness and absence of ranting nowhere appeared to better advantage than in his first speech of any length in the play. The lines were read with so marked a lack of rhetorical flourish, that the effect was simply startling.

"Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not 'seems.'
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly; these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe."

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Instead of ranting these lines, they were spoken in calm, modulated tones, in which deep, boundless sorrow was blended with dignity and respect for the queen. Not for a moment did Hamlet lose his self-control; but, like Teufelsdröckh, "in his heart there lay a whole lake of tears, pent up in silent desolation." The effect of this rendition of the speech was tremendous in its power.

Much the same may be said of his manner in the first soliloquy, beginning

> "O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
> Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!"

I could not help comparing the quiet tone of despair in which these words were spoken, with the way it was my misfortune to have once heard them given by an actor called Miln, who modestly began his career on the stage by essaying the title *rôles* in *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Richelieu*. While delivering this soliloquy, he strutted about the stage, and bellowed like a bull. "O there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably."

Yet Mr. Barrett was not at his best in the famous soliloquies; and in some of them he was a little disappointing. It was in the scenes with Polonius, with the players, and with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern that his acting rose above criticism. The skill and sagacity of Hamlet in detecting the by-plays and signals of the courtiers he acted with great effect; and in discomfiting Polonius he was excellent. The scene with the queen in her chamber and his sorrow at the death of the old counsellor, were a display of power. Nothing could be more natural and unaffected than the way he entered the room and addressed the queen:

> "Now, mother, what's the matter?"

The interpretation of the difficult scene with Ophelia

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was perhaps the most original thing in Mr. Barrett's presentation of the play. Making Hamlet conscious of the presence of the king and Polonius behind the arras, certainly gives one explanation of his manner toward Ophelia. Yet, while that affords an opportunity for an exhibition of acting, such an interpretation is not without objections. At best, that scene is extremely puzzling; and perhaps this explanation is as satisfactory as any.

Mr. Barrett has altered very many of the lines, not always with improvement. A number of slight changes have been made as "swoop" for "sweep," "groans" for "grunts," and others. It is noticeable also that in that passage over which the critics have broken so many lances, Mr. Barrett reads "a *God* kissing carrion." He also adopts Pope's emendation of the line,

"Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,"

by substituting "siege" for "sea." That emendation has always seemed to me excessively stupid. Its object is to prevent a case of mixed metaphor; but mixed metaphor often occurs in Shakspere. "A siege of troubles" may be a little more correct, viewed from one stand-point, but it is the substitution of a prosaic phrase for a strikingly poetic one. These attempts to improve on Shakspere are rarely successes. There is a passage in *Macbeth*,

"My way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf,"

where Mr. Booth reads Johnson's emendation, "My May of life." Here is an attempt to improve on the original with the object of making it more poetical; yet the result is just the opposite; there is a loss of significance and poetic beauty.

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NOTABILIA.

THE '87 board, in the course of their connection with the LIT., have become convinced of the great lack in our college life of some means for bringing into close intimacy those men who have been most interested in literary work of one kind or another during their first three undergraduate years. In seeking to establish a society for this purpose it seemed to them eminently fitting that it should bear the name of a similar organization which was founded here just two-thirds of a century ago. Undoubtedly, there were influences at work during the period of Chi Delta Theta's first activity—from 1821 to 1845—not so much, indeed, in our academic as in our national life,—which tended as nothing now does, to the success of a society of that nature. The creative period in American literature was then fairly beginning. The study of contemporary writers must have been far from uninspiring. But, although this auspicious element is lacking at the Chi Delta Theta's new birth, in many other directions the outlook for its success is promising enough. In all our colleges where a literary life can be said to exist at all, it has, thanks to college journalism in sixty-six years past, grown very far in sincerity and in contempt for fustian and bombast. A college editor's connection with his paper has come to mean for him not merely an incident in his academic life, but an opportunity for putting forth his best exertions. While Yale has not been behindhand in these regards, our special need has been some centre towards which all our literary activity may converge. The LIT. and the bi-weeklies have nothing to lose by approaching somewhat nearer to each other's standards. Need has been felt, too, that literary work should be less exclusively confined to those who have obtained, or are seeking to obtain, a place upon an editorial board. Much, it is thought, may be accomplished in all these directions by means of a society for literary discussion and criticism in the senior class. Besides the great benefit which its present members feel may be obtained for themselves even from their short connection with it, limited as its

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membership necessarily is, it can hardly fail to afford a stimulus and a pleasant reward for faithful literary work of every sort in underclasses.

THE central table in the Linonia library, with its burden of books returned from day to day is a curious study, and affords some little food for reflection upon the interesting question, what do students read? Among the facts which a little examination will disclose is this, that a vast proportion of the books are drawn from those two or three tiers of shelves most nearly on a level with the eye of a man of ordinary height. This might be thought to be the result of a benevolent consideration for human infirmity on the part of the librarian, did not much grovelling in the dust and balancing on flimsy ladders in search of important volumes prove the contrary. It must be taken as a confirmation of the truth which a further scrutiny of the table's contents would have drawn out, and which every man in college sooner or later discovers for himself, that the systematic reader is one of the rarest of student types. There is little hope, moreover, that the optional system, will number among its blessings the increase of the reading habit. Its tendency is all the other way—towards an exclusive devotion to particular lines of study. So long as the marking system remains, and, by force of public opinion, largely determines the nature of a student's work, it is, indeed, deplorable that men who have sought for culture in the library as well as in the recitation room should receive from the Faculty no outward recognition for work thus done. In default, however, of any encouragement from that quarter, there seems to be an excellent opportunity for the various literary societies in the underclasses to set before themselves a somewhat broader purpose than mere proficiency in public speaking, and to do what they can towards organizing reading courses as part of their literary work. This was one of the main objects that were held in view in the reëstablishment of Chi Delta Theta; but, the senior year, unfortunately, allows, in most cases, less time than any other for extended work outside of the curriculum.

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PORTFOLIO.

——Among the literateurs of Paris at the beginning of this century there existed a social club, known as the New Caveau, that had for its object, "to eat, drink, and be merry." To one of their merriest banquets, Désangiers, the president, brought a guest, a little odd-looking man, "chétif et laid," as he calls himself. It was Béranger, known to the rest only as the author of a few songs. In the course of the evening he was invited to sing some of his own poems. The smooth-flowing verses aroused such enthusiasm that the merry-makers, in wild delight, cried out, "he must be one of us;" but the laws of the company forbade the election of a man who was present. To surmount the difficulty Bérangar, armed with a glass of champagne, was hidden behind the door, where he listened to the shouts that greeted the proposal of his name. From that day his reputation was established. This little incident is a parallel to his whole life. While his songs were heard on every side, while the praises of his friends filled the nation, you would have known Bérangar only by these songs and praises; the man himself was unseen—hidden behind the door. Even the slight publicity of the Caveau was distasteful to him. He loved to be among the people, wandering about the streets, climbing to the garrets of the poor, doing good always and always ready with a kind word. Every pitiful sight, every tale of sin and misery pricked him like a needle and brought from his heart a great rush of sympathy. In this way he reached the heart of the masses, learned their thoughts and feelings, and was enabled to sing their songs; but in spite of his national popularity, he was never a leader in thought or or action. His was the genius of interpretation, developed so perfectly that in his poems we see not the man but the nation, we feel the heart-throbs not of Bérangar but of France. So for thirty years he sang the songs of France and the people until his powers failed and then bade farewell to the muses in the pathetic lines:

> Adieu, chansons! mon front chauve est ridé,
> L'oiseau se tait; l'aquilon a grondé.

E. L. P.

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——That Wilson Barrett's rendition of Hamlet is of the first order of dramatic entertainments is assured. Were this not so, it could never have aroused so much criticism, both pro and con, as has been vouchsafed it. However, of unquestioned merit though his own performances be, he is surely inferior to Irving, with whom it is but natural to contrast him, in the degree of perfection to which the environment, offsetting and surrounding his own acting, is developed. His contemporary has presented every detail, even the minutest, with a fidelity to nature and historical truth, which has rendered us, perhaps, over-fastidious. In point of grouping, of costumes of even the most subordinate figures, and of appropriateness in every minutest piece of stage equipment, Irving was unexceptionable. This, without question, lent an especial charm to his presentations, the greater perhaps because it was novel. In this respect, then, the new comer, however he may compare otherwise, has fallen somewhat short of his predecessor. To prove this let me advance a single instance. That a traveling company are handicapped somewhat in this matter is true, but the defect I refer to is inexcusable, even upon that score. In the finale, where murder becomes almost wholesale, and where the audience are wrought up to an intense pitch of emotion, the retainers and attendants, supposably the actual spectators of the scene, looked on in the most *blasé* stolidity, as unmoved as wax-works in the Eden Musée. Indeed, in more cases than one they evinced a far livelier interest in the eager faces of the house, or in the jest that was being whispered about court, than in the passionate, heart-rending enactments, presumably occurring before their very eyes. Strangely incongruous did it not seem, that a domestic should stand by totally unaffected while her mistress was borne from the scene a corpse, or that a courtier should have been retailing jokes to his neighbors, while his Prince lay in the death struggle almost within reach at his arm?

——In literature as well as in all other things there are quickly changing fashions. Prof. "So-and-So," a well known critical authority, writes a pamphlet praising Dante, and for a year or more the great Italian epic is "all the rage." Afterwards a Browning "boom" follows, and so, through the list of the great poets, the tide of fashionable criticism and admiration moves on. All this is very well in its own way, as it

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gives some sort of stimulus to literary study; but it is always marked with a spirit of absolute intolerance. Browning being at the present time the idol before which the literary coterie prostrate themselves, to say aught against his poetical merit is considered rank heresy. Now the point to which I desire to call attention is this, that in general people are afraid to hold opinions of their own in regard to an author, or if they have such opinions are afraid to express them, but are swept along with the popular tide and agree always with the majority. The strictest religious dogmas hardly receive such prompt and unquestioning obedience as do the dictates of the critical authorities. Many of those who can see no merit in the works of the new pet of fashion, illogically jump to the conclusion that their tastes are vitiated, and hide this defect by manifesting outwardly the most unbounded admiration. Some few, however, adhere to previously formed unfavorable opinions, and as a consequence are treated as objects worthy only of pity and contempt. How utterly irrational is this proceeding, especially in regard to poetry, is apparent after a moment's thought. Every person has a disposition and a taste of his own, and the style of poetry which is best adapted to these qualities of his nature is for him the best. You have a right to call his taste, alone, vitiated who seeks after what is low or unnatural. There are many who are delighted with a volume of Browning or George Eliot; there are also many to whom these authors are even somewhat repulsive, but they have not, therefore, the right to assume that the tastes of the former are vitiated, nor vice-versa.

Looking over a list of the ten best novels as determined by the votes of the patrons of a large library in Chicago, I find five of George Eliot's, while the names of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and Bulwer are entirely wanting. This surely does not indicate the fair and unbiassed opinion of the reading people of that city, but was due to the fact that the vote was taken during a "George Eliot boom," when all the members of the aristocratic literary clubs had to vote for George Eliot in order to do "the correct thing." In other words, there exists a large class of educated people, who seem capable of forming no strong and definite tastes in the field of letters, but vacillate in their opinions with the uncertain and varying change of fashions.

P. T. S.

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——The average course in classical literature is apt to give rise to the supposition that the ancients spent all their time in war and politics, and had no real home life. They seem to have moved and acted in large bodies, an ill defined mass, whose deeds have left an ineradicable mark upon the world, but whose individuality has long since faded away in the dim ages of the past.

Great credit then is due to the man who has amassed and moulded into a living picture the meagre statements of authorities upon this subject. At this task Georg Ebers has tried his hand. A pupil of Lipsius and professor in the university at Leipzig, by a life of study he has well qualified himself to handle so difficult a subject. The works produced by Ebers are, strange to say, chiefly in the form of novels. It is so seldom that a distinguished scholar devotes his time to imparting his knowledge through this medium that the very novelty of the undertaking claims our attention. And perhaps it might be better if a stronger movement were made in this direction, this disguising of a bitter though wholesome medicine in sweetmeats. For we know what a popularity has greeted the comparatively modern historical novels of Scott and Dumas.

To present under an attractive exterior accurate information upon the customs and habits of the men of old is the goal for which Ebers strives. In this he is certainly successful since a careful analysis of his books shows that they are composed of a perfect net-work of facts, many of which will be recognized as old acquaintances by the reader.

So completely has this bare skeleton of framework been covered, that Ebers' works, apart from their inestimable historical value, are interesting when read merely as fiction. There is a certain strength and purity about his characters that inspires us with a genuine interest in their welfare. Indeed Professor Ebers seems to be trying to impress upon us the moral lesson that virtue must triumph in the end. His principal fault lies in the prolongation of his plots. Still this can scarcely be called an error when we remember that his labor is to adorn, not to create, and that he is obliged to build upon a foundation, over whose size he has no control.

Literature of this kind is the natural outgrowth of the years of careful study for which Germany's scholars are justly renowned.

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Although the idea is not original, the execution is unique, and we may safely assume that no one has done more than Georg Ebers to help us to realize that the Romans and Greeks were men like ourselves swayed by the same motives and passions. G. C.

——I wish to outline for you a sketch of one of those parties of American travelers who see Europe by contract under the management of Cook's agencies. If you have ever come in contact with one of them while *en route*, I believe you will pronounce this no exaggeration. It was in the galleries of the Louvre that I made my first acquaintance. Before a superb example of Murillo an individual, official in appearance, was declaiming in a monotonous tone a string of fact and formulæ at a speed that would have brought an auctioneer to the blush. He was the conductor of the troup. About him were grouped a score, perhaps, of wearied, dusty followers, every second one of whom was provided with the scarlet badge of the conscientious tourist—a Baedecker. The most ambitious were taking notes, a few others were making spasmodic efforts to listen, and the remainder were gazing at whatever caught their eye in the *salon*. Rubens, being the most striking, was especially popular. As many more were strolling about, glancing condescendingly at a canvas now and then, looking out of the windows, or seizing the respite to obtain a short rest. One girl was improving the opportunity in translating snatches from the morning papers. Exhaustion was written in the features of everyone. Every few moments belated stragglers kept rejoining the band from the rooms they had last visited. After a brief harangue the manager moved on rapidly down the *salon*, halting momentarily before paintings of especial beauty, and again resuming his march long before the last of the column came within hearing distance, and before fifteen minutes had elapsed the last brown veil and wrinkled duster had disappeared. The programme of sights they had already "done" that day, would have furnished the average tourist material for triple the time. They vouchsafed three days to the whole of Paris. I caught glimpses of more than one similar excursion afterward. They were transported about the city in capacious four-horse coaches with uniformed drivers, and it was laughable indeed to see the look of pity with which

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the nonchalant Parisian, lounging over his absinthe in the shelter of the *café*, watched the cortege trundle past in the dust and sunlight. In the *salons* of Versailles another appeared. Here the descriptions of the guide naturally teemed with repetitions of the achievements and magnificence of Louis XIV. He showed portraits of his majesty in every conceivable posture, dress, and stage of his career. One member of the party, a lank, heavy whiskered American—presumably from beyond the Mississippi—had at first evinced a marked but silent interest in all that the conductor had to say, and when finally an exquisite table of inlaid marbles was shown as having been in the possession of the same Louis, he opened his lips for the first time: "Wal! they lived like gods on airth in them days." Further recurrence to the same monarch seemed to bore him somewhat, but for a time he said nothing. Finally, when the party were ushered into the quondam audience chamber where the throne stood, and the guide pointed to the frescoed ceiling and said, "This, ladies and gentlemen, was painted to represent the glories of Louis XIV," his patience gave out. He slapped his slouch hat on his thigh, turned short about and with the exclamation, "the old fool," made his exit. But in this method of traveling there is both a distinctly Yankee element, and one quite the reverse. The idea that one is going to see the most in return for the least outlay of hard-cash and labor probably is the bait which draws so many would-be tourists into Cook's clutches. But on the other hand, it is surely not a trait of the American character, if such a thing there be, to be willing so to sacrifice one's independence, to be trucked about like a sheep, and to have one's sight-seeing formally doled out in prescribed rations.

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MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Intercollegiate Base Ball League.

The most important event in our athletic interests is the breaking up of the old league by withdrawal of Yale, Harvard and Princeton, and the formation of a new one composed of these three colleges and Columbia. At the third University Meeting, held March 2d, to consider the advisability of withdrawing from the old league and forming a new one, the power was conferred on the officers of the Y. B. B. A. to enter any league they saw fit to, except a triple one. The new league was formed at Boston, March 12th, and a schedule of games was made out—four games to be played with each college.

The Chicago Club

Held their first banquet at Redcliffe's on the evening of Feb. 25th. Thirty members and eight guests were present. F. Sprague, '87, President of the club, acted as toast-master. The following toasts were responded to:

Our Sister Club,	S. K. Knight.
The Tutors,	G. E. Eliot, Jr.
Athletics,	G. G. Haven.
College Press,	C. H. Ludington, Jr.
Our Guests,	A. R. Pritchard.
The Fence,	H. E. Mason.
Chicago,	W. H. Fitzgerald.

The Junior Exhibition Speakers

Were announced March 12th. The names of the successful competitors together with their subjects are as follows: L. J. Carmalt, "Revocation of the Edict of Nantes;" I. Fisher, "Liberal vs. Technical Education;" G. B. Fowler, "Bulgaria and Roberts College;" E. W. Harter, "Edgar Allan Poe;" O. S. Isbell, "Changes in the World's Beliefs;" F. P. Solley, "Horace Greeley;" H. L. Stimson, "Béranger and France;" F. L. Woodward, "Thomas à Becket."

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The Winter Athletic Meetings

Were held in Lincoln Rink on Wednesday, March 2d, and Saturday, March 5th. We give the winners of the separate events: *Tug of War* ('87 team)—Copley, anchor; Bissell, Scoville and Ferris. *Putting the Shot*—Woodruff, '89, 35 ft.; Coxe, '87 (exhibition), 39 ft. 10 in. *High Jump*—Shearman, '89, 5 ft. 6 in.; breaking the Yale record; *Pole Vaulting*—Shearman, '89, 10 ft. 2½ in.; breaking the Yale record. *Schlaegel Contest*—Tillinghast, '88. *Fencing*—Knapp, '87. *Club Swinging*—Greene, T. S. *Rope Climbing*—Shearman, '89. *Mile Run*—Harmer, '90; time, 4 min. 12 sec. *Middle Weight Sparring*—Wellman, '88. *Heavy Weight Sparring*—Hamlin, '87 S. *Light Weight Sparring*—Dickinson, '90. *High Kick*—Lee, '89 S., 9 ft. ¼ in.; breaking Yale record.

Chi Delta Theta.

The '87 LIT. board have invited a number of the present senior class to unite with them in reviving this ancient literary society which led an active existence during the second quarter of this century. The purpose of the society thus organized, will be literary discussion and criticism. Previous to the graduation of '87, its traditions will be handed over to '88. Its present membership is as follows: John Bennetto, Francis C. Clarke, William R. Douglas, Andrew F. Gates, William Kent, Chas. H. Ludington, Jr., William McCormick, Henry L. May, Louis H. Peet, Herbert F. Perkins, William L. Phelps, John N. Pomeroy, James R. Sheffield.

The News Supper.

The tenth annual *News* supper was held at Redcliffe's, on Friday night. The guests were S. T. Crapo, C. J. Griggs, F. W. Moore, E. W. Peet, and F. G. Peters of the '86 *News* oard; C. Townley, '86 S.; W. R. Douglas, '87; W. J. Hand, '7; C. M. Hinkle, '87; H. L. May, '87; W. McCormick, '87; N. Pomeroy, '87; F. R. Whittlesey, '87; D. M. Cummings, 87 S.; and C. G. Miller, '88 S. The following regular toasts ere responded to:

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Retiring Board, ... W. H. Cowles.
"What's the *News!* What's the *News!*"

Incoming Board, ... M. R. Waite, Jr.
"The Gates are open, and Heaven is won."

P. G., ... S. T. Crapo.
"The distinct interests of the stockholders, bondholders and directors of railroads."

Minerva, ... H. L. May.
"Let me have audience for a word or two."

The Record, ... W. R. Douglas.
"The owl for all his feathers was a-cold."

Athletics, ... W. H. Seward, Jr.
"Records that defy the tooth of time."

The College Muse, ... W. McCormick.
"A peculiar and pleasant modification of consciousness."

The Lit. . . . . . J. N. Pomeroy.
"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair."

Prodigal Son, ... C. M. Hinkle.
"Kill the fatted calf . . . and let us eat and be merry."

S. S. S. . . . . . W. P. Ordway.
"His worth is warrant for his welcome hither."

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BOOK NOTICES.

Realistic Philosophy. Defended in a Philosophic Series. By James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., Litt. D. In two volumes. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $3.00. For sale by Judd.

These attractive volumes contain the results of the author's latest investigations in the field of philosophical inquiry, in which he has been prominent for so many years. They consist of eight pamphlets previously published in the "Philosophic Series," and two articles reprinted from the *New Princeton Review*. Dr. McCosh has divided his treatment of the subject into two parts, expository and historical. In the first volume he lays down some general principles of philosophy and discusses subjects like Development, Providence, Causation, and Criteria of Truth. In the second volume, the same questions are subjected to a historical and critical treatment. He examines Locke's theory of knowledge, Berkeley's idealism, the agnosticism of Hume and Huxley, the critical philosophy of Kant, and the evolutionary principles of Herbert Spencer. To any one at all interested in practical philosophy, President McCosh's work will prove deeply interesting. The style is singularly clear, and the language explains itself. In assigning Realism its place among the various philosophies, the author gives a short sketch of the entire history of the subject, showing in few words the salient features of different systems. The general introduction is as interesting as anything in the work, as the writer gives his views as to what an American philosophy should be. Dr. McCosh is a firm believer in a healthy realism, and as philosophy must reflect the ideas of the people, he thinks that the final form of speculative thought in America will be realistic as opposed to idealism on the one hand and skepticism on the other. Showing that pure idealism like that of Berkeley or Fichte gives a basis for skepticism, he argues that realism is the only thing with which agnosticism can be successfully met. Dr. McCosh states his views with considerable positive force, but backs them up with acute logical reasoning. The publisher's work on these volumes is excellent.

History of Modern Philosophy. Descartes and his School. By Kuno Fischer. Translated by J. P. Gordy, Ph.D. Edited by Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $3.50. For sale by Judd.

Professor Fischer of Heidelberg ranks as one of the most able and profound of Germany's philosophic scholars; yet his work is written in so clear and simple a style, as to interest not merely the student of philosophy, but the student of literature. His history has stopped with Schelling, as the author wishes to interpret the theories of Hegel in the most satisfactory manner possible. The translation, however, is only of that part which deals with Descartes and his school, including Spinoza, which makes really a separate and complete work. It is translated from the third and revised German edition, and the fact that a large and expensive history like Professor Fischer's should go to a third edition in so short a time, affords abundant proof of the satisfaction it has given. Dr. Porter's brief introduction gives

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an idea of the scope and value of the work. The first chapter opens with the history of philosophy as science; then the development of Greek philosophy is taken up, and the general subject followed through Christianity and the Church; the Middle Ages, the Renaissance and the Reformation. Then Descartes' life and writings are discussed, after which his doctrine is subjected to a careful examination. The third and last book in this volume deals with the development and modification of Cartesianism. A second volume will continue the work.

How He Lost Her. Or, True Love Never Runs Smooth. By Jonathan Barrett, C.E. New York: G. W. Dillingham. For sale by Peck.

This novel fills a bulky volume of over five hundred pages, and to read it through would assuredly be a dreary task. One will search in it in vain to find anything which can serve as a sufficient excuse for its publication. It reads more like a private diary than like a connected story. There is no sense of proportion apparent in sketching the incidents of the narrative, and the style is absolutely without literary merit. The most trivial events are dragged in and described at length in a style that is always barbarous and occasionally ungrammatical. The story opens with the account of a stage ride in which space is given for descriptions of everything—from the mountain scenery to the underclothing in the traveler's trunk. The book contains some interesting chapters and the attempts at character-sketching are not total failures; but the art of novel-writing requires some idea of due proportion, and at least a tolerable command of language.

The Story of Persia. By S. G. W. Benjamin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50. For sale by Judd.

This is the latest and surely one of the most interesting books in the "Story of the Nations" series. Mr. Benjamin's thorough familiarity with the Persia of to-day, has given him a great deal of material on which to found a history of her past. This narrative, however, covers a totally different field from a recent work published by the same author, "Persia and the Persians." That is a study of Persian life and character of the present time, while this goes back to her legendary history, and in fact, gives much more space to that period than is common in other accounts. Mr. Benjamin has a higher opinion of Persian military skill and courage than the one generally received, and brings it out strongly in this book. We think his work will prove entertaining to all, whether they have or have not a special interest in oriental history.

Talks About Law. A Popular Statement of What Our Law is and How it is Administered. By Edmund P. Dole. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.00. For sale by Peck.

The object of this book is not to make every man his own lawyer, but to give to those outside the legal profession a popular and general knowledge of what the law is and the way it is administered. The book will also be valuable to law students and to those who contemplate studying law. All kinds of questions coming under the general head of law are discussed, such as the divorce question, employers and employees, partnership, contracts, patents, insurance, wills, etc. Also special points like courts, pleadings,

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evidence, law terms and criminal prosecution find an important place. Mr. Dole carefully considers the jury question from both sides, and his remarks on that subject are extremely interesting. We have no doubt many will find his book of great value.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Wedlock. Its Hopes and Hypocrisies. By a Married Man. New York: G. W. Dillingham. 50 cents. For sale by Peck.

A Chapter on Wall Street. In Four Parts and a Moral. By R. S. H. New York: G. W. Dillingham. 10 cents. For sale by Peck.

The Hunchback. The Love-chase. By James Sheridan Knowles. Cassell's Nat. Library. 10 cents.

The Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Written by Himself. Cassell's Nat. Library. 10 cents.

Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome. Cassell's Nat. Library. 10 cents.

A Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe. A Compact Itinerary of the British Isles, Belgium and Holland, Germany and the Rhine, Switzerland, France, Austria and Italy. With Maps. Edition for 1887. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50. For sale by Peck.

Sermons on Evil Speaking. By Isaac Barrow, D.D. Cassell's Nat. Library. 10 cents.

Plutarch's Lives of Pericles, Fabius, Maximus, Demosthenes and Cicero. Cassell's Nat. Library. 10 cents.

Crochet Castle. By Thomas Love Peacock. Cassell's Nat. Library.

Principles of Art. Part I, Art in History. Part II, Art in Theory. By John C. Van Dyke. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. $1.50. For sale by Judd.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

St. Elihu, you whom we have heretofore spoken of in terms of reverence and respect, we bid you farewell. The mills of the gods have ground us exceeding small since the days when, puffed out with pride at our office, we plotted and planned to excell all predecessors, but our idol is shattered, our doll was stuffed with sawdust. A withered, heartless gagool are you, St. Elihu, to whom a set of servants are but milestones; you care no more for us than for predecessors and those following, and when we have slaved through our year's work, you turn us remorselessly out, to be succeeded and displaced by others.

Now, as we absentmindedly dip the mucilage brush in the ink bottle for the last time, and clear the foreign substance from the point of our pen for a final wrestle with our duties, a mingled sense of the sins of commission and omission comes over us, coupled with the pleasure and pain of tearing away from our bondage.

Esteemed cotemporaries, the lock of our post office box will no longer feel the quiver of expectation with which we hope for the appearance of

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some and the absence of others of you. When we have perused your columns we have felt that lofty exaltation which comes over us when we contemplate the future greatness of literature in our grand republic. So young and yet so bright. And now the lights of all the '87s are soon to be hid under a bushel, and the college editors will drive street cars and pay cash for rags until Fame finds them out.

But seriously, this College Editorial work is a great institution, though one for which the busy world has no time to notice. There is a discipline and an amount of practice in it which must come at some time in a writer's life, and it awakes a spark of literary fire in many a one who otherwise might never have tried his pen.

Tedious though our task has been at times, and uninteresting though college literature be, we would advise every man with the slightest ability to make the attempt in surroundings where his awkwardness will excite the minimum of ridicule.

The improvement in college journalism has been very marked in the past few years, and for the possibilities which are opened up by the periodicals aside from their varying intrinsic merits, we wish long and prosperous life to them all.

Finally, we would thank our classmates for offering to us opportunities of such value, and if our work has not been satisfactory we would hide ourselves behind an Arizona excuse, "Don't shoot, we done our best."

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Supplement to] *MARCH, 1887.* [*Vol. LII*

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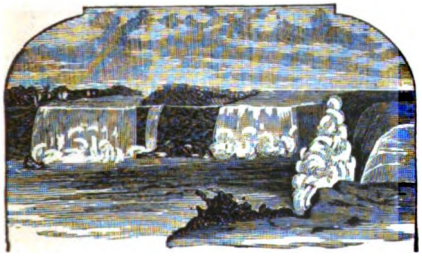
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VOL. LII. No. VII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

APRIL, 1887.

NEW HAVEN:
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.
On Sale at Thompson's.
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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-second Volume with the number for October, 1886. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is $3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Thompson's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

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THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LII. APRIL, 1887. NO. 7

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '88.

J. FRANKLIN CARTER, EDWARD C. FELLOWES,
HAROLD R. GRIFFITH, RICHARD M. HURD,
FRANK I. PARADISE.

THE LITERARY OUTLOOK.

IT is interesting to remember that the feelings of responsibility and pleasure with which the new board undertakes the conduct of the LIT. have been felt by successive boards now for over half a century. The magazine came into existence, in those early days, as the outcome of a new literary life born into the college. To-day, if it fulfills its highest function, it will give expression to the larger intellectual life which is sure to follow the development of the University idea.

Towards that idea the college has been growing in recent years, but it is since the inauguration of the last board that it has become a practical, working power among us. Outwardly the change is that Yale College no longer exists but as a department of the University. The *spiritual* change now begun and destined to grow more and more complete, is that *all* intellectual living is an end in itself and carries its own reward. One hears the criticism upon work done here, that it is mechanical, forced, without originality, without play of spirit. If there is any truth in this criticism the evil is likely to be reached by the development of this idea—that *all* intel-

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lectual life is an end in itself and that every study is dignified by being sought after for its own sake.

I said that the influence of the University idea, as presented to the alumni by our president at the association dinner, is sure to pervade every department of work in the University and it will give, as, indeed, it has already given, a new impulse to literary activity among us. And it is of this literary activity that our magazine, if it fulfills its highest function, will be the exponent and representative in the days to come.

Let us consider a moment some of the conditions under which we work.

It cannot be too often said that literary activity, in its best form, is dependent not only upon effort but upon a literary atmosphere. In this respect we stand always at a disadvantage with Harvard. About her walls there linger the traditions of all that is best in the literary life of our country. Scarcely can one find a great name in our literature which is not in some way associated with her history. This is an inestimable advantage to her students—an advantage which Yale does not possess. That subtle something which takes possession of the boy upon his entrance into college and moulds and forms him until it sends him out again stamped with her seal and directed in his life work has made more writers at Harvard and more men of affairs at Yale. Such a literary atmosphere as we have, therefore, must needs come from the present interest and enthusiasm, created by study and contact with master minds. And this end will be gained more and more as the University idea is applied more and more to literary studies.

I have often wondered if our President in the midst of one of his glowing after-dinner speeches upon this favorite subject of his, ever happened to remember the position the Junior Exhibition holds among us and if he did not enjoy the joke.

There was a time when intellectual life was at a low ebb and when every student was dosed with classics and mathematics much in the same spirit as Squeer's boys

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were dosed with treacle, when the Junior Exhibition was a very good reward of merit to the faithful student. It was the day of picture cards in the schools and the Junior Exhibition fitted very well the spirit of the time. To-day, however, we pretend to have gone beyond that sort of things and some of us even resent the debasement of a literary contest to picture-card uses. The belief is very general that a class literary contest should be representative of its literary talent, just as a mathematical prize contest should be representative of its mathematical talent. The present position of the Junior Exhibition is a false one. It does not represent the literary standard of the class and is not in sympathy with this University idea which we all believe in.

I have dwelt upon this because it has seemed to me that the spirit of it is essentially harmful to the literary interest of our college and in direct antagonism to the ideas we most prize.

In the growth of literary life in a community nothing is so essential as contact with master minds. Here at Yale we are again at a disadvantage. It is something to the Harvard student to have Mr. Lowell at the head of his department even though he does not come into much personal contact with him. We have no commanding figure upon our literary horizon, the prestige of whose name would draw students. The English Universities are constantly reaching out after the great minds of the time and bringing them into contact with their undergraduates. It is a source of deep regret that we have not the funds to enable us to do the same thing. Especially do we need at this time a commanding figure in the vacant chair of rhetoric and literature. No one feels this more than the younger instructors upon whom the work falls and who have done very much in awakening and sustaining the present interest in literary things. It is to be hoped that steps will be taken to fill this vacancy at once.

We are a much lectured community; but with all the literary talent close about us we have had only one or two courses of lectures upon literature during the present col-

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lege generation. Ruskin, Arnold, Goss, and most of the other distinguished men of letters in England run down to lecture in Cambridge and Oxford. But, as far as we are concerned, Stedman remains in New York, Lowell in Boston, Warner in Hartford and Donald Mitchell in New Haven. The course of lectures which Mr. Mitchell delivered to us a few years ago was an event not soon to be forgotten and it seems as if some means could be found to enable us to enjoy a repetition of the course.

During the year there has been, it seems to me, a distinct advance in the interest in literary work. The whole movement in the college seems in that direction—from the formation of the freshman debating club to the resuscitation of Chi Delta Theta. But most of all do we find our happy outlook in the new idea of study which is finding its way among us and which is sure to provoke us to greater effort and which will add a dignity to every study we undertake in its spirit.

AFTER RAIN.

Happy at last! The mournful spring hath shed
  Her piteous teardrops o'er the barren earth,
Chill, drear and lifeless with the winter's dead,
  And every pearl her grief hath given birth
Now quickens to a violet's chastity
Or bursts into the merry, happy play
Of crocuses, or soft and modest sighs
Of hyacinths as from the mould they rise.
Happy at last! The smiles come through the tears
  And fall in rainbow colors on the flowers.
  O joyful now the smoothly-gliding hours,
For spring hath banished all her cares and fears!
O pensive heart, the sunshine after rain,
  And more than rain, is more than beautiful!
  Awake and fill thee with his glory full
And know thy long-lived joy through short-lived pain!

Hubert W. Wells.

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JUNIOR PRIZE ORATION.

Béranger and France.

By HENRY LEWIS STIMSON, New York City.

THE history of France during the early portion of this century, reads like a troubled dream. Revolution, anarchy, restoration and overthrow, follow one another in a close, terrible succession. The vast dominion of Napoleon rises and melts away like a fabric of mist; the Bourbons are restored, expelled and restored again; and the whole country seems to be filled with a mighty spirit of change and unrest.

Into this strife of parties, this contest of discordant ambition, there enters the influence of a poet, so simple, so natural and withal so powerful, that, at first, we stand amazed, and wonder if he really was a Frenchman. Frenchman! The word brings at once to our minds visions of the brilliant French capital. Brilliant, sparkling, gay, yet false. Its centers aglow with feverish political life; its salons crowded with a shallow, heartless society; while beneath all comes an ominous murmur from the revolutionary Paris mob. Such is our current idea of Paris. And Paris, the old saying goes, is France. What place in such a picture can we find for a man like the poet Béranger? No, it can not be. We are mistaken, either in our man or in our country. Let us look again.

Outside of Paris, among the fields that cover the surface of "la belle France," lives her peasant population. Simple and light-hearted, it would be hard to find in any land a more ideally perfect country race. Here is none of the artificiality so prevalent in the capital. Here are truth and nature in all their simplicity, the stuff of which real poets are made. And so we are not surprised to learn that in one of these charming little country towns, near the Belgian frontier, Pierre-Jean de Béranger passed his child-

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hood. He was a Parisian by birth and lived in Paris during much of his after life, and through many of his poems runs a vein of Paris flippancy, but underneath that we may easily discern the broad foundation of truth and honor which was laid in the old home of Péronne. France has not fallen so low, Paris herself is not so hopeless, as portions of her history and many of her actions would make us believe. Throughout the country, even in the city itself, but mainly among the lower orders of the people, exists a broad current of noble, manly sentiment. To this feeling Béranger appealed, and with this class, as a man, he was identified. We must recognize its power, to understand his position, and, in turn, through the medium of his poems, we learn to appreciate the true sentiment of the French people.

It is as a lyric poet, a writer of love songs, that Béranger is known to most of us. Some of the brightest, purest, sweetest lyrics in any language come from his pen. But it is Béranger the writer of political songs who has an interest for us to-day; we are examining the secret of his power over the masses, his relations to the French people in their national and not their individual capacity. And first as to the man himself. There certainly seemed nothing very grand or heroic about him. Picture him, a witty, genial Frenchman, not very scrupulous, nor, according to the Roman Catholic standard, very religious. A man who was a great favorite at wine parties, who had a joke or a song ready for every occasion. Besides, he was very poor, and was obliged at times to do all sorts of literary hack work to keep himself from starving. These are not circumstances tending to produce either a great leader or a great poet. To discover the elements of Béranger's success we must go farther back. We must endeavor to find what inner qualities, what hidden powers of mind he had, to offset these disadvantages. And it is in his own works rather than in the testimony of others about him, that we shall meet with the greatest measure of success. "My songs—they are myself." And he was right. In them we can trace the whole course of his political career.

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In them we see him first presuming to criticize the government of Napoleon; in them is re-echoed the wail that rose when Waterloo was lost; we see him in the midst of his long conflict for liberty against the Bourbons; we sit with him beside his prison fire in La Force; and finally we hear the glad shout announcing the Three Days of July and the downfall of the oppressor. And in them all, amid the many phases of character there revealed, three traits stand forth most prominently. We feel the power of a mind of rare truth and clear perception; we catch glimpses of a life of never failing charity; and we find ourselves stirred by the efforts of a deep and noble patriotism.

Perhaps no one characteristic appears with such striking force as the simple truth and sincerity of the writer. At that time when party after party was struggling for the supremacy, when men's minds were still bewildered by the sudden influx of new ideas, the common people were the ones who remained most steadfast to their old principles and their old devotion to liberty. Béranger was one of them. He had witnessed the fall of the Bastille, he had lived through all the thrilling period of the first Revolution, and now, in the decline of the people's power, he still remained true. In him they had a champion who understood them, who could feel as they felt, and who could express in simple, beautiful songs, the hopes, the wishes, and the fears of all. This was his greatest power. Charles the Tenth could destroy whole editions of books; he could even control the daily press; but he could not prevent men from singing, and everywhere that men sang they sang the songs of Béranger. After all, the simple thoughts of the people represent the deepest and most natural feelings of us all. They love their homes, their children, each object about them grown dear by long association, and they fear any power which may rend these from them. All these emotions Béranger has caught p and expressed in the most simple, touching manner. [any of his songs have for us in their subjects no special gnificance. They are satires, directed against men long nce forgotten, petty officials whose little acts of tyranny

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no one now remembers or cares about. But the truth and the quiet power remain the same throughout. They are something which neither time nor change of circumstance can destroy. Yet the effect of this constant force and directness is not left unrelieved. Mingling with it and softening and tempering the harshness of its first attack, appears the gentleness of the author's nature. The old woman begging in the snow at the door of Notre Dame, the poacher, surprised at last and led away to prison, with his ragged little family following behind, are all described with unmistakable tenderness. It was this kindness which gave Béranger his personal power in the political world. Others, in those exciting times, were laboring for self or party, were busily engaged in forming or evading plots; but he, apparently, had no ambition for himself. Under the seclusion of his humble, quiet life, he was content to inspire and to watch; he cared not to control. And this forgetfulness of self, added to his charity, made his a living influence among the masses. In him they recognized a man whose advice could never be warped by prejudice, and naturally they trusted him.

Attractive as these qualities are to us, and powerful as they undoubtedly were in winning his way into the hearts of men, yet in depth and grandeur they fall behind the poet's one absorbing trait, his love of country. Away back in his childhood, from the steps of the old auberge at Péronne, he had heard in the summer evenings the enemy's cannon thundering against Valenciennes. All the fire of his boyish nature had been kindled at the sound. And what a noble, fervent flame it was! We who live in America, far from enemies and safe in a consciousness of power, can hardly realize a Frenchman's devotion to his country. To him France seems a living, loving, suffering mother. Every inch of her territory is sacred ground. Every blow which falls upon her cuts him to the quick. And how especially true was this of Béranger, whose clear mind could see in every new conspiracy, each plot, each riot, fresh evidence of his country's weakness! Pathetically he deplores her downfall. The name of

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Waterloo is accursed; never shall it sadden his song! All Napoleon's tyranny is forgiven, his faults are overlooked, because, after all, he had been the hero of France, a hero such as she might never see again. And as for those who had proved unfaithful, who had deserted their land at the hour of her humiliation, for them his contempt and loathing knew no bounds. For them all the charity of his disposition was swallowed up in his stronger patriotism. With stern, uncompromising severity, he denounced the betrayers of France.

In this he left the province of a songster, he rose almost to the dignity of prophet. Almost, yet not quite. For true, sincere, clear-minded as Béranger always was, he would not or he could not lead. In his songs we follow the current always. He interprets for us the highest thoughts of those about him, but they, unfortunately, are very vague. We thrill with exultation at the glories of the past; we shudder at the injustice of the present; but the future, that is left uncertain. Yet we must not find fault with him for the limitations of his sphere. He understood his own position perfectly. His mission was to bring before the world the inner thoughts and feelings of that strange and misjudged class, the French populace. "Le Peuple, c'est ma Muse," he had said. And his muse understood and loved him. Twenty years afterward, on the day of his funeral, all Paris was in the streets. The boulevards, the quays, even the boats along the river were crowded with a sorrowing multitude. Every man was uncovered. As the simple procession passed along in silence, suddenly there arose a cry, wrung from the very hearts of the people;—"Honneur! Honneur à Béranger!" The quiet, unambitious poet had won a place in the hearts of his countrymen, such as no other of his time enjoyed. He had given up his talents to their service, and as his reward he gained the love and gratitude of a nation.

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MR. CABLE'S MASTERPIECE.

IN November, 1883, there appeared in the columns of the *Century*, a story from the pen of Mr. George W. Cable (a name coming to prominence just then in literary circles) entitled, "Dr. Sevier." Readers of "The Grandissimes" and "Old Creole Days" hurried to secure a copy of the magazine, which contained in addition, an advertisement, intentional or otherwise, in the shape of an article headed, "Scenes of Mr. Cable's Romances," reviewing illustratively and descriptively that author's charming stories of antebellum life—and particularly Creole life—in and about New Orleans. A little reality of person or place is always a pleasing complement to a writer's imaginative creation: the advertisement imparted a relish for the new romance.

The first few chapters of "Dr. Sevier" were read with avidity, then as page after page was turned and month after month went by with only an occasional glimpse of the Doctor, and when the end seemed as far off as ever, interest abated; murmurs of unfavorable criticism were heard on all sides. The hurried, superficial reader, missing the drift of the romance, thought it "long drawn out" and "unnatural." The slow, steady, natural development of character—which has its source and growth in the "everydayness of this work-day world" and is not the mushroom birth of a moment—the sacrifice of one life and two hearts to bring another into true and vigorous being, the great and small that wrought a humane, though stagnated and embittered philosopher—a servant of fine theories and principles—to a submissive follower of the living personal Embodiment of all principle,—in short, the prime object of the work, was lost in impatience to follow the thread of the story.

Not long after its completion in the *Century* the story appeared in book form; here then was the opportunity to read connectedly and appreciatively. It seems to us that

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the greatest objection to periodic literature was never greater, never more displeasing and harrassing than during the publication of "Dr. Sevier" in its first form. The book is a mighty tragedy which should assure interest even if the author had wrought less wonderfully; as it was, to forget was impossible, to dwell for twelve long months in suspense was most painful. Mr. Cable keeps a growing interest to the end and we do not cease to look for surprises until the last sentence is finished.

Read in a concise form the story shewed forth its true beauty and merit. We had been inclined at first to look unfavorably upon the gay, careless, inconsistently chivalrous Narcisse with his bad quotations and nonsense, and even large-hearted, large-bodied Mrs. Riley, however delicately she balanced "Mike, the Bruiser" on her fat motherly arm, or coquetted with Ristofalo, seemed unnecessarily talkative and tiresome. The spy, to be sure, was irresistible; we had never before met that particular spy; moreover, he was the link upon whose strength or weakness hung the fate of the Richlings. We could endure his attachment for Mary and for a moment even forget the sick man wearily awaiting one that did not come. Now, however, the Creole's morning salutation of "Doctah, I am goin' ad the poss office," his confidential chats about the Byron difficulty, his buoyant spirit and never-fulfilled hope of a "hawgment," and more than all, his charming grace and faultless manner—these are an exquisite relief from the harrowing misfortunes of John and Mary Richling. Indeed, we find a grim amusement in Ristofalo's courtship and "Patent Prate" is at least endurable. We know at last what "Dr. Sevier" is. We see clearly defined the author's thought, the author's purpose, the author himself. We perceive the odors of orange blossoms, of roses, of blooming hedgerows about low-roofed, two-storied cottages; we see the same vine-clambered walls that we first knew in "Madame Delphine" and "Sieur George's." Yes, the charm that attaches to everything Southern is there, but marringly over all there hangs the cloud and smoke of battle, the blaze of burning

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ships and cotton bales, lurid sunsets in times of fever and pestilence and weary waiting.

The sweet, sad story of two perfect loves is but the prelude to this masterpiece. There is love—infinite love—through it all, but more, it is the expression of the subtle workings of Providence through the mighty struggles of a courageous man against mightier forces of circumstance and condition that were his by inheritance; the story of one "completely outfitted for prosperity but totally unequipped for adversity;" the story of a life sacrificed to a crying social evil; the story of one who, put into this world a pilgrim and a stranger to it, committed no greater wrong than striving to reconcile irreconcilable things. Richling saw it all when he said as he lay dying: "There could be no Art of healing till the world was full of graves." He gathered together the gold and cedar that another might build the temple. He died that something higher and better and nobler might live—that another life might "learn to call the meekest, lovingest One that ever trod this earth, Master."

Such is the story of "Dr. Sevier"—a noble frame-work, a great creation in itself. But it is only the dark warp with which the master-hand has exquisitely interwoven a woof of lights and shades, of beautiful philosophies and high theories, and the web he has wrought as his shuttles shifted through sorrow and anguish and darkness, is bright at last with the beauty of hope.

Hubert W. Wells.

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THE GRAVE OF HELEN JACKSON ("H. H.")

> "Do not adorn with costly shrub, or tree,
> Or flower, the little grave which shelters me.
> Let the wild, wind-tossed seeds grow up unharmed,
> And back and forth all summer, unalarmed,
> Let all the busy, tiny creatures creep."

A FEW miles north and west from the rocky ridge of Pike's Peak, the steep sides of Cheyenne Mountain, looming up like watch-towers on the border-line of plain and hill, throw their clear contour against the sky. On a little strip of soil near the mountain's summit stands a shady grove. Here the luxuriant kinnikinick weaves a rich carpet, figured by a delicate tracery of mountain wild-flowers. From far below rises the music of the cañon's waterfall and mingles with the soft murmuring of the pines and the songs of birds in the branches. To the front stretches the ocean-like expanse of plains, and behind mountain rises on mountain in rugged and solemn grandeur.

This was the place which Helen Jackson used to call her "garden." It was the dearest spot to her in all Cheyenne, and we know that Cheyenne was her favorite mountain. During her life at Colorado Springs it was to her the most interesting feature of all the wealth of mountain scenery of that region, and she was constantly climbing its sides on tours of exploration. Her pen-pictures have made us so familiar with its every feature that a first trip to the cañon seems like revisiting old scenes. The rocky walls in all their changing forms, the little brook and the silver shower in which it throws itself from the rocks above, the views of the plains which the great cliffs frame us,—we have known all these before. Even a humble aisy, reflected in the water, speaks to us of the friend of wers who used to love this place.

And so all through the mountain we trace her footsteps, til a long climb has brought us to her garden in Pine

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Forest. I do not know that she has ever pictured this to us. Perhaps she looked on it as a sacred place,—so realistic was the architecture of nature to her—and dared not profane this

> "temple unhewn,
> With its oracles mystic with words,
> Which men lose if they speak."

We have reason to believe that many of her verses which speak her love of nature most strongly, breathe of the influences of this place. It may be that some time from Cheyenne's summit she saw the "king" rise from his "bed of roses" and

> "saw a red glow
> Stream out of his door, such as roses show
> At heart, such a glow as no fire could bring."

Perhaps here, too, she wrote almost prophetically her "Last Words."

It is true that in time she seemed to tire of Colorado and spent her last years in sunny California. But she never forgot old Cheyenne and that little nook high up on its sides. In her last illness, while she was waiting so cheerfully for the end, uttering even at the last some of her sweetest strains, her heart went back to its first love and she made a last request to be buried in her "garden."

The few friends that followed her body to the burial carried out her wishes so literally that not even a headstone was set to mark the grave. Since then a monument has been raised there that to me speaks more eloquently than could the costliest shaft of marble. Each friend that has visited the scene has carried from the cañon's bottom a bit of shining quartz, until a mound of a thousand pieces has been raised, which is constantly wreathed with wild flowers and vines.

As we stand beside that strange grave and think of the great throng which have made these funeral offerings, the many-sidedness of Helen Jackson's nature is brought home to us. She was the first poet of American women,—perhaps, if we except Mrs. Browning, of all English-speak-

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ing women; and in her sympathy and thorough acquaintance with the world of flowers, a compeer of Wordsworth and Longfellow. But the poetic did not absorb her whole nature. While Emerson carried her lines about with him to read them to his friends, hundreds of simple-folk have gratefully worked out in their daily lives the precepts of her kindly common-sense, and I am sure that many of the simple "children of nature" were her friends.

Thus lonely mothers and friendless maidens have had their part in the work of love, while gentle Romona has wept beside her protector's grave and faithful Alessandro has told his people's wrongs. And from all these hearts has gone up that simple benediction which was the only eulogy she craved,

"How she loved us! 'Twas this which made her dear."

Lewis S. Welch.

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TO MIGNON.

(FROM GOETHE.)

Over vale and river flying
Phoebus' car its course is plying;
  Ah, it rouseth with its ray
Pain that throbbeth deep in my heart
As in thy heart,
  New with each returning day.

Nor can gracious Night avail me;
Visions manifold assail me,
  Crowding in in mournful guise.
And I feel their wondrous power
Every hour
  In my secret heart arise.

Down the river, seaward bearing,
Oft I've watched the vessels faring;
  Each its wished-for haven gains;
Ah! but in my heart abiding,
Deeply hiding,
  Tarry still the constant pains.

Toilet fine I must be making,
From the press the gay garb taking,
  For the festal day is here.
Grief my heart of hearts is bending,
Breaking, rending,
  But to none may it appear.

Bitter tears in secret flowing,
Yet a cheerful face I'm showing,
  Eyes are bright and cheeks are red.
Ah! but were the pain I'm feeling
Past all healing,
  Long ago had I been dead!

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HOWELLS' NOVELS.

"If I were to write a story, I should want to take the slightest sort of a plot, and lay the scene in the dullest kind of place, and then bring out all their possibilities. I'll tell you a book after my own heart—*Details*—just the history of a week in the life of some young people, who happen together in an old New England country-house, nothing extraordinary, little every-day things told so exquisitely, and all fading naturally away without any particular result, only the full meaning of everything brought out."

—*Chance Acquaintance.*

LIKE human beings every book has a personality of its own, implanted there by the purpose, genius, and temperament of the author. The influence the book exerts arises not so much from the separate thoughts and illustrations which compose it, as from some indefinable spirit pervading the whole work. The author draws from a source whose character is already determined, and from the book that has issued out of this fountain, we receive a new influence, just as we do from each man and woman we meet. The tone of any work shaped by the mind of a genius, no matter what his subject and his purpose, is profound and powerful by the very force of the master intellect. The great epics from Homer down differ from one another as the vast ocean from the spacious firmament. There is a mighty power behind these poems and infused into them. In this they are alike. The impression left by lesser works, if the author is able to strike some chord within one to chime in sympathy with his thought, or to call into life some sleeping impulse, is often deep. By such writings as these, too, we may be raised from our present plane of living and thinking to one a little nearer our ideal. Another class of books there is whose influence tends only to keep us revolving upon that plane where we already stand. To this last-named class belong Mr. Howells' novels. It is the purpose of the author to represent average American society. No high ideal, to be sure; for the aims of American society, it is to be feared,

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are not such as to inspire a search for nobler ways of living, unless by way of contrast they may cause us to avoid them.

But the end in view has been most faithfully striven for. With the spirit sought after the author has become thoroughly imbued. When in the midst of one of his novels, we feel drawn into perfect appreciation of the actual tone of American life. In the railroad station and passenger car of Howells, we recognize familiar scenes, portrayed exactly as we all have seen them. His travelers behold the same sights and make the same remarks about them as thousands of others have. The supper-table talk, the entertainment of guests, and the conversation exchanged over the petty interests of life, we instinctively feel, and can often certify from experience, are just as they have been and always will be. The heroes and heroines love no more ardently than is usual in ordinary life. Hearts are wounded but never broken. Deep passion is supposed to be and doubtless is quite rare in real life. Accordingly it finds small place in Mr. Howells' novels.

Those interested in the study of that great psychological mystery—woman—are sure to find many suggestions quite true to life, and most sagaciously divined in any one of these books. The curious motives and inexplicable actions of young ladies are pictured with a shrewdness and humor quite admirable. How Mr. Howells knows the way in which girls talk when they are alone together, it is impossible to say, yet Miss Irene and Penelope Lapham chatter in a manner quite in keeping with what one would expect of two ordinary young women without ambition or much intelligence. Howells seems to have become saturated, as it were, with the spirit of average womankind, as with every other spirit he has attempted to reproduce.

The commonplace character is quite perfectly drawn in every shade of its commonplace life that the author has tried to depict. If you are in search of a typical, commonplace artist, the commonplace college student, the typical Bostonian, or New Yorkian; in short, if you wish to read of any phase of ordinary American life look in one of

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Howells' novels. If the type you are looking for has not been represented in his books, you will doubtless find it in his next, transcribed faithfully from life. If you desire to behold a commonplace young lady psychologically anatomized, I will recommend Mr. Howells as an analyst. These are the books to read if one wishes to become impregnated with the spirit of ordinary American life. The key-note is low, but we feel that Mr. Howells has struck it aright.

The genius of the author, too, is commonplace—highly developed in its own plane, perfect as far as it goes, but shedding no glow over the life and scenes pictured. The poetry of life is ignored—purposely or through lack of power. However, thanks to Shakespeare and hundreds with lesser talent, we know that there may exist, even in commonplace life, men and women with traits of character and ambitions not dreamed of by Howells' people. All of us, yes, Mr. Howells himself, has felt that a tone higher than is struck in these books, is possible even in our ordinary, monotonous daily life. Although it is true that such a tone as our novelist has sounded characterizes some spheres about us, yet this is not a sufficient excuse for him to be continually thrusting upon us books that are calculated to keep us revolving in the same orbit.

The biographer rarely selects for his hero an ordinary man. When he does his books are seldom read. We prefer to acquaint ourselves with a character worthy of imitation in some respects. The realms where biography and history have legitimate scope are peopled with men and women distinguished for some sort of intellectual force. In the less lofty spheres of human life, where history and biography can seldom reach, men and women are passing lives in obscurity, whose characters, on account of some marked trait, are as worthy to be portrayed three-fourths of those who parade in the foremost ranks history. Do not the self-sacrifice of Jeanie Deans, the fty aims of Dorothea Brooks, the beauty and caprice of eatrice Castlewood, charm and instruct us, as well as the votion of Florence Nightingale, or the loveliness of

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Mary Queen of Scots? Do Scott, Thackeray, and George Eliot, overstep the limits of the province allowed to the novelist, when they picture such men and women as we do not daily meet? Do the books of Howells, by groveling amidst our every-day life, among none but commonplace people, uplift us as those of the great novelists, even if we make some considerable allowance for the less amount of genius Nature has granted Mr. Howells?

Let the historian and biographer tell us of the grand and the base men thrust into prominence by their own abilities, or by the circumstances of birth or fortune. Let them describe the events that have been the most powerful forces in moulding our world into its present shape.

It is still left for the novelist to emphasize by his creations traits which, although they do not make men and women famous, yet cause them to be loved and admired. From an obscure country village or from the solitude of a great city, let the novelist bring to the light characters, who in their own narrow circle are as justly distinguished for their integrity and sweetness, their lofty aims and determined struggles, as a Washington or a William the Silent. Let him surround a character that is worthy of description by such people and circumstances as his ingenuity can invent; then the personality of his book, if the writer be endowed with a fair portion of talent, will at least be a little above the commonplace.

Arthur M. Hyde.

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RABBI BEN EZRA.

THE difficulty of the problem of life and its intimate relation to the welfare of all mankind makes every utterance on the subject deserving of careful attention and none more so than one from the pen of a poet-philosopher. In a short poem like Rabbi Ben Ezra we cannot expect to find a new interpretation of religion, whether Judaism or Christianity, nor do we find any attempt to deal with theology; in fact, the simple faith with which Browning has imbued each verse, is the basis of the whole argument and its elaboration at the end of the poem is a prayer that rivals any in the English ritual. So that, unless we accept this belief, it is well-nigh impossible to come into entire sympathy with the spirit of the poem, for with faith it begins and with faith it ends.

> Our times are in his hand
> Who saith "A whole I planned,
> " Youth shows but half; trust God, see all, nor be afraid!"

He would have us remember that life is not completed until Death's blow is struck. The better part is the latter. In youth it is our privilege to study, strive and learn, using to the best of our ability the power and ambition God has given, never complaining but often thanking Him for His innumerable gifts and mercies. This is the preparation. Old age is the time to judge with full knowledge of right and wrong, to live without struggle or sorrow, at peace with the world, and boldly to meet death and the judgment—boldly, for God judges, not by results as do men, but by aspirations and impulses. The line:

> This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped

sums up the true value of man and begins the grand metaphor of the Potter's wheel. Such a sketch of the poem is only an outline, the bare and scanty framework around which are grouped multitudes of striking passages and

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here and there a brilliant flight of fancy. The keen thoughts spring up on every side, some, like thorns, goading us to duty, some luring us into the realms of imagination, but not one that appeals more dearly to one's heart than the high conception of man. By no means a perfect being, although he has strength, power and wits, but a being who can overcome hardest obstacles, who can raise himself far above the brutes—so far that he becomes "a God though in the germ;" and this is sufficient reason for any suffering, any toil, and is one of the joys of old age. In this same way all youth is made to contribute to the happiness of later life.

The discussion of old age is the most unique and, at the same time, most faulty point of the work.

> So, better, age, exempt
> From strife, should know, than tempt
> Further.

The old Rabbi makes no effort to define the duration of youth, although it is evidently made coexistent with labor; but for the average man labor continues until his dying day. If we can conceive of a time when all cares are over, when the mind is fully developed and the body at rest, when comfortably housed, with all worldly enjoyment, we look back over the troubled sea of life and decide all knotty questions satisfactorily—if we can conceive of such a time—we will know that then, we are no longer young. But to look at the question a little more justly, there is one verse that may indicate some work, that may mean a little more fighting:

> And I shall thereupon
> Take rest, ere I be gone
> Once more on my adventure brave and new.

So vague an intimation of possible work does not, however, affect the chief thought—the thought that in age we are happier because nearer death, because experience is ours and ability to judge our past life; it rather makes the pleasanter the anticipation of happiness to come.

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But is this anticipation of happiness just and reasonable? Every instinct of nature points out the glad years of early life as more full of joy. The work may be harder, but more energy lies dormant within us. Character is being formed, knowledge is being acquired; every day something is added and although now and then despondency must come, the sorrow is quickly forgotten and the joy is all the sweeter. Surely he is a grim philosopher who asserts that the gray winter of old age, seared by the recollection of many sins and many disappointments, is happier than the glad spring of youth. Moreover, it is very strange that a man who so thoroughly believes that life makes many failures, should imagine it either comfort or pleasure to look back upon them. It is only here, in giving a picture of weak, retrospective old age, that the piece weakens.

But the beauty of the last prayer overshadows all faults and the last line, like the first, is but another aspect of life, another view of the import of the poem. Thus the lasting impression is of strength rather than weakness, of success rather than failure. For having read and studied it, we are better men, more capable of fighting the world, more willing to accept the advice:

> Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
> Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

Edward L. Parsons.

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NOTABILIA.

TO-DAY for the fifty-second time St. Elihu greets the college through new spokesmen. And these spokesmen find it just as embarrassing to make their little bow and speech of greeting and of promise as all have found it who have gone before them. Our greetings we do most heartily give you all. Our promises we are shyer of; because if there are many things just now in our favor, there are, too, special responsibilities resting on those who have charge of the LIT. at this time. The increasing literary interest throughout the college so apparent in many ways, the awakening to an appreciation of the partial lack and great need of a strong literary spirit here at Yale, put the LIT. under the necessity of becoming more than ever a vigorous, guiding force in the direction of the development and sustenance of such a spirit. And this the editors of themselves can only accomplish to a very small degree indeed—that must rest almost wholly with our readers and contributors, and we shall ask their aid in the following ways:

Of those who read the magazine we would ask that they read it more seriously, more critically; that if they must read first of all the names at the end of the articles, they will then go back and read the articles themselves; that they will try to cease regarding every published piece alike as one step towards the end of an editorship; that if they read at all, they will read with a judgment between the good and the bad—if the judgment is intelligent and fair and *expressed*, so much the better. A piece should not be considered to have passed its probation when it is published in the LIT., but to have only that moment begun the crucial test of a critical reading by the college. In this way, and only in this way, can college writers be made to regard their work as of any dignity, the lack of which feeling is utterly degrading and disheartening to the writer and preventive of every element of worth in his work.

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To our contributors we would make the following suggestions, which, in view of the tendency of much of the work done would seem to be called for: In the first place make *honesty* the first great inevitable test of your work. Shun anything like superficiality or false show. If you have not —or cannot get—thoughts of your own of some artistic, or ethical, or instructive value, don't write! If you criticise an author, don't go to *Poole's Index* to find some famous man's estimate of him—go to his books! Whatever your article is—essay, story, sketch, poem—be sure—very sure—that what you say is yours—either original with you or made your own by full study and agreement—and that it is, for some reason, worth the saying. There are no restrictions as to subject or length—though, in general, articles should cover not less than three nor more than six pages of the Lit. Finally, remember that the Lit. embodies and expresses to the outside world the literary tone and standard of our University, and that thus the literary reputation of Yale is directly what you choose to make it.

The recent munificent gift of Mr. S. B. Chittenden to the University of one hundred thousand dollars for an extension of our present library is one that deserves the warmest recognition and gratitude from every undergraduate and alumnus of Yale. The conditions of the gift, too, make it particularly worthy of praise; the great reading room with its desks, the liberal hours and the reported lighting by electricity. Our library, containing nearly 180,000 volumes, is sadly cramped for room, for both books and students, and the extension comes in the nick of time. But its value will be enormously impaired if it does not abolish the unfortunate—to use the mildest term—restriction in the present library, which forbids the students :cess to the shelves. This is a restriction crippling at very turn the usefulness of such a vast collection of ooks to the individual. The library is now universally :knowledged to be the nucleus around which every uni-:rsity is formed, and the culture of the university must

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depend to a very large degree on the efficiency, and amount of use made of its library. And there is scarcely more dissent from the theory that free access to the books is necessary to gain the full force of their influences. The use of the library by the students, too, would increase, we are very sure, not less than fifty per cent. were the restriction removed. It is hard to see the obstacles in the way of throwing the alcoves open. If there are books too valuable to be trusted for any reason to the touch of any but a practiced hand, they could easily be kept by themselves, while it is not credible that the authorities distrust either the honesty or capacity of the students in handling the great majority of the books on the library shelves. We firmly believe that this is a very serious and vital ground of petition on the part of the students, and one which the authorities should have most cogent reasons for disregarding, if at all. A change in this direction would be most thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the new administration.

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PORTFOLIO.

——To one of the spirit to relish old Isaak Walton's "Angler," there can hardly be a more charming book for odd, lazy moments than Burton's "Book-Hunter." Its atmosphere is one mingling that of the palatial libraries of the noble bibliophiles of England with that of the humblest little dusty stalls in a forsaken side street. Where there are rare books, there runs the current of the discourse, explaining and enlivening by its merry chatter the dullest nooks and corners that ever were the retreat of a bookworm. A wonderful store of information of every kind about the art and history of the making of famous books; anecdotes without end of men and libraries and sales; analysis and character sketches of the various species of the genus book-hunter—these, set in a frame of quiet, richly humorous observation and remark, make up a rambling, old-fashioned charm that we fear can never be imitated. Truly the spirit of a sport does become sometimes the spirit of the man. Isaak Walton and John Burton loved the gentle sport of angling together, with the only difference that Walton angled for the finny tribe in shadowy pools under the maples, while Burton angled in "four-penny boxes" under the shabby awning of a stall for the stray Elzevir or Aldine. And the books these two men wrote are as like as two peas in their sunny contentment, their shrewd peeps at the noise and turmoil of the bustling world, in their never-ceasing flow of rich, kindly humor that stings no one, and will bring a smile on every gentle face as long as their books shall last. It would seem as if in the heat and the dust and the strife of a life of to-day every man would do well to become a follower of some branch of the "gentle craft."

——There is an eternal personality in the sea, a something uncannily human, which it has been the habit of the story-tellers of the world to make much of, either for good or evil. To my mind the custom is a beautiful one. The sea is full of a character that changes with the mind of its observer, but chiefly it is in sympathy with the very happy and the miserable or the guilty. To men of each of these conditions every mood of the sea is the full expression of the kindliness or malignity that is in it, and always the man who feels its human quality is bound to it by the spell of a strange fascination. It is to

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him a great and holy mystery, full of a mighty benevolence, and dangerous only in the kindly playfulness of strength; or else it is a mystery of death and horror, of dead men's bones and sunken ships, an eternity of mockery. This last character of the sea is by far the more dramatic of the two, and has served as text for many writers, but rarely has better use been made of it than by Stevenson in the story of "The Merry Men." An undertone of awful weirdness and of "the horror of the charnel ocean" runs even through its brighter passages, and we never get out of hearing of "the Roost roaring like a battle where it runs by Aros, and the great and fearful voices of the breakers that we call the Merry Men." The elements of the tale are most justly conceived and put together for the author's purpose. On "sea-girt Aros" there is solitude, for solitude is the great condition of the ocean's spiritual influence upon mankind. To Gordon Darnaway, "biting his nails at destiny," the sea may rightly be a dreadful thing, for only such as he can understand the full and perfect horror of its darkest character. The murder of the shipwrecked sailor seems like an outgrowth of the deadly greed of the Merry Men, and the episodes of the thigh-bone brought up from the depths of Sandag Bay and the "sea-runes" written on its treacherous surface, are but part of a series of incidents so well attuned that we cannot help but see the tigerish quality and gruesomeness of the deep where the dead "thick like rattons" lie amid the sea-tangle and the wrecks of ships. The story of the Merry Men is simply written, but the power and pathos of it are things to be dwelt upon, as connoisseurs linger over old wine. G. P.

——I shall ever despair of my ability to put on paper what I felt on reading "Sir Percival." The whole charm of the book seems to me too fine a thing to be caught in any discussion of its merits. After breathing its atmosphere of ideal right and purity and love, it is impossible calmly to dispute about this or that point. One is raised so high above the commonplace that he seems for the time another creature; he partakes of the nature and aims of those with whom he has been living and comes back to earth with almost a sigh to think it is but a book. The story told is so simple as to appear almost childish. What is it but the story of a few people living in an out of the way corner of England? What is it but the simply told story of the life of self-renunciation which a girl leads

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for the sake of a man, whom she loved as few women have ever loved? Pathetic you may call it if you will; to me it can never seem so. The grandeur of Constance's character raises the story so far above the ordinary level of pathos, so fills my soul with images of that universal love, of that divine sacrifice—so intensely real to her—that it seems to me almost sacrilege to call it pathetic. The scene is laid in the present day, the people are such as you may meet anywhere in society; the language of the book is simple to the verge of plainness, but all so illumined with the divine idea of the writer, that the commonest expressions take on an unwonted glory, and the simplest phrase brings the quick tears to your eyes. There hangs over all the book an atmosphere as of an old time scene, of mysticism. As we listen to the descriptions of Kingswood and of the chapel in the forest; as we pay silent attention to the old Duke reading aloud from his black-letter "Morte d'Arthur," about "Sir Percyvale who was one of the best knyghtes of the world, that at that tyme was, in whome the verry feythe moost stood," and of his vision when he saw "a damoysel alle in whyte with a vessel in both her hands, and forth withall I was holi;" as we hear all this we are insensibly carried back into the dim past, into the days of chivalry and of knights errant. And what shall I say of Constance? Of her I cannot speak; to know her at second hand is inconceivable; and I can but say of her what the Marquis of Clare says to Sir Percival, speaking of Jane Austen's "Persuasion:" "There is a woman in it, Anne Elliot, the most perfect thing ever done. . . . . And I declare to you that no girl ever reminded me of Anne Elliot so much as Constance Lisle." It is a question with some whether Sir Percival did at the last love Constance. The whole of the story from the time of his departure seems to me a complete proof that he did. And when at the last, Sir Percival, wasted with fever, lies in the African hut, instantly expecting his execution, as we almost hear him murmur, "And I saw a damoysel all in whyte with a vessel in both her hands, and forth withal I was holi;" of whom then can we think but Constance Lisle?

——That a mathematician by means of his figures should be able to give aid to literary criticism, is rather unexpected. The idea that cold mathematical calculations may be of help in settling the delicate subject of disputed authorship seems in direct opposition to our views about the radical differences ex-

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isting between these two branches of learning. Such, however, promises to be the case. In the *Science* of March 11th, Professor Mendenhall has published his novel theory for plotting the "characteristic curve" of an author's composition. The idea is founded upon the supposition that every author has some peculiarity in the use of words which will cling to him all through his productive period. If, now, an author's composition be graphically represented by means of a curve, his peculiarity in the use of words will create a corresponding peculiarity in the curve of his composition, and this curve will be characteristic of himself. Accordingly, should the curve of a work of doubted authorship be compared with the curve of some author's composition, and be found to coincide, it would be reasonable to conclude that the author of the latter was the author of the former; while if they did not coincide, it would be decided proof that they were the work of different persons. The manner of graphic representation is as follows: From the works of an author any thousand consecutive words are taken and count kept of the times words of each number of letters occur. Then on "squared" paper distances proportional to the different numbers of letters occurring in the words, are measured off on a horizontal line, and perpendicular to each point is measured a distance proportional to the number of times words of its respective letter length are contained in a thousand. These last points are joined by a curve which gives the plot of the thousand words. By averaging the plots of a number of such groups from one another the normal curve of his composition is obtained. The theory has had no time, as yet, for development, but the results of the first few experiments published in the *Science* give great promise of its usefulness. Dickens and Thackeray were taken as two contemporary novelists, and, accordingly, as two authors whose use of words would be most liable to be similar. The curve of composition of each, however, showed a characteristic difference. Some other trials were made, all of which were equally favorable. But the theory was given its severest test in its application to two addresses of Mr. Edward Atkinson. The substance of both was identical, but one was written to be addressed to the workingmen of Providence, and the other to be delivered before the alumni of Andover Seminary. Although these two speeches were written in a far different style in accordance with the taste of the audience, yet the

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curves of the two showed a remarkable similarity. Perhaps such authority would not be conclusive in itself, but with the aid of the methods now in use in determining doubted authorships, it may become of inestimable value to literary criticism. An important feature is that all results obtained by this means will be mathematically accurate and free from all effects of personal opinion or prejudice. The working value of the theory will have to be demonstrated by its development, but the bright promise of success it offers, and its great usefulness in case of success, warrant from all friends of literature the most hearty interest in its development. T. E. D.

——It is now several months since Mr. Julian Hawthorne published in *Lippincott's Magazine* a short novel or romance, entitled "Sinfire." In the columns of the same magazine Mr. Edgar Fawcett refers to Mr. Hawthorne as doing most valuable work in a critical way, but laments that he is not instead adding more to the national literature. After reading "Sinfire" it is just possible that some may dissent from Mr. Fawcett's opinion. For although "Sinfire" carries a certain interest, if considered as a typical American book, it does not encourage one as to the future literary outlook. It is the conquest of style over thought, of outward polish over inward substance. Whatever merit lies in smooth and flowing language, in picturesque epithets and graceful turns of speech, "Sinfire" certainly possesses. But the details of the plot, calmly considered, are more than sensational; they are almost revolting. The feelingless murder of one brother by the other and the sudden death of the third in the act of attempting revenge, are indeed startling, and contain elements of the dime novel to a degree not easily tolerated in a writer of Mr. Hawthorne's position. The only relief comes in the clever way in which Mr. Hawthorne has so clothed the repulsive points of the plot as to blunt the shock they inflict. What will still further jar upon the reader, however, is a persistent undercurrent of snobishness, or perhaps better, Anglomania. The scene is laid in merica, yet the atmosphere is English to a fault. The eldest n is "the lord of the manor," the mother of the family is by ourtesy "my lady," the estate is "entailed," and so on through e list. We might praise Mr. Hawthorne for his close study English manners, were it England he represented, but as a ture of American life, "Sinfire" is a failure.

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MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

A University Tennis Meeting

Was called on the evening of March 25. Thacher, '87, presided. The treasurer's report was accepted, and officers for the ensuing year elected as follows: President, H. W. Cooley, '88; Vice President, F. C. Pratt, '88 S.; Secretary and Treasurer, R. O. Rogers, '89.

The Junior Exhibition

Was held in Battell Chapel on the afternoon of March 31. The program was as follows: 1. "American Influence on Bulgaria;" Geo. B. Fowler. 2. "Edgar Allan Poe;" Eugene W. Harter. 3. "Thomas à Becket;" Frank L. Woodward. 4. "Recall of the Edict of Nantes;" Lawrence J. Carmalt. 5. "Béranger and France;" Henry L. Stimson. 6. "Horace Greeley in the Rebellion;" Fred. P. Solley. 7. "Julian and the Fall of Paganism;" Orland S. Isbell. 8. "Liberal Education and Social Needs;" Irving Fisher. The prize was awarded to Henry L. Stimson.

The Yale New York City Club

Held its second annual banquet at Loomis' Hall, on the evening of April 1. The toasts were as follows:

The New York City Club,	J. W. Curtis, '79.
Our Sister City,	W. B. Brinsmade, '88.
Our Brother Clubs,	S. Knight, '87.
Athletics,	F. J. Vernon, '86.
Tutors,	H. Hoadley, '89.
Swipes,	C. M. Hinkle, '87.
The Fence,	W. H. Fitzgerald, '88.
Yale,	O. G. Jennings, '87.

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Yale vs. Bridgeport

At the Yale Field, April 4 :

YALE.	R.	A.B.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	BRIDGEPORT.	R.	A.B.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stagg, p.,	0	3	0	0	0	3	0	Brown, r. f., p.,	0	3	0	0	0	4	0
Cross, 3 b.,	0	3	1	1	1	1	0	McQuirk, 1 b.,	0	3	0	0	7	0	1
Noyes, s. s.,	0	3	1	1	1	0	0	Renner, 3 b.,	0	2	1	1	0	1	0
Dann, c.,	0	2	0	0	2	2	1	Wilson, c.,	0	2	1	1	3	1	1
Kellogg, l. f.,	2	2	2	2	0	0	0	Shannon, 2 b.,	0	2	1	1	1	2	1
Hunt, c. f.,	0	2	1	1	2	1	1	Munyan, l. f.,	0	2	1	1	2	0	0
McConkey, 2 b.,	0	2	0	0	3	1	0	Lovell, p., r. f.,	0	2	0	0	1	2	0
Spencer, 1 b.,	0	2	1	1	4	0	0	Cox, s. s.,	0	2	0	0	1	1	0
McClintock, r.f.,	0	2	0	0	2	0	0	Galbright, c. f.,	0	2	1	1	0	0	0
Totals, . .	2	21	6	6	15	8	2	Totals, . .	0	20	5	5	15	11	3

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5
Yale, ...	0	1	0	1	0—2
Bridgeport, ...	0	0	0	0	0—0

Struck out: by Yale, 2; by Bridgeport, 4. Passed ball: Wilson. Double play: Hunt and McConkey. Stolen bases: Yale, 4. Base on balls: Yale, 2; Bridgeport, 2. Time of game: 1 hr. 15 min. Umpire: Pritchard, '87.

The Nine's Easter Trip,

Opened with a game with the Newarks, April 6 :

YALE.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	NEWARKS.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stagg, 1,	5	1	1	3	1	8	0	Irwin, 5,	5	3	0	0	1	5	1
Cross, 5,	4	0	1	1	3	2	3	Fields, 3,	5	0	2	4	11	1	0
Noyes, 6,	4	2	2	4	0	4	0	Coogan, 9,	5	1	1	1	2	0	0
Dann, 2,	4	2	1	2	7	5	3	Derby, 8,	5	1	1	1	1	0	0
Kellogg, 7,	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	Henry, 1,	4	1	2	2	1	1	0
Hunt, 8,	4	0	2	2	0	4	0	Annis, 7,	4	0	1	1	4	0	0
Wurtenberg, 9.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	McLaughlin, 4,	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Spencer, 3,	4	0	1	2	9	1	0	Smith, 6,	4	0	1	1	1	5	2
McConkey, 4,	4	0	0	0	3	2	2	Cantz, 2,	4	1	1	1	2	1	2
Totals, . .	37	5	8	14	24	23	7	Totals, . .	40	7	9	11	24	13	5

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Yale, ...	0	1	0	0	0	3	0	1—5
Newark, . . .	2	0	0	0	2	1	2	0—7

Game called at the end of the eighth inning.

Earned runs: Yale, 1. Bases on balls: Newark, 6; Yale, 1. Struck out: Yale, 0; Newark, 4. Left on bases: Yale, 3; Newark, 7. Two-base hits: Dann, Spencer. Three-base hits: Stagg, Noyes, Fields. Double play: Dann and Spencer. Umpire: Conway. Time of game: two hours.

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Yale vs. New York,

At the Polo Grounds, April 8:

YALE.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stagg, 1,	5	1	1	1	0	8	1
Cross, 5,	5	0	1	1	0	4	1
Noyes, 6,	5	0	1	1	3	2	2
Dann, 2,	4	0	1	1	4	5	1
Hunt, 8,	4	0	3	3	1	0	1
Kellogg, 7,	4	0	0	0	2	1	0
Spencer, 3,	4	0	1	1	6	0	2
Wurtenberg, 9,	4	1	2	2	0	0	0
McConkey, 4,	3	2	2	4	11	2	2
Totals, . .	39	4	12	14	27	22	10

NEW YORK.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Gore, 8,	6	2	3	3	1	0	0
O'Rourke, 7,	6	1	0	0	0	0	0
Ewing, 4,	5	3	2	2	3	3	1
Ward, 6,	5	2	2	2	1	3	0
Connor, 3,	5	3	3	5	12	1	1
Dorgan, 9,	5	2	0	0	2	1	0
Richardson, 5,	5	1	1	1	2	1	2
George, 1,	5	0	2	2	1	9	1
Brown, 2,	5	1	3	3	5	5	1
Totals, . .	47	15	16	18	27	23	6

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Yale, . .	0	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	1	— 4
New York, . .	3	1	0	1	4	0	0	0	6	—15

Time of game: 2 hrs. 10 min. Struck out: Yale, 5; New York, 4. Bases on balls: New York, 4; Yale, 6. Left on bases: Yale, 6; New York, 5. Three-base hits: McConkey, Connor. Wild pitch: Stagg, 1. Double plays: New York, 2; Yale, 1. Umpire: Pierce.

Yale vs. Brooklyn,

At Washington Park, April 9:

YALE.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stagg, 3,	5	2	2	2	12	1	0
Cross, 5,	4	2	1	1	0	2	1
Noyes, 6,	4	0	1	2	1	3	2
Kellogg, 7 and 2,	4	1	2	4	4	1	0
Hunt, 8,	4	1	1	1	4	1	0
McConkey, 4,	4	0	0	0	2	3	0
Spencer, 2 and 7,	4	0	1	1	1	0	2
Wurtenberg, 9,	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
Heyworth, 1,	4	1	2	2	0	5	0
Totals, . .	37	7	10	13	24	16	6

BROOKLYNS.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pinckney, 5,	5	2	3	3	2	2	3
McClellan, 4,	5	2	2	2	1	2	0
Swartwood, 9,	5	3	1	1	1	0	0
Phillips, 3,	5	0	1	1	11	1	0
McTammany, 8,	5	2	2	2	1	0	0
Burch, 7,	5	2	4	5	1	0	0
Smith, 6,	5	0	0	0	0	2	3
O'Brien, 2,	5	1	1	1	6	2	1
Toole, 1,	4	1	0	0	1	6	0
Totals, . .	44	13	14	15	24	15	7

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Yale, ...	2	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 7
Brooklyn, . .	2	4	0	0	3	2	2	0	—13

Time of game; 2 h. 20 min. Struck out: Yale, 4; Brooklyn, 2. Left on bases: Yale, 4; Brooklyn, 4. Two-base hits: Burch, Noyes. Three-base hit: Kellogg. Wild pitch: Heyworth, 2. Umpire: Knight.

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Yale vs. Washington,

At Washington, April 11 :

YALE.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stagg, 1,	4	1	1	1	0	7	0
Kellogg, 7,	4	1	1	1	0	0	0
Cross, 5,	4	2	2	2	2	2	3
Noyes, 6,	4	0	2	3	0	2	2
Dann, 2,	4	0	2	2	6	1	1
Hunt, 8,	4	1	1	1	2	0	2
Spencer, 3,	4	0	1	1	12	2	0
Wurtenberg, 9,	4	0	0	0	4	0	1
McConkey, 4,	3	0	1	1	1	4	0
Totals, . .	35	5	11	12	27	18	9

WASHINGTON.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Carroll, 7,	5	2	2	2	0	0	0
Farrell, 4,	5	2	1	1	5	7	1
Krieg, 3,	5	1	0	0	14	0	0
O'Brien, 5.	5	1	1	1	2	0	3
Schoch, 9,	5	2	2	4	1	0	0
Myers, 6,	5	1	1	3	1	1	1
Stuart, 8,	5	1	0	0	0	0	0
Gilligan, 2,	5	1	2	2	3	5	0
Keefe, 1,	4	0	0	0	1	3	0
Totals, . .	44	11	9	13	27	16	5

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale, . . .	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	2	0— 5
Washington, .	2	1	0	0	5	3	0	0	0—11

Earned runs: Yale, 1. Two-base hit: Myers and Noyes. Three-base hit: Schoch. Bases on balls: Yale, 3; Washington, 2. Struck out: Yale, 3; Washington, 5. Wild pitch: Stagg, 1; Keefe, 2. Time of game: 2 hrs. 15 min. Umpire: Sullivan.

On the following day :

YALE.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stagg, 7,	4	1	3	3	2	0	0
Kellogg, 2,	4	0	1	1	5	2	2
Cross, 5,	4	0	0	0	2	1	3
Noyes, 6,	4	0	2	2	1	4	0
Dann, 3,	4	1	1	1	10	2	0
Hunt, 8,	4	1	1	4	2	0	0
Spencer, 9,	4	0	0	0	1	0	1
McConkey, 4,	3	0	0	0	3	3	0
Heyworth, 1,	3	0	0	0	1	5	0
Totals, . .	34	3	8	11	27	17	6

WASHINGTONS.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hines, 8,	5	2	3	3	1	1	0
Carroll, 7,	5	2	3	5	0	0	0
Farrell, 4,	5	2	1	1	1	3	0
Kreig, 3,	5	1	2	2	11	0	0
O'Brien, 5,	5	0	2	2	0	2	0
Schoch, 9,	5	1	2	2	2	0	0
Myers, 6,	5	0	2	2	4	3	0
Darby, 2,	5	1	1	1	7	0	0
O'Day, 1,	5	1	1	2	1	5	0
Totals, . .	45	10	17	20	27	14	0

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale, . . .	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1— 3
Washingtons,	2	0	2	1	0	2	1	2	0—10

Struck out: Yale, 6; Washingtons, 4. Two-base hits: Carroll, 2; O'Day. Home run: Hunt. Double play: Noyes, McConkey and Dann. Umpire: Sullivan.

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Yale vs. Jersey City,

At Jersey City, April 13:

YALE.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stagg, 1 and 7,	5	1	1	0	1	0
Kellogg, 7 and 2,	3	0	1	4	1	3
Cross, 5,	3	1	3	2	2	1
Noyes, 6,	4	0	0	1	1	4
Dann, 2 and 1,	4	0	1	1	5	2
Hunt, 8,	4	1	0	0	0	0
Spencer, 3,	4	0	2	10	0	1
Wurtenberg, 9,	4	1	0	0	0	1
McConkey, 4,	4	0	1	9	3	0
Totals, . .	35	4	9	27	13	12

JERSEY CITY.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sowders, 9,	6	1	0	2	1	0
Helfer, 3,	5	2	2	8	0	0
O'Brien, 8,	6	3	2	4	0	0
Friel, 7,	5	0	3	5	2	0
Corcoran, 2,	4	1	1	2	2	1
McCabe, 4,	3	2	3	3	2	0
Muldoon, 5,	4	2	3	1	0	2
Huston, 1,	4	1	1	1	2	0
Lang, 6,	4	0	1	1	3	1
Totals, . .	41	12	16	27	12	4

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale, . . .	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	1—4
Jersey City, .	0	0	0	6	0	1	0	2	3—12

Two-base hits: Spencer, Dann. First base on balls: Yale, 3; Jersey City, 6. Struck out: Yale, 3; Jersey City, 3. Wild pitches: Dann, 2.

The Glee Club's Southern Trip,

Which was a great success, included Old Point Comfort, Hampton, Washington, Baltimore, and Brooklyn. A large number of college men accompanied the Club.

The LIT. *Supper*

Was held at Redcliffe's, April 5. Besides the members of the '87 and '88 boards, the following guests were present: Mr. Lewis, '86; Messrs. Clarke, Corwin, Knight, McCormick, Maxwell, May, Sheffield, Thacher, Woodward, '87, and Mr. Hamlin, '87 S.

TOAST LIST:

ST. ELIHU,	Mr. Lewis.
The Incoming Board,	Mr. Griffith.
Chi Delta Theta,	Mr. Sheffield.
Retiring Board,	Mr. Pomeroy.
Aquatics,	Mr. Hurd.
The *News*,	Mr. Maxwell.
S. S. S.,	Mr. Hamlin.
The *Courant*,	Mr. Knight.
The *Record*,	Mr. May.
"The Loon's Wild Laugh,"	Mr. Phelps.
Princeton,	Mr. Corwin.
Spring,	Mr. Kent.

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Yale vs. Waterbury,

At the Yale Field, April 16:

YALE.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stagg, p.,	2	2	0	0	0	12	0
Kellogg, l. f.,	5	2	2	2	0	0	0
Cross, 3 b.,	5	2	1	2	1	1	0
Noyes, s. s.,	5	1	3	5	0	3	1
Dann, c.,	5	1	1	2	9	1	0
Hunt, c. f.,	5	2	1	2	0	0	0
Stewart, 1 b.,	5	1	1	3	12	1	1
McConkey, 3 b.,	5	2	2	2	2	4	0
McClintock, r.f.,	4	1	0	0	2	0	1
Totals, . .	41	14	11	18	27	22	3

WATERBURY.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wheeler, c. f.,	5	2	2	4	0	0	0
Pettit, 2 b.,	5	0	0	0	2	1	0
Battin, 3 b.,	5	0	2	4	0	3	1
Chatfield, 1 b.,	5	1	0	0	11	0	4
Campion, p.&r.f.,	3	2	1	1	1	9	1
Stoltz, r. f.,	4	0	2	4	2	0	1
Renner, s. s.,	5	0	0	0	1	4	1
Geiss, l. f. and p.,	2	1	0	0	0	0	0
Smith, c.,	3	2	1	1	7	2	0
Totals, . .	37	8	8	14	24	19	8

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Yale, . . .	2	2	0	3	1	3	2	1	—14
Waterbury, .	0	0	2	1	2	0	0	3	— 8

Two-base hits: Battin, 2, Cross, Dann, Hunt. Three-base hits: Wheeler, Stoltz, Noyes, Stewart. Base on balls: Yale, 4; Waterbury, 6. Struck out: Yale, 7; Waterbury, 9. Passed balls: Dann, 2; Smith, 2. Wild pitches: Stagg, 1; Campion, 1. Earned runs: Yale, 5; Waterbury, 2. Umpires: Vinton, '88, and James Kelly.

BOOK NOTICES.

Parleyings. By Robert Browning. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25. For sale by Judd.

The publication of a new volume of poems by one of the great poets of the century in his old age is a literary event of no small importance. Twice has such an event occurred within the last four months. But there can hardly be a moment's question as to the relative intrinsic worth of Robert Browning's latest volume and Lord Tennyson's "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." The poet laureate gave us a continuation of a fine poem with a slight gain in strength and wisdom and a slight loss in grace over the first part, together with a couple of inefficient short poems and a lamentably weak and faulty drama—a volume taken all in all that if it did not injure, certainly could not help his reputation. Browning on the other hand has given us a set of dramatic monologues in many qualities surpassed only by some very few of his greatest master-pieces. All the deep psychologic insight, all the brilliant flash of thought, lightening from a rugged but harmonious turn of verse, all the subtle, never ceasing changes of spirit in the idea and rhythm are as present and forceful in these "Parleyings" as ever in this master poet's works. And the author has lapsed in general most agreeably from his too-accustomed obscurity. The Prologue and Epilogue—the first especially form an exquisite setting for these remarkable poems. H. R. G.

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The Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning. In six volumes. Vol. I. Pauline, Paracelsus, Strafford, Sordello, Pippa Passes, King Victor and King Charles. Vol. II. Dramatic Lyrics, The Return of the Druses, A Blot in the 'Scutcheon, Colombe's Birthday, Dramatic Romances, A Soul's Tragedy, Luria. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75 per volume. For sale by Peck.

Following close upon the announcement of a new volume of poems by Robert Browning comes a magnificent edition of his complete works in six volumes. In the successive issues of his works Mr. Browning has had occasion to alter materially the forms of many of his verses, and the value of this last edition will be greatly enhanced by the scrupulous care taken in following his latest revision. The new type, heavy paper, broad margins, and delicately luxurious air of these volumes will secure for them instant recognition as exceptionally artistic work. In a word this edition, elegant yet simple, is a triumph of publisher's taste and skill. The remaining volumes of this edition will be awaited with eagerness by all.

The Feud of Oakfield Creek. A Novel of California Life. By Josiah Royce. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25. For sale by Peck.

Professor Royce of Harvard University is already more or less known as the author of a History of California, which was designed as a study of American character. This later work of his, in a lighter strain, seems to have very much the same underlying motive, its historical basis being however an actual conflict over some property issue in Southern California. Its chief strength lies in its characterization, its construction and language being rather common-place. The pioneer millionaire, rugged, energetic and full of grand projects to help civilization in the West, is the most impressive and typical of the characters, while the faithful, independent, and headstrong old Professor is the picture of a man often met in real life. We venture to hope for the sake of the future of California, that Tom Eldon, the son of the millionaire, is not a type of the California youth of to-day, for with his dreaming laziness and self-indulgence he is, although well-meaning, thoroughly despicable. The three women of the book are well drawn. Margaret Eldon's development of character from a dead and hopeless indifference to a living and true-hearted self-sacrifice being firmly and delicately depicted. As a whole the book has little force or originality to help it, although its increasing interest towards the end will help the weary reader to accomplish the five hundred odd pages of which it is composed. The publishers' work is by no means up to their usual standard.

Madrigals and Catches. By Frank Dempster Sherman. New York: White, Stokes & Allen. For sale by Judd.

This attractive book is sure of a warm welcome from lovers of dainty verse. It will appeal especially to all who are on the watch for signs of new and real literary talent. Mr. Sherman has published individual poems occasionally in the columns of the *Century* and other leading magazines, where he has drawn attention as the most promising writer of the day in his department. But the present volume is the first collection of poems he has offered to the public. His verses are essentially light and very pleasing:

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"Madrigals and catches caught
In the cage of Happy-thought."

"Lyrics light as gales that toss
Leaves the orchard floor across,"

he himself modestly calls them in the delicate dedicatory lines to his Father that begin the book. One of the most telling things in his favor is the faithfulness with which he keeps within the natural field of his talent. There is no attempt at striking effect or lofty flights. Simplicity and purity are characteristic of his thought and expression throughout. There is an unusual sympathy with the more common forms of Nature cropping out now and then through the poems, and the "amatory rhymes" are filled with touches of genuine sentiment. Mr. Sherman graduated only a year or two ago at Harvard. Men now at Yale will recall his contributions to the papers of his college. The typographical work of the book, and the binding are in in the tasty style we have learned to expect from the publishers. H. F. P.

A Century of Electricity. By T. C. Mendenhall. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25. For sale by Judd.

Despite the wide popular interest taken in late years in all branches of science, it is probable that no branch has excited more attention than the subject of electricity. The startling discoveries in this subject, beginning with the telegraph, and continuing with the electric light, the telephone and the electric motor have not only threatened to revolutionize our much-vaunted modern progress, but have caused an immense amount of speculation in regard to the future possibilities of the electric fluid. From this part of the subject however, the author of the work before us, wisely refrains, contenting himself with describing in popular yet not unscientific terms the advances made in electricity during the past century. The steps in the gradual development are all clearly pointed out, Galrain's experiments, Volta's pile, the electro-magnet, Faraday's Induction, the Dynamo, and finally the familiar applications of these discoveries. The subject is presented in a concise way, and the book deserves a wide reading.

The Golden Justice. By William Henry Bishop. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.75. For sale by Judd.

This, the fourth book from Mr. Bishop's pen, presents an unfortunate mistake in the art of novel-writing. The plot of the story is original and interesting in every essential to originality; the descriptions are of a very worthy nature; the characters individually and collectively are well conceived; but the whole effect thus gained is marred almost beyond endurance by the studied and persistent attention to the minor details of the plot itself. The slightest bearing or connection, instead of being touched upon, is faithfully adhered to, until nothing more can be said upon the subject. Useless explanatory chapters so lengthen out the work as to tire the reader, whose attention is directed now in this way, now in that. Still, the treatment of life and character in a new Western city is interesting indeed, despite this drawback. 'Tis a pity to explain a plot which seems to stand by itself on the foundation of truth and possibility, tending, as it would, to weaken rather than strengthen it in the reader's mind. W. B. G.

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The Story of Ancient Egypt. By George Rawlinson, with the collaboration of Arthur Gilman. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50. For sale by Judd.

The name of Prof. George Rawlinson is sufficient guarantee not only for the historical accuracy of any work to which his name is prefixed, but also for its literary quality. "The Story of Ancient Egypt" is a thoroughly readable book and forms one of the "Story of the Nations" series; a series of historical studies of the most interesting and important nations of the world. As might be expected, those chapters describing the architectural marvels which still remain in Egypt and the episode of the Israelites' stay in Egypt, will be the most entertaining to the casual reader, while throughout the book, the private life and customs of the Egyptians during the various periods of their history have been elaborated and dwelt upon with considerable wealth of detail. The book ends with the conquest of the country by Persia, when, its arts, literature and national spirit having died out, Egypt as a nation disappeared.

A Half Century in Salem. By M. C. D. Silsbee. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.00. For sale by Judd.

This tasteful little volume contains the charming reminiscences of an old lady who herself belongs, as she says, to the "good old days." In simple and graceful language she describes the various characters whom she remembers from childhood, and relates the daily events in the homely life of unpretentious and happy families, whose fashionable descendants in Boston and elsewhere now boast of their lofty ancestry. Although the chief interest in this book will doubtless be local, it may still serve a wider purpose in giving an attractive picture of an interesting though uneventful epoch from the reliable evidence of an eyewitness and participator.

American State Constitutions. A Study of their Growth. By Henry Hitchcock, LL.D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 50 cents. For sale by Judd.

This volume, one of the useful "Questions of the Day" series, is the substance of an address delivered before the N. Y. State Bar Association. In clear language the author sketches some of the most important changes that have been made from time to time in the constitutions of the various States, and without attempting any deep or elaborate discussion of these changes, endeavors to show the drift of American Democracy, while opening up channels for future investigation and study. Touching lightly upon the War of Independence and the Civil War, in their effects upon State Constitutions, he points out the many efforts of the people to improve their fundamental laws, and shows that there is no brighter augury for the perpetuity of popular institutions in this country than the self-control manifested in the limitations imposed by the people upon their own actions. While the author brings forward some facts and figures which will be of interest, the chief value of this essay will doubtless be its suggestiveness.

English as she is Taught. Genuine answers to Examination Questions in our Public Schools. Collected by Caroline B. Le Roir. New York: Cassell & Co.

Any new and original venture in literature as well as in other directions,

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if successful, is sure to bring in its train as an attendant drawback, a throng of imitations. That inimitable little volume, "English as She is Spoke," has been no exception to the rule. "English as She is Wrote" followed, and now we have "English as She is Taught." To be sure, the ground covered is different in each case, and insomuch as the latter volume is a *bona-fide* record of the mistakes made by Public School scholars, it is original, and may perform a purpose of some importance besides merely serving to pass away an idle hour in showing the unconscious wit of the young beginners. The purpose it might serve would be in the line of arousing public attention to the mistakes made in the present system of Public School education. That there is an immense amount of superficial and sham work done in the Public Schools, there can be no doubt. Nor can it be denied that in many cases education may be thwarted by a hopeless cramming of confused ideas into a scholar's head. The opportunity afforded by this volume of attacking the present Public School system has not been taken advantage of by the collector, a series of rather tiresome witticisms being alone offered.

Isaac Bickerstaff. Papers from Steele's Tattler. Gelvir and Count Julian; by Walter Savage Landor. The Earl of Chatham; by Lord Macaulay. Cassell's National Library. New York: Cassell & Co. 10 cents.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

A Club of One. Passages from the note-book of a man who might have been sociable. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale by Judd.

Old Times in Oak Openings. By Benj. F. Taylor. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

Papers of the American Historical Association. Vol. II, No. 1. Report of the Proceedings by Herbert B. Adams. $1.00. Vol. II, No. 2. A History of the Doctrine of Comets. By Andrew D. White. 25 cents. New York and London. G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale by Judd.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

Last, but we trust not least, the new board takes control of the "LIT." and steps upon the stage making its bow first to old Mr. St. Elihu, who sits apart in lonely dignity. Then it turns to salute the audience, seated below in eager, hushed expectancy, and tries as best it can to swallow its nervousness and to act as if public speaking were the meat and drink of daily life.

In private, however, we must confess that to face that college audience was a hard trial and one not soon forgotten. All our pretty speeches seemed to elude the grasping of our memory as the dagger did Macbeth's hand. And we take our seat with a feeling of deep gratitude that the ordeal is over at last.

When finally we were alone with St. Elihu, we humbly approached—for not yet has familiarity rubbed off the edge of our veneration—and noticing something peculiar in the old gentleman's make-up, we allowed our eyes to play about his person, till they rested at last upon a "Little Knot of Blue" in the buttonhole of his lapel.

Surprised to see that there, we said, "What does this mean?" He replied looking at it affectionately, "I have joined the blue ribbon army and have henceforth forsworn all things of any *spirit*, and in particular all contributions not marked with this sacred token. It's very patriotic too, isn't it?" "Yes," we assented somewhat dubiously, "but don't let your zeal carry you so far as to welcome too warmly whatever wears this badge, as in that case the 'LIT.' will be so swollen in size that it will burst its sombre covers, and depart dragging you down in dust and sorrow to an untimely grave." "By the way," he said suddenly, "did you notice that?"—We looked all around and seeing nothing out of the way, replied, "When you say notice—how do you mean?" The Saint stared in speechless wonder at us for a minute, doubting whether to go on or not. Then suddenly he turned away and stamped out in indignation, muttering something about the pertness of youth, which couldn't listen to the joke—rich, rare and racy,—which he had been about to spring.

Thus he left us, but he left us to the tender mercies of our exchanges. piled in curious heaps about us on the study floor. Picking up the nearest we find the *Nassau Lit.* in our hands. This throughout keeps a high standard of literary merit: it contains a couple of well written stories, in addition among other things to a thoughtful critique on the German Drama. This traces the rise of the modern drama from Lessing's fearless criticisms of the Gallicized stage of his day, through the creative work of Schiller and Goethe to our own times. The poetry of the number, and this is true of nearly all the exchanges, is not up to the standard of the prose. The following is a sample:

TRIOLET.

The winter is dead
  And the spring is awaking;
Up over my head,
(Now that winter is dead)

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Skies dark as lead
In sunshine are breaking;
The winter is dead
And the spring is awaking. —*Nassau Lit.*

The *Harvard Monthly* for April has just arrived, and has been read with the interest and attention it deserves. The principal article of this number is a long discussion of the question: "Was Mohammed at all an Impostor?" The writer, following Sprenger, divides the article into three sections corresponding to the divisions of Mohammed's life. He takes the view that in the first two periods of his life the prophet was genuinely sincere, while in the last, he suggests that the epilepsy to which Mohammed was subject may have taken the form of a self-deceptive mendacity, which would go far to exonerate him from the charge of being an impostor. "Two Trips to Lake George," is a story displaying some excellent character analysis, although the plot is by no means novel. "On the Quay at Porta Portese," a couple of sonnets which we give below is by far the best poetry of the number:

ON THE QUAY AT PORTA PORTESE.

50 A. D.

"Bons Juifs du Pont qui prononcérent les premiers sur les quais de Rome le nom de Jésus."—*Renan.*

I.

With sensuous languor the warm sun of spring
Lulls all the life of Rome to noon-tide sleep.
Beside the swirling Tiber's broad, dark sweep,
Upon Portese's quay, no noises ring;
The vessels idly tug their lines and swing:
From 'mid protecting bales swart faces peep,
Watching the dance the golden dust-motes keep.
Life seems asleep, nor moves there anything.

Around the shore with steady beat of oar
A galley sweeps. Men startled rouse, upon the quay,
Gazing with sleepy wonder as they see
Upon the vessel's deck, dark Jewish faces;
Not knowing that they bring from distant places
A faith unheard in pagan Rome before.

II.

As swings the stately galley slowly in
Quick swells the drowsy hum of life again,
To hush, as way-worn women, weary men
Their garments tattered, soiled, their faces thin
Yet fine, exalted by some force within,
File on the quay,—still now as mountain glen,—
To kneel amid the crowd and murmur then;
"We thank thee, Jesus. Keep us, Christ, from sin."

A simple prayer, two sounds of which will roll
In ceaseless echo through the Roman streets,
Two names that struggling man henceforth repeats,—
Slave, Christian, sinner, saint,—with bated breath,
In joy, hope, sorrow, martyrdom, and death,
An endless pæan of the human soul. —*Harvard Monthly.*

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On looking through the *Williams Lit.* we find the titles of "The New Locksley Hall" and "Björnstjerne Björnson" appearing as old and well known friends to Yale eyes. A story called "A Song" has some excellent realistic touches, much in Howells' style. "Palermo" too is a piece of descriptive, guide-book writing so to speak, of real power and beauty. We append the following poem from this monthly:

MEMORIES.

As, when we sail in Southern seas,
  The warm winds bring across the deep,
  From where far islands lie asleep,
The scent of blossom-laden trees
And spicy odors, so to me
  Come memories of long buried days,
  Sweet thoughts that float up through the haze
That overhangs the wide years' sea,
I dwell amid the winter hills,
  And you are in a sunny land,
  I never stay my busy hand,
But you know nothing of life's ills.
  You have forgotten, doubtless. Yet
  I do not—I can not forget. —*Williams Lit.*

The following poem from the *Dartmouth* has something of the freshness of Longfellow's "Daybreak."

OUTWARD BOUND.

The first faint flush of dawn is creeping
Where the silent stars are keeping
      Vigil in the sky.
The distant light-house fire is sinking,
Like a drowsy Cyclops blinking
      With a sleepy eye.
The land breeze strong, the sails are swelling,
All the fisher boats impelling
      Far away from shore.
A lusty song the wind is humming,
Through the creaking cordage coming,
      With a rush and roar.
Hurrah! for the westwind free,
Hurrah! for the shining sea. —*Dartmouth.*

The *Bowdoin Orient* forms in every way a pleasing contrast to the *Berkely Occident*, as the latter does not contain much of general interest, while in the former in addition to a cut of some of the buildings, and some very voluminous editorial work, several poems of considerable merit are found. From among them we take the following which is rather pleasing in its style:

A QUESTION.

We sat in the parlor's snug retreat
  (The hour was approaching ten);
I had talked in that way I thought so neat,
  She *must* think me the best of men;

When I spoke of whist a twinkling light
  Came into her innocent eyes,
And she asked, as I spoke of the game last night,
  "Did you win the BOOBEY-PRIZE?"

—*Bowdoin Orient.*

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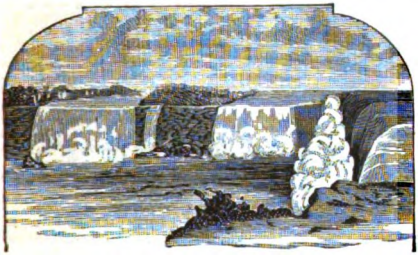
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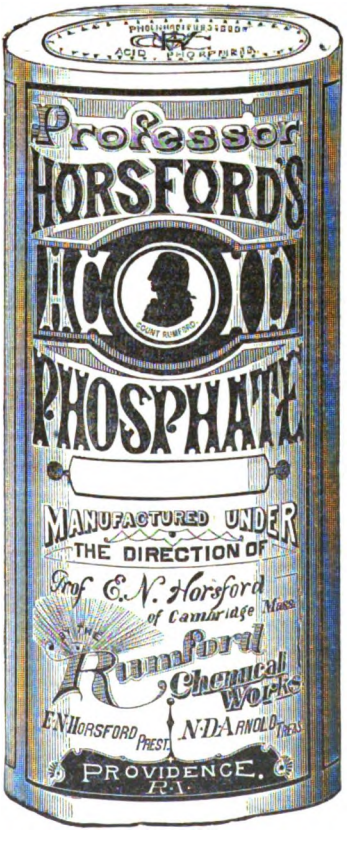
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VOL. LII. No. VIII.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



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Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

MAY, 1887.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-second Volume with the number for October, 1886. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is $3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Thompson's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

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All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

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THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LII. MAY, 1887. No. 8

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '88

J. FRANKLIN CARTER, EDWARD C. FELLOWES,
HAROLD R. GRIFFITH, RICHARD M. HURD,
FRANK I. PARADISE.

THE FORMATION OF A UNIVERSITY DEBATING CLUB.

WE do not doubt that the very mention of the names of Linonia and the Brothers will bring forth a groan from the student, who from his first entrance into the college—whether one or four years ago—has heard a continual wail from the college press over the hopeless decadence of these societies, and the great and pressing need for their revival or for the formation of some substitute for them. But while the subject has long been written into monotony, the number of the really practical thoughts or suggestions that have appeared must be acknowledged to be extremely small and of no very helpful nature. In fact, until within the last term there has hardly been a proposal of any definite plan. Of late, however, a number of small, class debating societies have taken formal steps toward the consolidation of their forces
o the nucleus of a University Debating Club, and the
at interest and general approval that this proposed
on has elicited from the college, proves the strong
reciation that exists of the need and benefit of some
h association.

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We have nothing but hearty praise for those who have founded and carried on these class debating societies in the face of many and very serious obstacles, and we appreciate the generous motives and genuine literary spirit which have led them to propose this union with each other. And yet we feel very sure that they are on the wrong track for the attainment of their purpose, and that any such University debating club as could result from the carrying out of their plans would not only be a failure in itself, but might do positive harm by keeping the field occupied and so making more difficult the foundation of a University Club on a firmer basis. For as in most cases of the kind, there are certain first principles, the observance or neglect of which in the foundation will make the success or failure of such a club assured; and we do not think that these principles could be observed to any extent in the carrying out of the proposed plan. It will be the object of this paper, then, to discover what these underlying principles are, and how they may be applied in the founding of an entirely new University debating club.

In the first place, such a club, to be worthy of the name, must have *dignity*. It must emphatically and from the start "put away childish things." The work done in it must be regarded as of genuine worth and *importance*—not as so much breath expended and paper spoiled for a somewhat doubtful future personal benefit. In the second place it must command—and it is melancholy to reflect that this is absolutely essential—the respect and admiration of the college as a whole. In the third place it must be thoroughly University in its character, it must enlist in its ranks all who are willing to join and do good work, and of these men it must select really able and energetic and enthusiastic men for its officers. If a society can be founded—and we believe that it can be—here at Yale upon these principles, it will be a success from the very start and the extent of its results upon the future life of the University cannot be estimated.

"But," you say, "these are mere theorizing generalities; how are you going to reduce them to the practical work-

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ing details of the Club?" Well, that is hardly a task for one undergraduate mind to undertake, but we shall try to present an outline plan of organization—not at all as a final solution of the question, but merely as the framework for the discussion of details, which, we hope, will be forthcoming and will result in a plan thoroughly considered, thoroughly debated and thoroughly sound.

A University meeting should be held for the election of a committee—which should be large enough and able enough to do its work thoroughly well—to draw up a complete constitution and by-laws for a University Debating Club. Another meeting should be called for the discussion, amendment and final adoption of the constitution and by-laws framed by the committee; and for the election of officers. Thus, and only thus, will the club be from the very outset upon a firm and *University* basis. Now comes the vital question: what shall this constitution and these by-laws be? We shall mention what we believe to be the essential points. There should be a President, two Vice-Presidents, two Recording Secretaries and a Corresponding Secretary, and an Executive Committee—composed of one from each academic class and one from each of the other departments of the University that shall have representatives enrolled as active members of the Club—the President of the Club being *ex officio* chairman of the Executive Committee.

The duties of the President should be the presiding at all special or business meetings of the Club and a general oversight of its interests, together with his duties as chairman of the Executive Committee. The duties of the Vice-Presidents and Recording Secretaries need no explanation, further than that the Recording Secretaries should serve at alternate meetings. The Corresponding Secretary should notify men of their appointments, see that notice of meetings and announcement of subjects be published in the *News*—and, in general, attend to all communications either to or from the Club. The Executive Committee should call meetings, draw up lists of subjects to be chosen from by the Club, appoint leading disputants, essayists

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and speakers, and exercise general control over the work of the Club. These officers—with the exception of the freshman members of the Committees—should be elected in the spring term and serve for one year.

There should be bi-weekly meetings of the Club, and at these the chairman of the meeting should be elected from a list of three proposed by the Executive Committee. At each meeting there should be a regular debate upon some live question chosen by the Club at least two meetings before; the leading disputants—of whom there should be two upon each side of the question—to have had not less than three weeks' notice. After the speeches of the leaders the debates should be thrown open to the house, preferences in recognizing speakers being given alternately to the opposite sides of the debates.

This, as we have before said, is only the rude, bare outline of a plan of organization which seems to us to have in it the elements of permanent strength and growth, to be filled out and rounded and made a sound working constitution only after much discussion and modification and, very possibly, change. We have not space to mention the possible highly beneficial extensions of the Club's activity; but—for an instance—special meetings once or twice a year, with prize essays, orations and debates, together with addresses by famous alumni will occur to everyone as almost inevitable, and highly valuable, accompaniments to the Club's regular work.

So much for, we fear, dry detail; now for a few generalities. We said, in the beginning of this article, that to be successful any University Debating Club must have, first of all, dignity—and we would repeat it. We believe that this is in great part the source of the wonderful success and national power of those world-famous institutions, the Oxford and Cambridge "Unions." Dating their founding generations back, preserving on their member-rolls long lines of names illustrious now throughout the civilized world, meeting within walls that have echoed the marvelous voices of Pitt and Lytton and Macaulay and Wordsworth and Byron and Shelley, with their grand

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buildings and with the real worth and earnestness of their debates, they have never lapsed from a state of splendid activity, and they have formed the opinions and shaped the future actions of the noblest blood and best brains of Young England.

We cannot hope that for many years yet any American university can boast of anything comparable to these great English institutions, but we may hope that by resolutely and unvaryingly keeping our aim high and our efforts earnest we may have here at Yale within a few decades a Yale Union that will be worthy of comparison with any such society at any university of the Old World or the New.

And this is an object, to gain which no sacrifice can be too great, no difficulty too formidable, no smallest labor thrown away; and if a personal ambition be needed as a spur, no gratitude will be considered too great by the Yale of the future, for the founders and sustainers of such an institution.

Harold Russell Griffith.

"CHATTERTON" AND WILSON BARRETT.

IT was almost a century and a half ago that Thomas Chatterton was born under the shadow of Bristol Cathedral, of which his ancestors for many generations had been the sextons. The son of a poor sub-chanter, a Bristol attorney's clerk, a starving writer living in a wretched London garret, and dying by his own hand at seventeen, Chatterton, "that marvellous boy," has been ever since a mighty influence in the literary world.

The story of his short life—full of pathos and tragedy—appeals to the imagination with a subtle power. Among the fields and cloisters of Bristol, drinking deep at that fountain of middle age romance, he passed a dreamy, happy boyhood. His strong, young fancy became steeped

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with the spirit of his surroundings. For days he would wander through the cathedral or lie in the field, re-peopling in his imagination those ancient scenes with knight and lady, with monk and nun, until the past became to him a reality and this life of the present a dream.

When a little later he had mastered the art of reading, he devoured with eager haste every book which came within his reach, and he loved to shut himself up for days in the little garret of his father's house to muse and write upon the things of the past. These were the happy days of his short life, but they were not to last. When about fifteen, he was apprenticed to an attorney in his native town, and when free from the hateful duties of his position, spent his time in writing pseudo-antique poetry which was so clever that Horace Walpole and all the other antiquarians of the times were deceived. At seventeen he began his career as a literary adventurer in London, with no friends and with a capital of only a few pounds. The story of his life for the next few months is unspeakably pathetic. It was the day when a poor writer's life was a struggle for the barest existence. Young Chatterton brought all his splendid energy into service, and wrote for every magazine and paper in the great city. But the cards of life were against him. His patron, in whom his one great hope was placed, died before any step was taken. The little money he began his career with, was soon spent. He moved from his poor room to a wretched garret and lived on a loaf of bread a week. Proud and independent to the last, with despair and famine facing him, he refused all aid; refused to seek employment in some business house, and finally when starvation became unbearable, locked himself in his garret, destroyed his manuscripts and died of poison.

I said that the influence of this young life upon English literature has been a great one. This influence has not been direct, but through Coleridge, Keat and Shelley, and even through Scott and Byron it has worked mightily. It was from him that these leaders of the new romantic school found their inspiration and guidance. And in their

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works, more than in his own, this young "inheritor of unfulfilled renown" will always live.

It is a picture of this pathetic and tragic life that Mr. Wilson Barrett draws for us in the new play "Chatterton," and we must say the picture is a very painful one. The dreamy boy of the Bristol cloister; the generous, self-denying son, starving to ease his mother's burden; the inspired poet writing in that dingy garret the "most artistic poem of his time,"—this Chatterton is not there. But rather, a loud-voiced, ranting wild-man, who raves about the attic like a whirlwind, screams defiances and shakes his fist at the unappreciative world, storming and shrieking against his fate. It is very odd that Mr. Barrett should have missed so utterly the real pathos, the real despair of Chatterton's life. Was there nothing in it to touch our finer sensibilities? Did it go out with coarse, loud-voiced ravings upon his lips? Could this have been the end of his noble struggle for life and fame, of his filial devotion, of his inspired musings? Rather, was not the end one of calm despair, of a life buffeted and overcome by adversity but contained, serene, sorrowful? Hardly does Mr. Barrett, throughout the play, show us the true man and poet, until the closing scene. There, on the rude bed, in the dingy garret, the floor strewn with the fragments of his manuscript, the light of the moon falling across his dead face, the poor boy, the immortal poet lies. And in that hushed and awful scene we understand anew the pathos of his life, the tragedy of his death—for it seems as though

> "His solemn agony had not
> Yet faded from him."

Frank Ilsley Paradise.

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BOREAS.

Aurora's son, stern Boreas, had stept
Within the pearly portals of the dawn,
That swung on noiseless hinges after him
And shut him from Olympus bathed in sleep.
His deep, fair hair was wet with early dew,
His sable mantle hung, half loosed, athwart
His mighty shoulders and his sandalled feet
Bore marks of travel. He had come apace
From the far North where the sun's disk burns low
In the horizon like a ball of fire.
For rumor reached him that his mother grew
Careworn and sad, and so he cast aside
(Thus a harsh tongue oft hides a kindly heart)
The vow he made when Tithon beautiful—
Man-born, but yet divinely beautiful—
Had come to dwell among the gods and share
Unlawful honors, that he ne'er would brook
To gaze again into his mother's face.
Softly he crossed the threshold, softly stole
Beneath high, jewelled arches, wonder wrought,
Swept by ambrosial breezes, flushed with light
From mystic starry walls well known to him.
On, on he passed not staying till he came
To his fair mother's chamber. Pausing when
He reached that threshold, doubting some mischance
And loth to look upon it, so he stood,
One hand laid fast upon a silken screen
That hung in saffron wavelets to the floor,
Fearful to draw it, his pale lips apart
And eyes whose pupils darkened to the full.
"Perchance *he* should be there, the mortal clay
That mixed his baser being with a god's.
Perchance it is the shame my mother feels
For her rash, cursed promises that drove
Me from her presence but not from her love,
Nor her from mine for Love is deep inborn—
The affinity of natures, this is Love
And nature changes but in outward forms.
This mimicry between myself and that
Which may o'erwhelm me a rushing storm
Of pain and passion and the keener sense
Of broken vows, cast to the winds like chaff,
Sets my tumultuous soul in dread suspense.

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This must be drawn. Yea! Love is more than self
And pride. Am I not Boreas the Strong?
Have I no power to rule my single self
That sway a mighty multitude of slaves?"
Whereat he drew the saffron curtaining screen
And suddenly through darkened panes there strayed
The soft effulgence of an amber light
That lent a paleness to the dying flame
Of roseate tapers near a couch, whereon,
Blending her golden locks with silver grey
Lay one that twined within her tortured arms
The pale and shrivelled shadow of a life,
Sunk in a deepened sleep of dark despair.
Then with the cry of "Mother" on his lips
That told an anguished pardon Boreas fell
And laid him swooning at his mother's feet.

—*Hubert W. Wells.*

MOZART AND GIUDITTA.

NO nation are so fond as the Germans of looking into the private lives of great men. Were it not for their researches, many of Germany's greatest sons, poets, scientists, musicians,—men whose names are known throughout the whole world—would be but names, never to be brought near to our hearts as kindred beings with ourselves. It is from a biographical romance that we obtain an insight into the feelings and character of Mozart, learning to admire the man as well as the composer.

Of all Europe, Italy was at this time the foremost field of musical activity. The Italian school held the monopoly and the power. Hither Mozart's father brought him, to train and guide the wonderful genius shown from earliest childhood. However exacting Italian audiences usually were, Mozart won their caresses on his first arrival, and an open welcome was accorded him by the most distinguished families of Rome. Still, it was not merely his enthusiastic reception at the palaces of the rich, and the

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appreciation which his genius received, nor was it his enjoyment of the ruined monuments of by-gone ages, which made those sunny days at Rome so happy for the boy-composer; but Mozart found there another treasure in the beautiful Roman girl, for whom, all through his life, he cherished a deep and undying passion. Years came and went, brilliant successes and cruel disappointments followed one another in swift and continuous succession, yet there was always one bright spot in his heart, where lay the memory of the happy boyish days passed in the quiet home of Uslinghi, in the company of his beloved Giuditta.

A strange piece of good-fortune first brought them together. It was Passion-Week at Rome. The deep blue sky of Italy, broken only by a few fleecy clouds near the horizon, formed a brilliant back-ground for the great dome of St. Peter's. A joyous throng of humanity were pressing forward to receive absolution from the Pope. As they neared the entrance of the cathedral, the crowd surged to the right, to kiss the toe of the bronze statue of St. Peter. Among them were Mozart and his father. The old Capellmeister reverently performed his devotion and passed on without noticing that the sacred emblem was beyond the reach of his little son. Quick as thought a Roman maid, charming in her fourteen years, slender, yet with all the grace and vigor of her race, stepped forward and lifted him up. He pressed a kiss upon the worn foot of the saint, and, sliding down, sees behind him a beautiful, girlish face, blushing like his own. From that moment her image is continually in his thoughts.

The weeks that followed brought Mozart and Giuditta into almost constant companionship. Their affection ripened with acquaintance, and they soon loved one another with all the innocent gladness of childhood. In the warm Italian evenings he would call forth clear, low tones from his violin, while Giuditta listened in rapt silence to the soft melody. Hour after hour he would play. And then, when the last notes died away, he would turn to caress the beautiful girl at his side. The love-songs in his operas had hitherto been written mechanically; now he felt and knew the power of love.

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Gladly would Mozart have prolonged his stay in Rome. But destiny called him on, to the great future which awaited him. How tender were their farewells! When they finally parted, the girl, drawing from her bosom a little amulet of gold, gave it to her lover. A kiss, and he was gone. Gone to delight the whole musical world with his melodies, and, by his creative genius, to make for himself a name which time will never efface.

Swiftly the years passed by. A loving wife now shared his home. Paris, Munich, Vienna, had in turn welcomed the talented composer, when the Austrian capital was roused by the advent of a new Italian singer. Her voice and dazzling beauty won her universal admiration. At first sight of her, there seemed to Mozart to be something strangely familiar about her face; and when, afterwards, he met her, memory confirmed the impression. Yes! It is Giuditta. As he looks at her the memories of his boyhood come crowding back upon him. His boyish love, so long but a tender memory, again takes possession of him. He learned that for him, she had entered the world of music, for him had toiled to reach her present position. Although she had heard of his marriage, she could not realize that he was given up to another, for life. In her mind he was still the loving boy of long ago.

The opera of "Don Giovanni" was soon to be presented at Prague; thither Mozart had gone to finish it. Happy only in being near him, Giuditta had followed. A summer-house furnished him a cool study, where also his manuscripts would be undisturbed. One evening shortly after the completion of "Don Giovanni," Mozart sat before his piano, improvising. The themes of his new opera were still ringing in his brain, and, as he played on, unconsciously he commenced to sing, when, soft and sweet the answering part arose, blending with his light tenor in beautiful harmony. Giuditta was at his side, her voice tremulous with love. Flinging her arm around his neck, she besought him passionately to go back to Italy with her. For an instant his brain reeled. But the nobler man in him conquered. "Giuditta," he said in a low voice, "leave me, spare me;"

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and with the dream and hope of her life forever crushed, she silently turned away, a smothered sob alone betraying her anguish. His nobler nature had triumphed, but he sits staring before him, as though some hideous dream were pressing upon him. At length, cool, gentle, soothing, his wife enters, and breaks the spell by which he has been bound.

Only once again did Mozart see his early love. The Opera-house of Prague was filled to overflowing to hear the first performance of "Don Giovanni." At the last moment the prima-donna was taken ill. Director and composer alike were stunned by this unexpected mishap. They were on the point of dismissing the audience, when a veiled lady made her way to the director and offered to take the leading part. His astonishment gave way to delight when she mentioned her name. Never was audience more enthusiastic. When the tempest of applause which followed the conclusion of the opera was over, the composer looked around, with a feeling of intense gratitude, for the preserver of the evening. But Giuditta had gone.

Mozart was now at the height of his fame, but, a victim to overwork, slowly his life-strength ebbed away. And in the hour of death, there, on his heart, where it had rested through life, lay the amulet of Giuditta.

George A. Hurd.

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PÉRE HIRONDELLE.

I AM sixty years old to-day. Really that is quite antiquated! One feels, it, too, in one's bones; and when the east wind blows, it is as though there were needles in one's limbs. That is the rheumatism; and then I say to Amélie, "It will rain to-night; you had better look after the mignonette, or it will be quite beaten down." And Amélie laughs, and says, "Pére Hirondelle, you are really growing very old; who ever heard of rain harming mignonette?" But I am much attached to my plants; there is so little I can do now, since I became blind, they are quite like children to me; and a morning never passes that I do not go out into the garden and inhale their fragrance, in my dressing-gown and slippers, with my velvet cap on to protect my brain from the sun. That is on fine days; when it is stormy, I often stand at the window and listen to the rain as it spatters and dashes in the paths, until Amélie comes and puts her hands on my shoulders and says roguishly, "Dear Pére Hirondelle, the mignonette is safe, quite safe!" And then we both laugh, and she goes back to her work, and I to my easy-chair and my thoughts.

Sixty years! It is a long time. So many things have happened since I used to wear slips and lace caps! They say I was really a remarkable child, and looked out of the window when I was only two days old; but I do not remember that. One forgets so much when one is sixty!

Ah, well! I am digressing. I was going to tell you the story of my life. It is not much of a story; but it is all there is to tell, and you will not find fault with me because it is not more romantic.

My early days were very happy. My father was well off, and we children had everything we needed or wished. I had always wanted to be a physician, and had early displayed an aptitude for entomology and botany; and when

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I was eighteen I was sent to Paris to study for my profession.

Those were royal days, those in the student life! A dozen of us had rooms in the same house, jovial, happy young fellows, most of us, without much experience of the darker side of the world; and we used to spend the evenings always together, with pipes and a glass of wine, and music. Ah, the music! I shall never hear any like it again. How the fresh young voices blended in the quartettes and trios, with now and then a thundering chorus that shook the very house! Pirie had studied under some of the best Paris instructors, and his bass was so rich and sonorous! Poor Madame the landlady used to come to the door sometimes and make a mild protest against the noise; but as soon as she was gone some one would whistle a bar or two from Il Trovatore perhaps, and off we would go again, as loud as ever. I fear that we caused her and her family many sleepless nights.

I was invited quite often to take dinner with one of the professors, who had been a friend of my father in his younger days; and those little visits were so pleasant! Old Flaubert himself was a handsome man, with his snowy hair and moustache, and eyes like sloes; but the chief attraction at his house was neither himself nor his dinners, although his conversation was so entertaining and his table irreproachable. It was after the dessert, when we had returned to the parlor, and when the old professor's pretty daughter Hortense had seated herself at the piano, that I always enjoyed myself the most. Hortense was an only child, and the idol of the old man's heart; she was just as her mother used to be, he told me one night, as we sat with our cigarettes in the corner, watching her white fingers fly along the ivory keys. And yet, pretty as Hortense was, it was not that which attracted me; it was that inexplicable feeling you sometimes experience on meeting a person, which seems to tell you that there is much that you have in common. I did not endeavor to trace the stream to its source; I was content to live on with the voice in my ears which said: "She is yours;

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only wait, and let time show." And so day by day I dwelt in a dreamy anticipation of future happiness. I never tried to hasten what I felt was so sure to come at last.

Pirie, of whom I have spoken, was also a friend of the Flauberts. He was a fine, stalwart fellow, with a face that set you instantly on the best of terms with him, and the most irresistible smile. I did not know whether to be pleased or not that he should be so frequent a visitor at the house I had come to regard almost as my own exclusive resort; but I quieted my apprehensions with the thought of that invisible bond which existed between Hortense and myself, never questioning that her feeling was the same as my own.

As time passed, however, it became more and more plain to me that Hortense was interested in, nay, was already strongly attached to Pirie. What was more natural, indeed, than that it should be so? They were both musical; most of their evenings together they passed at the piano; and in that universal tone-language the heart of the lover spoke to that of the beloved, which yielded itself in sweet response to the divine call.

My eyes were suddenly opened, and I saw how I had deceived myself with the imagination of my heart. What I had desired, I had persuaded myself was in reality the case; and now I was rudely awakened to the consciousness of my loneliness.

What I suffered in those days I cannot tell you. I had to see Pirie daily, and it was almost more than I could bear. It required my utmost effort to control myself, and I lived in a dazed state, a sort of benumbed waking dream. I could not go near that dear house whither I had been wont to turn my steps so gladly. The good old professor noticed my absence, and sent a note to inquire why I had let so long a time pass without my usual visits. I pleaded as an excuse pressure of work, and he was kind enough not to question me further. Pirie, too, saw that something troubled me, but in his lover's rapture laid my silence and preoccupation to the engrossing nature of my studies,

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to which I now turned with redoubled energy, as the only source whence I could draw forgetfulness of my sorrow. How I loved Hortense I had never realized until I found her beyond my reach, and between us now I felt there was a great gulf which neither of us could pass, across which I could only catch glimpses of that heaven which I could never gain.

From words here and there I learned that Pirie and Hortense were now betrothed, and were to be married in the spring. As the appointed day drew near, I became more and more possessed with a desire to see her once more; and upon the evening which was to be rendered gay with the illumination of the wedding lamps, I put on my heavy great coat and stole through quiet streets around to the church, whose chimes were already pealing their glad invitation to the guests. Every stroke was a shock to my heart, as I stood in a dark corner by the church door, awaiting the arrival of the wedding party. They came at last, and I saw my Hortense, radiant in her pure white robes and veil, step from the carriage by the side of her betrothed, and enter the doors from which she would pass the wife of Antoine Pirie.

I found myself at my room again before I knew that I had left the church; looking at my watch, I found that it was nearly eleven o'clock; it was only eight when I had watched the wedding party enter the door. I had wandered about the streets for three hours, not knowing whither I went, so stupefied was I.

The rest of the story is soon told. I turned myself to deeds of charity, visiting the homes of the most wretched of the wretched Paris poor, endeavoring to render the evil of the world less by my medical skill. Ten years after the marriage of Hortense, I found in a bare and rickety garret a dying woman, in whom to my horror I recognized the one who had once been the object of my devotion. Pirie had turned out a brutal husband, and had gone to the devil his own way, leaving his tender wife to this death in a corner, like that of the beasts which perish. With her last breath Hortense Pirie left to my care her

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little year-old daughter; her father was dead, and she knew of no one to whom she could trust her child as to her dear friend of the old happy days.

That is how Amélie comes to be here, in the house of the old man who is so feeble and querulous, and for whom she takes so many steps. Strange, is it not, for the tender shoot and the dying stem to be here side by side? I have not seen Amélie for fifteen years, since the day when the explosion in the laboratory destroyed my eyes. But I can tell you how she looks, and just how her little head turns on its graceful throat, as her mother's did. Ah, well! one of these days there will be some one coming to claim that dear little heart, and I shall be left alone again. Whenever I say that in Amélie's presence, she says: "No, Père Hirondelle, never while you are alive!" But they do not know, these young things; and soon my only company will be old Jean and my mignonette, and there will be no one to treat me disrespectfully, and to pull my hair when I grow unsociable in the evening. But here comes Amélie with my chocolate; and there is a nosegay laid at the side of the tray; and Amélie says, "Come, Père Hirondelle, it is time you stopped talking, and took something to keep you awake during the evening, for you know you are sixty years old to-day, and we must celebrate the event!" And what can one do under such circumstances but do as one is told?

Edward C. Fellowes.

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ADMETUS AND ALCESTIS.

"O Love! O Life! the day wanes on apace,
With it my sun sinks never more to rise.
The fated hour draws nigh when I must pass,
Leaving my work unfinished, my race half run.
The weight of misspent hours of evil deeds,
How heavy now they press upon my soul!
With death-cleared vision I behold the past.
What I have been and what I might have been,
Like haunting Furies stand beside me now.
O God of Light and Life, Father of all,
To Thee from depths unknown I raise a prayer:
Grant me but one poor fleeting round of months
To make amends for years of sin untold.
In mockery hast Thou offered unto me
To take another's life in place of mine.
For who am I that one should choose to die,
To pass within Hell's gloomy home for me?
Who could I ask for this most precious boon?
Such love is not of earth, or hell profound."

He ceased and lay exhausted with his woe.
Meanwhile the murmuring sound of woman's voice
Came unto him, refreshing as the breeze
From groves of palm and meadows asphodel.
"Dear Husband, be it mine to die and pass,
For what were life to me bereft of thee,
Who art more unto me than all beside?
The weary years would drag a lengthening chain,
Binding me to the happy sunny past.
All my high love for thee, my duty and my vow,
Bid me to die and free thy life from death."

—*H. S. Mathewson.*

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THE PROMETHEUS OF ÆSCHYLUS AND SHELLEY.

WE have before us two plays, the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus and the "Prometheus Unbound" of Shelley, each a reflection of the same great light, but prismatically modified by the mental tendencies, education, and circumstances of its author. Moreover the second is, in a sense, a continuation or conclusion of the first and is in itself more nearly complete and consistent, for in whatever light we view the work of Æschylus it presents innumerable difficulties due, in part at least, to the inconsistencies of Greek mythology. The character of Prometheus is greatly dependent on that of Zeus and the question arises, shall we, as did the deeply religious Greek, accept Zeus as the wise and righteous Father or shall we see in him little but cruelty and tyranny? In the first case we should do away with the wisdom if not the foreknowledge of the hero; in the second we should find difficulty in reconciling to it the extreme devoutness of Æschylus, for in no other of his plays do we find such seeming denunciation of the supreme God. We prefer, however, the latter theory, assuming that the poet either lost himself in his work, appearing only as the painter of the True and Natural, or that, living in the early beginning of that wisdom-quickening age which gave birth to such men as Pericles, Socrates, Plato and Demosthenes, he saw and half believed the deeper principles that underlay the old idea of synonymizing righteousness with reverence for existing power. Love is the principle that shall conquer Might but only through myriad years of lingering pain and torture. Prometheus is this Love; he comes to us in majestic silence and is bound to a huge rock far from the habitation of living things. He has stolen the fire of the gods from Vulcan's smithy and has given it to mortals, thereby preventing their destruction at the hands of the oppressor. In this act he has trespassed against the tyrant's

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will and is now suffering the consequences. The one charge made against him by all other divinities in the play is lack of reverence, but even the timid Chorus that trembled and turned in horror from the mortal Io make sublime recognition of the nobleness of the Titan's principle and, in open defiance of Zeus, suffer with the lover of mankind.

The tender, sympathetic side of this great god-nature is beautifully shown in his conversation with Io: "Thou mightest learn everything from me," he answers her, and when he suddenly ceases from the narration of her woes and she asks if it pains him to speak further, he replies: "Nay! but I am loth to wound thee." In moments of keenest agony he tells the Chorus that he attaches no blame to mortals for his affliction.

It is in his outcries against injustice and tyranny—in his complaint against Zeus for grossly neglecting all obligation to him that the loftiness of Prometheus is lowered and we cannot help feeling that he painfully compromises himself in agreeing to reveal the secret involving the tyrant's downfall on condition of release and recompense. We should keep in mind, however, the difference between Christian and Pagan heroism. That the subject of cruelty and wrong-doing should bitterly rail at his oppressor, probably seemed to the Greek mind not only the most natural thing to do, but that which such treatment required.

Chiefly in this last point, Shelley's conception surpasses that of Æschylus. "I was averse," he says in his preface,—"I was averse to so feeble a catastrophe as that of reconciling the champion with the oppressor of mankind." Shelley held many peculiar religious views in direct opposition to the orthodoxy of his time; he was an extreme liberalist and his "Prometheus Unbound" is a half intelligible expression of his liberalism. He believed that man could be so "perfectionized as to be able to expel evil from his own nature and from the greater part of the Creation" and in his play Prometheus stands forth as that perfectionizing power, against Zeus the personification of the Might of Evil—the cruel despot from whose unrighteous rule man must be delivered. Shelley strangely

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compares Prometheus to the Satan of Milton's masterpiece, but free from every taint of evil passion and selfishness. He describes him as the highest type of intellectual and moral perfection. Through the whole play we find no glaring speech from Prometheus' lips, answering the flashing thunderbolt, but the soft, sweet light of faith in ultimate salvation, of grief and pity for the Oppressor. There is a thrilling, noble majesty through it all. "Submission thou dost know I cannot try, for what submission but that fatal word—the death-seal of mankind's captivity?" The prophetic words he speaks are said "more in sorrow than in anger." By long experience of agonizing torture the bitterness of his soul is spent and he is now all wisdom and love and light, as Zeus is all folly and hate and darkness.

But the highest commendation of this hero is not in his own words. It is Earth that rates him mightier than the king of gods and men. It is Hermes that says, in grief at what seemed to him the needless suffering of so noble a nature, "From thee returning heaven seems a hell." It is Hercules that calls him "most glorious among spirits." And last and best of all, when Demogorgon dethrones mankind's oppressor, that justice-smitten god cries out in despair, "Oh, that thou wouldst make my enemy my judge even where he hangs, seared by my long revenge, on Caucasus! Gentle and just and dreadless is he not the monarch of the world!"

When at length the adamantine fetters are shattered and the Titan stands forth free and a conqueror, he seems but little nobler than when his shackles bound him. His victory has not given him power but power has given him victory.

As Hawthorne said of Cenci's portrait, "In this the artist hath wrought deeper than he knew," for, striving to express a high idea, he has created a being of surpassing loveliness.

Hubert W. Wells.

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IZAAK WALTON'S WILL.

THE last expression of character that a man may give finds its place in his will, and for this reason the wills of famous men are of great interest and much importance in the interpretation of their lives. We have taken away, in this nineteenth century, the light that flowed from a will written by the hand of the testator, but in the old time a man wrote with his hand the thoughts of his soul, and the world was wiser for it. Such a will is almost a definition of its writer.

It was in such a will as this that "the gentle Izaak Walton" laid bare the kindly nature of his character and proved his title to his name. His will as a whole does not differ essentially from the ideal that "The Compleat Angler" would justify one, in forming, but it is full of little indications of the quiet strength and individuality of Walton's inner life. It shows him to us as a Christian gentleman, in the true old meaning of the word, and brings us at once into willing sympathy with the simple kindness upon which his character was based. It contains two bequests that are especially interesting as exponents of the workings of his thought. The first is the gift of a farm "to the towne or corporation of Stafford, in which I was borne," the yearly rent of which must be applied to the apprenticing of two sons "of honest and poor parents," to the dower of "some honest poor man's daughter," and if anything remain, it is to be expended in coal for the worthy poor of the town. Even the time of its distributing is indicated, "because I take that time to be the hardest and most pinching times with poor people." It is plain that Walton knew the people he was at such pains to succor, and his sympathy is as clear as his knowledge. It seems as though those years of his life that are lost to us must have been in some way very near to the misery that he sought to relieve.

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The second and most curious of his characteristic gifts makes clear how greatly he desired the loving remembrance of his friends. It provides that forty-two rings shall be distributed among them, and signifies his pleasure "that the price and value of said rings shall be thirteen shillings and fourpence apiece." Then follow a number of small bequests, all serving to show his kindness and loving forethought, as where he enjoins his son to give a sum of money "if he shall be able to do it, as I know he will."

The instances that I have mentioned are but a few out of many similar passages that bear upon them the stamp of the same longing for a memory green in the minds of those he loved, and that are sown thick with the traces of his anxious care for the unfortunate. He was unlike the men of his time in many things, but wherever he differed from them he excelled them. It must be remembered in the consideration of his will that it was written in his ninetieth year, and its peculiarities may be gently dealt with for the sake of his great age, but his generous care for others and his loving sympathy with the poor shine through them as the proof of what we may read between the lines "the most beautiful pastoral of its kind in the English language." His will is a fitting postscript to a life that was beautiful in its integrity and lovable strength.

Gifford Pinchot.

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NOTABILIA.

THE *Courant* in a recent issue made the announcement of a change in its policy, upon which the LIT., and, we think, the whole college, must give it its warmest congratulations. Whatever may be said as to the *raison d'être* of the bi-weeklies as they have been, there can be no question as to the superfluity of two of them occupying exactly the same field. The *Record* rendered its position somewhat distinctive, a few months ago, by to some degree taking up illustrations—an experiment which has turned out most happily. Now the *Courant* has begun a new departure which must ultimately remove it almost entirely from the field which it has hitherto occupied together with the *Record*. Its pages will come to have a real literary value and interest, instead of the somewhat weak attraction attaching to bad poems, thrilling incidents of mistaken identity and buck-bees reveries. No one who has had any connection with the LIT. can doubt the abundance and good quality of work done in the college, which, though thoroughly creditable, is, for one reason or another, not suited to the LIT., and for which now for the first time a demand has been created. The *Courant* has thus done a real service to the college by becoming the means of saving to it work far too good in every way to sink to oblivion in the waste-basket or meet the scarcely less melancholy fate of required work in composition. The new departure will be a gain in every direction. It will stimulate and encourage the writers; it will give to the college what it cannot afford to lose; it will help the *Courant* to a more dignified and satisfactory place in college journalism; and last but not least it will help the *Record* by leaving the field clear for it to develop into the ideal humorous, illustrated college paper.

AT this time of the year when athletics hold full sway over the University, when we throw aside books for a

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tramp down to the boat-house or out to the Field, when on sundry occasions we shout ourselves hoarse by day and dance around huge bon-fires to the accompaniment of rockets and crackers by night—in this happy and altogether glorious season of the college year the aged Saint compels us to repeat to the college divers rambling remarks upon these same athletics, which he has often dinned into our ears. The old gentleman went out to the Field the other day to see a practice ball game and came back boiling with wrathful denunciation of our college generation. When he could speak he explained that he had been sitting behind a dozen or more students and when the short-stop of the other side threw the ball four feet over first's head and our man went flying round to third, every one of the dozen men got up and yelled their exultation, and the Saint in his righteous indignation came boiling to us to work off his wrath. We tried to tell him that there were only a few yellers, that the excitement must be considered, that—we had heard it all so often in reply to our own objections, that we had it at our tongue's end—but the Saint would not let us open our mouths. "In the name of gentlemen," he broke out, "what are your ideas of the courtesy of a contest? Don't you think it one proof of a gentleman to act like one in positions where it is easy to act otherwise? And is the temptation of a practice game of ball enough to excuse a loud-mouthed rejoicing over the misfortunes of your opponent? Bah! Yale men in the past—and I've seen a good many of them—didn't think so, and if this sort of enthusiasm is the kind you show in championship games, I'll thank you to take my initial off the flags you shake in your opponent's faces when he makes an error!" If the old gentleman had seen the Harvard game we think he would have been comforted; and yet he might have been in positions—not always among the freshmen—where his disgust would have found ample cause for exercise. We have not yet ceased to need his remarks and we can never take them too thoroughly home to ourselves. But one thing in our late rejoicings has pleased him mightily and he grows

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complacent towards his wayward descendants as he watches the grotesque ring of dancers round a blazing pile, whose glare and shadow glorifies even the old brick row, while the weirdly tinged leaves of the elms are shot thick with balls of many colored fire, and his ears and nerves are never once shattered by the demon's fish-horn. The horn is at last dead—let us bury it deep.

THE LIT. board have, after much thought, decided to make an innovation in the matter of signing the work published in all parts of the magazine. The rule hereafter will be as follows: In the various departments all unsigned articles will be the work of the editor in charge of that department, all contributions from others will be signed with the author's initials. In the body of the magazine *all* articles, whether the work of the editors or of the contributors, will be signed with the author's name. For the leading article the writer alone is responsible; in the *Notabilia* the opinions expressed are those of the entire board, while the editor of the department is alone responsible for the expression of them. The object of these changes is, by making known the authorship of everything published in the LIT., to render the author directly responsible to the critical judgment of the college as to his work; and to prevent any man from getting either credit or discredit for the work of another. And perhaps this is a fitting place to reiterate our sincere plea to the University to make this a University magazine, and not leave it open perpetually to the sneers of being filled with the contributions only of the class which next holds an election for LIT. editors. Especially discouraging is it to receive no articles whatever from our own class, which only yesterday was swamping the last board with its work. And from Sheff. the number of the contributions received either shows an utter lack of respectable literary ability in that large department, or an utter lack of appreciation of the LIT.'s offer to appoint an editor from our Scientific School.

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PORTFOLIO.

"J'AI OUBLIÉ."

Dearest, thou hast forgiven me at my prayer;
Upon the card thou gav'st me yesterday
I find this little heart-throb written there,
"J'ai oublié."

Thy sweet forgiveness hurts me but the more—
Dost thou not see, Love—for I cannot say
The words I craved thee from thy dear heart's store,
"J'ai oublié." H. W. W.

——It is a sunny morning on the Restigouche, the frost still lying in the shade, and the air bracing, though the sun is warm. It is perfectly still, and not a sound heard but the rush of the river over its rocky bed. On both sides thickly wooded hills descend to the water's edge. In front is an island, and beyond that a long stretch of silvery water reaching almost to the foot of the great mountain towering in the background. The only living creature visible, a kingfisher, is poised motionless above the surface. Now like a stone he drops, and, startling the echoes with his shrill rattle of exultation, bears his fishy prize to his nest. Standing in a birch canoe, I am casting a salmon fly for the first time. How intently I watch my fly as it slowly floats down the stream. Every eddy startles me, and, when a young salmon, or smolt, jumps near by, I almost upset the canoe. We have just taken a "drop" down stream; I am casting with a short line, when a streak of coppery light shoots toward my fly, the water is violently agitated, and then all is as before. I sit down and try to "rest" him the required five minutes, but give up on three and hook him the very first cast. Heavens, how he goes! I foolishly put my thumb on the line, and take it off instantly, cut and bleeding. Straight down the river he darts. Up comes the anchor and we are after him; but the reel still clicks. At last the line grows slack; when suddenly far below us, glistening like silver, the salmon leaps from the water, and, rising fully five feet, falls gracefully back. He pauses for a moment, and, his course changed by his jump, comes directly toward the canoe. I reel in till the leader begins to show. He pauses; and all at once, recognizing the proximity of the canoe, in wild terror, takes out line as rapidly

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as at his first run. He stops; but the strain is not lessened. My line vibrates like a guitar string as he tries to cut it on the sharp stones at the bottom. Tired of sulking, he makes another dash for liberty. But his strength is failing. Each successive time I check him more easily, and at last am able to land. Two or three more short runs, and, though stubbornly resisting, foot by foot, he comes in. At length I can see him, as, in his struggles, he shows his tail and back above the surface. Now my Indian wades in. One quick movement of the gaff drives it through and through the fish, and he is borne triumphantly to the shore. H. M. S.

——In the valley of Glossary, surrounded by the wild highlands of Argyll, stand the ruins of Kirnan, the homestead of one of the families of the great Campbell clan. There is nothing sadder than to behold the fallen ruins of a once prosperous race. And it was while gazing upon the roofless abode of his forefathers that Thomas Campbell, at that time a young man plunged in the deepest poverty, poured forth one of the tenderest and noblest of the English elegies. Sorrow and misfortune seem to be the lot of the sons of song; and we can best obtain an idea of their characters and dispositions by observing how they have borne their afflictions. It was his conduct in adversity that revealed Scott to the world in all his nobility and grandeur; and Campbell, mourning over the abandoned home of his ancestors, displays not even the least trace of bitterness of spirit. "To bear is to conquer our fate," is the keynote of his song. Though his race was fallen and their wealth lost, Thomas Campbell faced the world with "front unaltered and courage elate." Yet his plaint over the dreary scene of desolation with which he was confronted, is no less touching. Wandering through the wild and neglected estate the poet seized upon a solitary rose, crowded and hidden by the weeds of a garden, as the one object which reminded him of the loveliness and prosperity of the past.

> "Yet wandering I found in my ruinous walk,
> One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
> To show where a garden had been.
> Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
> All wild in the silence of nature, it drew,
> From each wandering sunbeam, a lonely embrace,
> For the night weed and thorn overshadowed the place
> Where the flower of my forefathers grew."

P. T. S.

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——A godly, peaceful, neat and industrious people, far away from the busy world, whose spiritual and mental welfare was cared for by some such a lovable character as Father Felician, a people driven from their homes and fair fields and scattered broadcast over America by a ruthless and overweening government, this has been our conception of the Acadians: an idea impressed most vividly on our minds by Longfellow's "Evangeline." Recent historical discoveries, brought to light by Francis Parkman in his book entitled "Montcalm and Wolfe," show how far the plain reality differs from this beautiful fancy. In this work the true and unromantic state of affairs is dwelt upon at some length. We find there that the Acadians, although a frugal people, were by no means a cleanly one; that two or three families often lived in the same house, and that a wretched hovel with hardly the necessary furniture; and that they were an excessively ignorant people, scarce one in a thousand being able to write his own name, and, far from being taught to read and write by the parish priests, they were purposely kept in ignorance by those estimable men. In fact the curés were the real cause of the unhappy exile. They were instructed by the Bishop of Quebec, and with the knowledge of the king of France, to keep the Acadians French at heart, with the ultimate object of winning back Acadia from the English. They accomplished this so well that one of the governors of the province wrote, "What we call here an Indian war is no other than a pretence for the French to commit hostilities against His Majesty's subjects." This spirit of hostility at last culminated in the refusal of the inhabitants to take the oath of allegiance to their sovereign, King George, an act directly traceable to the priests, who threatened any one taking the oath with perdition, both in this world and the next. Throughout the whole period from 1713 to 1755 the Acadians had been treated by England with more kindness than any other portion of the English people. In return for this indulgence they acted in a spirit of the grossest ingratitude, and when, after six years of delay, in 1755, they resolved not to sign the oath, it was decided that they were much better away. Accordingly preparations were made for their departure, the story of which is so well known. Even after the capture of the men for this event they were treated with the greatest kindness and in the

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embarkation members of families were allowed to go together in the same ship, although separations did accidentally occur. They were also permitted to take as much of their personal property as there was room for in the ship. This is Parkman's story of the Acadians, a weak and ignorant people, instigated by the intriguing French to open disobedience to their rightful king, and then left mercilessly to suffer the consequence. "The Government of Louis XV. began with making the Acadians its tools and ended with making them its victims." R. W. H.

——During the last few years the name of a writer, Thomas Nelson Page, has occasionally appeared in our monthly magazines. The scenes of his stories carry us back to that golden era in the South known as "before the war." The best point in these stories is the masterly delineation of the negro. Wherever he is described he will be recognized at once as true to the original. There is a total lack of the two stock types formerly so popular with our novelists. We look in vain for the unnatural and monkeyish buffoonery of a Topsy, or the quaker-like resignation with which it has pleased some to credit the African. He is painted as he is and always has been in this country, a good-natured, indolent being, whose redeeming feature is his faithfulness, and whose popular failing a want of respect for the rights of property. The author has handled his dialect with as much skill as his character. But Mr. Page does not deal only with the lower classes of society. The negroes occupy merely the background. The prominent parts are assigned to the white race. With these also he is successful. For the ideal heroine we may turn to Polly. Such a frank, loving disposition, free from all prudishness and at the same time never descending from the dignity of womanhood, claims our admiration from the very beginning. Her uncle, too, is just as we would picture an irascible old country gentleman, whose dire threats to sell his slaves melt away in air without the faintest probability of fulfilment. The whole household live a happy, natural life, charming in its freshness and simplicity. In the selection of his heroes the author is not so fortunate. Men perfect mentally and physically are not found every day, and the introduction of such a character into a book is a mistake. It is better, however, to err in this direction than to go to the other extreme. The

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plots are very interesting and it would be hard to find a more beautiful little story than the sad tale of "Mars Chan," while those who prefer something more exciting, will be satisfied by "No Haid Pawn." Taken as a whole Mr. Page's stories are so well written and so entertaining that the reader's only regret is that they are not longer. G. C.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The Yale Orchestra

Held a meeting, April 18, and elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: President, Carl Meyer, '88; Business Manager, R. S. Newell, '89 S.; Librarian, L. W. Bacon, '88.

The Second Glee Club

Gave a very successful concert at Willimantic on the evening of April 19th, at Loomer's Opera House. The large hall was completely filled by an enthusiastic audience, numbering at least twelve hundred. The club sang and played better than ever before, and returned well pleased with their trip. The following was the programme rendered:

PART FIRST.

Dear Old Yale, ... Carm. Yalen.
Bill of Fare, ... Carl Zollner.
Hüttelein, ... J. Beschnitt.
Solo by Mr. Wells.
"British Patrol," by Banjo Club.
George Washington, ... J. H. Ryley.
The Matin Bell, ... Carm. Yalen.
Warble by Mr. Fowler.
Wine Galop, ... C. Kuntze.
"Seek No Further March," by Banjo Club.

PART SECOND.

The Bold Fisherman, ... Carm. Yalen.
Solo by Mr. Solley.
Was Willst du Mehr? . . . . . F. Abt.
The Hoarse Singers, ... R. Genée.
"Mazurka," by Banjo Club.
Serenade, ... F. B. Tourtellot.
Solo by Mr. Williams.
A. B. C. . . . . Carm. Yalen.
The Old Mountain Tree, ... Carm. Yalen.
Waltz, ... F. A. Vogel.

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Yale vs. Buffalo,

At the Yale Field, April 21 :

YALE.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stagg, p.,	3	0	1	3	0	8	0
Kellogg, l. f.,	4	1	0	0	2	0	0
Cross, 3 b.,	4	1	2	2	0	2	1
Noyes, s. s.,	4	1	2	2	0	8	0
Dann, c.,	4	1	1	2	5	2	0
Hunt, c. f.,	4	2	3	3	3	0	0
McConkey, 2 b.,	4	2	2	2	6	2	0
Spencer, 1 b.,	4	0	1	2	11	0	2
Heyworth, r. f.,	3	2	1	1	0	0	0
Totals, . .	34	10	13	17	27	22	3

BUFFALO.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Grant, 2 b.,	5	1	2	3	2	2	0
Calihan, c. f.,	4	1	0	0	3	0	1
Lehane, 1 b.,	5	0	1	1	4	0	1
Zell, p.,	5	2	2	2	0	5	1
Purvis, c.,	4	1	1	1	9	2	1
Galligan, r. f.,	3	1	2	4	3	1	0
Hamburg, l. f.,	4	0	1	1	1	0	0
Easterday, s. s.,	4	0	0	0	0	4	2
Connell, 3 b.,	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Totals, . .	38	6	9	12	24	14	6

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Yale, . . .	0	1	1	2	2	2	0	0	2—10	
Buffalo, . .	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0— 6	

Runs earned : Yale, 2 ; Buffalo, 4. Base on balls : Yale, 2 ; Buffalo, 1. Struck out : by Stagg, 6 ; by Zell, 5. Double play : Noyes, McConkey, Spencer. Wild pitch : Stagg. Umpire : Kelly.

Another Concert

Was given by the Second Glee Club at the Y. M. C. A. Hall at Bridgeport, April 21. This was perhaps the most successful in the history of the Club. The programme was essentially the same as that at Willimantic. A very pleasant reception followed the concert.

The Berkeley Sermon.

The annual sermon of the Berkeley Association was preached in Trinity Church, April 24, by the Rt. Rev. A. Cleveland Coxe, Bishop of Western New York. The pews in the center aisle were reserved for the students of the University, and were well filled, as was the entire church. The subject of the sermon, "The Secret of a Noble Career in Life," was especially pertinent to young men, and its able treatment by the Bishop won the closest attention of the students.

Glee Club Concert.

Chickering Hall was very well filled on Friday evening, April 22, to welcome the Glee and Banjo Clubs, with an exceedingly enthusiastic audience largely composed of college graduates. The concert was very successful in every respect,

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and many encores were called forth from both clubs. The programme comprised the following pieces:

PART FIRST.

1. My Favorite, ... Wohanka.
   Banjo Club.
2. The Son of a Gambolier, . . Carm. Yalen.
3. Mazurka, ... Shepard.
   Whistle by Mr. Jones.
4. Song of the Shucking,
   Mr. Hinkle and Club.
5. 'Neath the Elms of Yale, . . Carm. Yalen.

PART SECOND.

1. Waltz, ... Don Cæsar.
   Banjo Club.
2. Daylight is on the Sea, . . . Carm. Yalen.
   Warble by Mr. Richards.
3. (*a*) Delta Kappa Epsilon, } . . Carm. Yalen.
   (*b*) Psi Upsilon, }
4. Thou Art My Own Love,
   Mr. Sheffield and Club.
5. The last Rose of Summer,
   Mr. Jones and Mr. Hinkle.
6. Yale Medley, ... Carm. Yalen.

PART THIRD.

1. Erminie, ... Jakobowski.
   Banjo Club.
2. The Pope, ... Carm. Yalen.
3. A Little Knot of Blue, . . . Shepard.
4. The Prodigal Son,
   Mr. Hinkle and Club.
5. Dear Old Yale, ... Carm. Yalen.

The proceeds of the concert will go to the navy.

Freshman Meeting.

A meeting of the Freshman class was held April 25 in 176 Lyceum to consider the challenge received from the University of Pennsylvania Freshmen for a two-mile eight-oared shell race on the Thames. President Gawtry, '89 S., called the meeting to order, and stated its object. He read letters received from the Harvard and Columbia Freshmen showing that no further arrangements could be made with them. He then read the challenge from the University of Pennsylvania, which was received with enthusiasm. Captain Rogers of the 'Varsity crew, and President Knight of the Yale navy, spoke in favor of it, and a motion to accept the challenge was carried

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by acclamation. Treasurer Collins, '90, then read a statement of the finances of the Freshman navy.

Yale vs. Boston,

At the Field, April 26 :

YALE.	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stagg, p.,	4	1	2	2	0	11	0
Noyes, s. s.,	4	0	1	1	0	1	0
Cross, 3 b.,	4	0	1	1	0	1	0
Kellogg, l. f.,	4	0	0	0	3	0	1
Hunt, c. f.,	3	0	1	1	3	0	0
Dann, c.,	4	0	2	2	6	1	1
Spencer, 1 b.,	3	0	0	0	12	0	0
McConkey, 2 b.,	3	0	0	0	1	5	3
McClintock, r.f.,	3	1	0	0	2	0	0
Totals, . .	32	2	7	7	27	19	5

BOSTON.	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sutton, l. f.,	4	0	0	0	3	0	0
Wise, s. s.,	4	0	0	0	0	2	2
Kelly, r. f.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Nash, 3 b.,	4	1	2	2	0	2	0
Morrill, 1 b.,	3	0	0	0	11	0	0
Burdock, 2 b.,	4	0	0	0	3	0	0
Johnston, c. f.,	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Tate, c.,	3	0	1	1	5	1	0
Stemmeyer, p.,	3	0	0	0	0	9	0
Totals, . .	32	1	3	3	24	14	2

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale, . . .	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	x— 2
Boston, . .	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0— 1

Base on balls : Boston, 1. Earned runs : Yale, 1. Wild pitches : Stemmeyer, 1 ; Stagg, 1. Passed balls : Tate, 1. Struck out : by Stagg, 7 ; by Stemmeyer, 6. Double play : Morrill and Nash ; McConkey and Spencer. Umpire : Kelley.

A Meeting of the Yale Navy

Was held in Alumni Hall, April 27. Officers for ensuing year : Pres., E. A. Stevenson, '88 ; Vice-Pres., C. W. Stewart, '88 S.; Assistant Treasurers, from '89, L. T. Snipe ; from '88 S., F. T. Parlin ; Secretary, G. W. Woodruff, '89; Treasurer, Prof. Wheeler, '57 ; Auditing Committee, Prof. E. L. Richards, Prof. W. H. Brewer, S. M. Cross, '88. Challenge of the University of Pennsylvania for a four-mile race at New London, was accepted.

Yale vs. Princeton,

At Princeton, April 30 :

YALE.	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stagg, p.,	4	0	0	0	2	12	0
Noyes, s. s.,	3	0	0	0	1	1	0
Cross, 3 b.,	3	0	0	0	2	1	2
Kellogg, l. f.,	4	1	1	3	0	1	0
Hunt, c. f.,	4	0	0	0	1	2	2
Dann, c.,	3	1	0	0	12	3	0
Spencer, 1 b.,	4	0	1	1	9	0	0
McConkey, 2 b.,	3	0	1	1	0	1	0
McClintock, r.f.,	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals, . .	31	2	3	5	27	21	4

PRINCETON.	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Price, s. s.,	4	0	1	2	0	3	1
Durell, r. f.,	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Reynolds, c. f.,	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Duffield, l. f.,	3	1	0	0	0	0	1
Wagenhurst, 3b.,	3	0	0	0	1	1	0
Larkin, 1 b.,	3	0	0	0	18	1	0
Mercur, p.,	2	0	1	1	1	12	0
Brownlee, c.,	3	0	0	0	4	1	1
King, 2 b.,	3	0	0	0	1	5	0
Totals, . .	28	1	2	3	27	23	3

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SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Yale, . . .	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	x—	2
Princeton, .	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—	1

Runs earned: Yale, 1. First base on errors: Yale, 1; Princeton, 1. First base on balls: Princeton, 4; Yale, 3. Struck out: Princeton, 10; Yale, 4. Left on bases: Princeton, 4; Yale, 5. Two-base hit: Price. Three-base hit: Kellogg. Passed balls: Dann, 1; Brownlee, 1. Umpire: Fulmer. Time of game: 2 hrs. 15 min.

The Courant Supper

Was held at Traeger's, May 2. Mr. H. L. May acted as toast master.

The Retiring Board,	Mr. Peet.
The Incoming Board,	Mr. Vinton.
Queer Things we See,	Mr. Phelps.
The Knickerbockered Saint,	Mr. Gillespie.
Ye Athlete,	Mr. Verplanck.
Our Daily Diet,	Mr. Ketcham.
The Choir,	Mr. Sheffield.
The Ladies,	Mr. McCormick.
The Voice of College Humor,	Mr. Douglas.
The Medium,	Mr. Anderson.
Town Topics,	Mr. Hinkle.

Glee Club Concert.

May 3d the Glee and Banjo Clubs gave a concert at Jacques' Opera House, Waterbury. After the concert a very pleasant reception was given to them at the home of Kellogg, '90. The proceeds of the concert will be given to the navy.

Sophomore Fence Orator.

A large meeting of the Sophomore class was held May 4, in 176 Lyceum, for the election of fence orator. Messrs. King and Mason were nominated. The first vote was a tie. Mr. King was elected on the third vote.

Yale vs. Columbia,

At Yale Field, May 7. Rain interrupted the game in the third inning, neither side having scored. May 24 was decided upon as the date for playing it off.

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Freshman Fence Orator.

At a largely attended meeting held on May 6, the Freshmen elected Mr. Stowe Phelps Fence Orator.

Long Island Alumni.

The Yale Alumni Association of Long Island held its annual Spring meeting at the Clarendon Hotel, Brooklyn. Mr. W. B. Davenport, the treasurer, read a very flattering report of the finances of the preceding year, and the following officers were elected: Benjamin D. Silliman, '24, President; Frederick A. Ward, '62, Vice-President; W. B. Davenport, Treasurer; Howard T. Walden, '81, Secretary; H. L. Johnson, '60, I. A. Miner, Jonathan D. Burr, T. J. Tilney, '70, T. L. Woodruff, and C. T. Catlin, '22, Executive Committee. After the collation had been served the members resolved themselves into a "Yale on the Fence," and made the corner of Washington and Johnson streets ring until a late hour. Among those present were: Rev. Dr. Leander T. Chamberlain, '63; Frederick A. Ward, '62; Adrian Van Sinderin, '54; Charles T. Perkins, '70, and Walter S. Logan, '70.

University Club Reception.

A very pleasant reception for the new members was held at the University Club, May 9. President Archbald opened the meeting and Mr. Cooley, '88, read the financial report for the past year. Mr. Charles Farnam, '68, and Mr. White, '81, both gave an address of welcome. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, Mr. W. B. Brinsmade, '88; Vice-President, Mr. J. N. Coyngham, '88 S.; Secretary, Mr. Howland Hoadley, '89; Treasurer, Mr. C. T. Brooks, '89. The following are the new members, thirty-seven in all. From '89: W. L. Armstrong, H. C. Atkins, W. S. Brewster, C. T. Brooks, A. S. St. C. Cook, L. J. Francke, J. R. Galt, R. F. Griggs, R. Hartshorne, H. Hoadley, J. S. Huntington, C. S. King, J. W. Lucas, H. L. Magruder, H. E. Mason, J. F. A. Merrill, H. J. Sage, W. D. Sawyer, S. L. Smith, J. Underhill, DeW. C. West. From '88 S.: J. A. Archbald, C. B. Berger, M. L. Bond, G. R. Carter, J. N. Conyngham, J. C. Dann, G. H. Davison, R. H. Franchot, H. K. Goetchius, F. R. Hamlin, C. F. Judson, E. L. Leeds, T. A. Legler, Jr., C. G. Miller, F. T. Parlin, J. G. Prouty.

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Yale vs. Trinity,

At the Field, May 11 :

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale, . . .	2	0	0	1	2	1	0	3	x—9
Trinity, . .	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—1

Earned runs: Yale, 6. Two-base hit: Barber. Three-base hit: Stagg. Home run: Spencer. First base on balls: Barber, Whitcome, 2. First base on errors: Yale, 3; Trinity, 4. Left on bases: Yale, 6; Trinity, 11. Struck out: Yale, 8; Trinity, 10. Passed balls: Barber, 1. Time: 2 hrs. 10 min. Umpire: Hamlin, '88 S.

Second Glee Club Concert.

May 10 the Second Glee and Banjo Clubs gave in Horticultural Hall, Worcester, Mass., the most extensive concert ever given by them. On account of the distance from New Haven only twelve of the Glee Club and six of the Banjo Club, among whom were Cook, '89, and Cheney, '88, both of the First Banjo Club, were present. After the concert a very pleasant reception was held in the hall. The programme, which was much the same as on previous occasions, was well rendered and well received.

Sophomore Games,

At Yale Field, May 11. 100 yards dash, won by C. H. Sherrill, 11 sec.; 440 yards run, G. B. Richards, '88 S., 55½ sec.; half-mile run, L. Bradner, 2 min. 5¼ sec.; 120 yards hurdle race, C. B. Berger, '88 S., 17⅜ sec.; mile walk, R. J. Platt, 8 min. 9 sec.; broad jump, T. G. Shearman, 21 ft. 2 in., establishing a Yale record.

Freshman Games,

At Yale Field, May 12. 100 yards dash, won by Robinson in 10⅛ sec.; running high jump, H. G. Waite, 5 ft. 3¾ in.; 440 yards run, Griswold, 58 sec.; running broad jump, Robinson, 20 ft. 9½ in.; one-half mile run, Bardwell, 2 min. 14 sec.; two-mile bicycle race, Landy, 7 min. 39⅜ sec.; 220 yards dash, Robinson, 23⅛ sec.; throwing the hammer, Bayard, 74 ft. 10 in.

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Class Historians

From '88 are as follows: Brown, Fitzgerald, Ripley, Verplank, Vinton.

Y. M. C. A. Officers

For ensuing year are: President, E. C. Fellowes, '88; First Vice-President, S. H. Fisher, '89; Second Vice-President, G. B. Richards, '88 S.; Secretary, F. P. Solley, '88; Treasurer, W. Lusk, '90.

Yale vs. Harvard,

At the Field, May 14:

YALE.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stagg, p.,	5	1	0	0	0	8	1
Noyes, s. s.,	6	3	3	3	2	1	1
Kellogg, r. f.,	6	1	2	2	4	0	0
Hunt, c. f.,	6	1	3	3	2	0	0
Spencer, 1 b.,	6	1	2	2	5	0	1
Dann, c.,	5	1	1	4	11	2	0
McConkey, 2 b.,	4	3	3	5	3	2	0
Stewart, 3 b.,	4	1	1	1	0	2	0
Brigham, l. f.,	4	2	3	3	0	0	2
Totals, . .	46	14	18	23	27	15	5

HARVARD.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wiestling, s. s.,	4	1	1	1	1	1	2
Linn, r. f.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
Campbell, c.,	4	0	0	0	2	3	1
Willard, 1 b.,	4	1	1	3	10	0	0
Boyden, p., c. f.,	4	0	1	1	1	3	0
Bingham, c.f., p.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
Foster, l. f.,	4	0	0	0	2	0	2
Mumford, 2 b.,	3	0	1	1	6	3	0
Holden, 3 b.,	3	0	0	0	1	3	3
Totals, . .	34	2	4	6	23	13	10

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Yale, . .	1	0	0	1	0	2	1	9	*	—14
Harvard, . .	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	— 2

Earned runs: Yale, 6; Harvard, 2. Bases on balls: Yale, 2. Home run: Dann. Three-base hit: Willard. Two-base hits: McConkey, 2. Struck out: Yale, 2; Harvard, 8. Passed balls: Campbell, 3. Wild pitches: Bingham, 1. Left on bases: Yale, 11; Harvard, 4. Double play: Mumford and Willard. Time of game: 2 hrs. 58 min. Umpire: Fulmer.

Φ. B. K. Officers

From '88 are as follows: Chairman, H. L. Stimson; Secretary, F. P. Solley; Treasurer, B. C. Steiner; Executive Committee, Fisher, Platt, and Stimson.

The Record Supper.

The fifteenth annual supper of the Yale *Record* was held at Redcliffe's, May 16 at 7.30. Besides the Retiring and Incoming Boards there were present, Isaac Bromley, '81, G. E. Eliot, Jr.,

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'86, C. Adams, R. N. Corwin, W. H. Cowles, A. F. Gates, C. L. Hare, G. G. Haven, Jr., R. I. Jenks, O. G. Jennings, Robert Maxwell, H. L. May, F. A. Meacham, H. F. Perkins, R. W. Playford, Lewis Seymour and G. H. Young, '87, and D. M. Cummings, '87 S. The following toasts were responded to, Mr. Samuel Knight acting as Toastmaster:

The Owl, ... Mr. Douglass.
"Mix'd reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth."

The Editorial We, ... Mr. Isbell.
"To be so great beyond the common span
"It takes the plural to express the man."

The Dear Old Man, ... Mr. Gates.
"I know it is a sin, for me to sit and grin
At him here;
"But the old three-cornered hat, and the breeches
and all that, are so queer."

Sheff. Notes, ... Mr. Georger.
"Go to Dorman's for stationery.
The work of the Troy Laundry speaks for itself."—*S. S. S.*

The Loïsette System, ... Mr. Solley.
"There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time."

The Lit.'s Rival, ... Mr. May.
"We have determined to cut loose from
Our traditional leading strings."—*Courant.*

What Yale Tutor Should Be, ... Mr. Eliot.
"Besides, 'tis known, he could speak Greek
"As naturally as pigs squeak;
"That Latin was no more difficile
"Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle."

Diurnal Journalism, ... Mr. Cowles.
"All wholesome reading the public refuse;
"'Tis 'News!' 'News!' News!' They will have 'News.'
* * * * * *
"The News indeed!—Pray do you call it the News,
"When shallow noodles publish shallow views?"

Our Predecessors, ... Mr. Bromley.
"And some in city journals war;
"And some as politicians bicker;
"And some are pleading at the bar—
"For jury verdicts or for liquor!"

Yale vs. Cornell,

At the Field, May 17:

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Yale, . .	3	0	1	3	0	1	1	0	*—	9
Cornell, . .	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—	1

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Base on balls: Cornell, 5. Struck out: Yale, 3; Cornell, 1. Wild pitch: Newberry, 1. Passed ball, Schreiner, 1. Three-base hit: Stagg. Two-base hits: Spencer and Brigham. Umpire: Mr. Hellier. Time of game: 1 hr. 50 min.

Spring Games,

At the Field, May 18. 100 yards dash, won by C. H. Sherrill, '89, 10⅘ sec.; one mile walk, F. W. Wentworth, '87 S., 7 min. 33¼ sec.; two-mile bicycle race, B. G. Work, '89 S., 7 min. 17½ sec.; running broad jump, T. G. Shearman, '89, 21 ft. 2 in., breaking the Yale record; half-mile run, L. Bradner, Jr., '89, 2 min. 5 sec.; throwing 16 lb. hammer, A. B. Coxe, '87, 101 ft. 1½ in., breaking the Intercollegiate record; 440 yards dash, C. H. Sherrill, '89, 53⅘ sec.; pole vault, T. G. Shearman, '89, 10 ft. 3⅝ in., breaking Yale record; 120 yards hurdle race, W. H. Ludington, '87, 17⅕ sec.; mile run, W. Harmar, '90, 4 min. 37 sec., breaking Intercollegiate record; putting 16 lb. shot, A. B. Coxe, '87, 40 ft., breaking Yale record; running high jump, T. G. Shearman, '89, 5 ft. 5¼ in.; 220 yards dash, F. W. Robinson, '90, 23⅘ sec.

Anniversary Exercises of the Seminary.

At Battell Chapel, May 18, President Dwight presided. The following were the speakers: Henry Martin Herrick, Charles Terrill Whittlesey, Walter Marsh Ellis, Horace George Hoadly, George Reynolds Mathews, George William Judson, Robert Calfe Morse, Ward Taylor Sutherland, Rikizo Nakashima, Edward Smith Parsons, Henry Eldridge Bourne, James Wilson Bixler, Howard Allen Bridgman.

Yale, '90, vs. Harvard, '90,

At Cambridge, May 18:

YALE, '90.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hunt, c. f.,	6	3	3	3	4	1	0
Spencer, 1 b.,	6	4	1	4	6	0	0
McClintock, 2b.,	6	2	3	4	4	0	2
Day, c.,	6	0	0	0	6	0	2
Wurtenburg, r.f.,	6	3	2	2	2	0	1
Strait, p.,	6	1	0	0	0	9	0
Calhoun, s. s.,	5	2	2	2	1	0	1
Howard, 3 b.,	5	2	1	3	2	2	1
Travers, l. f.,	5	2	3	3	2	1	0
Totals, . .	51	19	15	21	27	13	7

HARVARD, '90.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Codman, l. f.,	5	2	1	1	4	0	0
Slade, c. f.,	5	0	1	1	0	0	1
Campbell, r. f.,	5	1	1	1	1	0	1
Mumford, 2 b.,	4	0	0	0	3	3	0
Linn, 3 b.,	5	3	1	1	1	3	3
Vila, 1 b.,	4	0	0	0	11	1	1
McLeod, s. s.,	4	0	0	0	1	2	0
Young, c.,	4	0	0	0	4	0	0
Sabine, p.,	4	1	0	0	2	2	1
Totals, . .	40	7	4	4	27	11	7

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SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Yale, . . .	3	3	1	2	0	2	1	7	0	—19
Harvard, .	2	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	— 7

Time of game: 2 hrs. 35 min. Runs earned: Yale, 4; Harvard, 0. Base on balls: Yale, 5; Harvard, 7. Struck out: Yale, 2; Harvard, 5. Two-base hit: McClintock. Three-base hit: Howard. Home run: Spencer. Passed balls: Day, 3; Young, 7. Wild pitches: Sabine, 2. Double plays: Travers and Howard; Hunt and McClintock.

The Yale Orchestra

Gave a very enjoyable concert at the New Haven Opera House May 18. Following is the programme:

PART FIRST.

Overture—Des Marionettes, . . Cornelius Gurlitt.
Orchestra.

Thou Art My Own Love,
Glee Club.

Fantasie, Faust, ... Alard Gounod.
Eugene Wallner.

(*a*) Hungarian Dance, . . . John Brahms.
(*b*) Spanish Dance, . . . Moritz Moszkowski.
Orchestra.

L'Invito, ... Giulio Alary.
The Misses Schneelock.

Morgenblätter—Waltz, . . . Johann Strauss.
Orchestra.

PART SECOND.

Aus Aller Länder—"Deutschland," . Moritz Moszkowski.
Orchestra.

Yale Medley, ... Carm. Yalen.
Glee Club.

Mandolienen Ständchen, . . Albert Jungenmann.
Orchestra.

La Gioconda, ... A. Pouchielli.
The Misses Schneelock.

Polish National Dance, . . Xaver Scharwenka.
Orchestra.

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BOOK NOTICES.

The Two Brothers. By Honoré de Balzac. Boston: Roberts Brothers. $1.50.

The series of translations of Balzac now being issued by the Messrs. Roberts Brothers is an undertaking the importance of which it would be hard to overestimate. An author widely and openly compared to Shakespeare in creative force, is at a bound introduced to the English-speaking public, whose former lack of appreciation can only be explained by the absence of an adequate and creditable translation. The public taste, tested by the first three volumes of this series, "Père Goriot," "César Birotteau," and "Duchess de Langeais," has vindicated itself and we have as a result already "Cousin Pons," "Eugénie Grandet," "The Country Doctor," and "The Two Brothers," with others in preparation. This immediate and gratifying appreciation, it is to be hoped, will lead to the translation of the better remaining volumes of the "Comédie Humaine." That there are works of Balzac which are hardly suitable to translate will not be denied, but with the better appreciation and understanding of this author there can be no doubt but that the vague charge of immorality laid upon all his writings,—due to the breadth of his scope, in describing the lower side of man's nature as well as the higher—will be confined to but a small part of his work. For Balzac is a moralist, a teacher of ethics. With startling and absorbing vividness he paints virtue and vice in their true colors and relations. He pretends to no distinct moral in each novel; the reader is left to choose for himself the significance of what is shown him. Yet all is so clearly wrought out that hesitation is impossible. Balzac is a fatalist; so close does he stick to real life that there is no chance for any play of the fancy or imagination to divert effects from their true causes. All follows after the manner of a Greek tragedy. Yet Balzac is not gloomy or depressing. He is at once serious and gay, humorous and pathetic, sad and cheerful. In a word he has the whole range of human passions and affections at his command.

A Club of One. Passages from the note book of a man who might have been sociable. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale by Judd.

After reading a little way into this book one is apt to wonder whether it contains only the querulous complaints of an invalid, until the author freeing himself in the main from this tendency, shows us the quiet life of a thinker and philosopher, who with his rampart of books, keeps out the modern hurly-burly. Let it not be understood that he is a man insensible to progress, living in the past alone, on the contrary he is keenly alive to all real advances and developments in whatever direction, social, political, or literary. But he is a man of extremest sensitiveness, upon whom a false note in literature jars equally with a rough handshake, or the mere presence of a boisterous aggressive nature. We suspect him throughout of a gentle satire upon those whom he calls "professional invalids," still the thrust is

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good naturedly made. This sensitive nature of his results in giving him a fine taste and appreciation, and through these rambling and unpretentious jottings and essays upon books and things, there is pervading all an attractive literary flavor. He is a real lover of books, and gloats over an old edition or a rare work with the ardor of an old-fashioned book-collector. His advice about books is worth considering, and he who does not care to profit by it, can at any rate derive much entertainment from the manner in which it is presented.

Theophilus Trent. Old times in the Oak Openings. By Benj. F. Taylor. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

Dr. Taylor, widely known as an essayist and poet, has left us as a posthumous work, his first novel. It reads, however, more like an autobiography than a novel in the ordinary sense of the word. It is an account of the years of his younger manhood, it depicts a few of the "old times" to which in later life his memory returned and upon which it loved to dwell. For that Theophilus Trent and his friends were real people we cannot doubt catching as we do everywhere, glimpses of the evident love the author bears to the old scenes and old friends. In thus describing his early life, he gives us a cheerful and sympathetic picture of the new settler's struggles in the Michigan backwoods, a little warmed and tinted perhaps, because seen through the haze of time. Yet we would not have it otherwise. For that life was hard, and existence a hand-to-hand fight, we all know; and it is pleasing to learn of simple joys, neighborly meetings or indeed anything that would go to mitigate the severity of their existence. We find in this book no well-worked-up plot, no clever characterization, yet we lack nothing, for we have instead the quiet, peaceful flow of the every day life of every day individuals, which becomes commonplace only when viewed from a superficial standpoint, or in the hands of one less a master of his subject than the author. As a picture of a phase of American life gradually passing away, this book will always be of value, but perhaps in no respect will it be more so than in exhibiting the struggles and triumphs of these early people in escaping from their environments.

Poetry and Philosophy of Goethe. Lectures and Extempore Discussions before the Milwaukee Literary School in August, 1886. Edited by Marion Dudley. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

We are led to believe from this volume that the Milwaukee Literary School is more fortunate in its lay members than in its president. At least if we were to judge the standard of the society by the opening address we would think that the spirit of Goethe had not made much headway in Milwaukee. However the volume as a whole does not echo the painfully flat and youthful tone of the president's speech and many of the papers read show much learning and literary appreciation. This is especially true of the lady essayists. The paper by Mrs. Sherman on the *Divine Comedy and Faust* is exceedingly fine in matter and style. The latter abounding in such epigrammatic sentences as this, "The age in which life might be characterized by an interrogation point." A clear and discriminating lecture on "Goethe's Relation to English Literature" point out the poet's influence on Scott,

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Coleridge and Carlyle. Two poems were read—one an anniversary ode and the other entitled "Goethe's birthday" ending with these fine lines:

"Then not in vain we bow to-day
Before the Poet, not the king.
For men may make a man to rule
God makes a man to sing."

F. I. P.

Chronicle of the Coach. Charing Cross to Ilfracombe. By John Denison Champlin, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

Mr. Andrew Carnigie, the Scotch-American millionaire and political-economist, is well-known on both sides of the Atlantic for his coaching trips through England, one of them having been made memorable by no less a pen than that of Mr. William Black. The volume before us describes a two-weeks trip of his four-in-hand through one of the most charming districts of England, the route lying in the counties of Surrey, Hants, Dorset and Devonshire. It is a bright and interesting account of an enviable trip where all things conspired for the pleasure of the coaching party. The Cathedral towns of Winchester, Salisbury and Exeter are rambled over and described with sufficient historical allusion to prove an intelligent interest, yet not enough to be burdensome. Perhaps keener than the enjoyment experienced by all in the old towns however was the delight taken in the quaint cottages of the smaller villages with their stolid, unimpressionable inhabitants, and in the scenes along the wayside, the grand forests, the wild flowers, the hedges of thorn. A glimpse of English social life is also given in their visits to one or two fine ancestral homes along their route. The party is a representative one, half English, half American, among the former, one being able to pick out despite the pseudonyms two well-known names, those of Mr. William Black and Mr. Matthew Arnold.

Southern California. By Theodore S. VanDyke. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

The first thing to strike one in reading this book will probably be the exceeding grace and vividness of the language; the second, the faithfulness and unbiased honesty of the descriptions. It is neither the deceptive and overdrawn picture of a land speculator nor does it contain the hasty impressions of a traveler. It is the work of a man who while loving his *home*, is not blind to its imperfections. So much has been written of extravagant laudation of Southern California, its climate and fruits, that the author takes pains throughout to warn everyone against too high expectations. There is a sharpness in his satire as he describes the experiences of so many, who, neglecting what reasoning powers they possess, expect to find in Southern California an earthly paradise. "What! it rains?" they can hardly believe their eyes—"and there are fogs and draughts and occasional failures of crops?" Surely they have been grossly deceived.

The main object of the book having been to describe the out-of-door advantages, we find chapters upon such subjects as the Valley Quail, the Mountain brook, the Sea-fishing, etc.; while in regard to Agriculture the author relates the blunders and short-comings of unskillful farming and gives much sound and careful advice. A sensible discussion of the drawbacks to the climate and of what invalids can reasonably expect from it, conclude a work of the very highest quality and worth.

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Connecticut. A Study of Commonwealth-Democracy. By Alexander Johnston. American Commonwealth Series. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25. For sale by Peck.

This volume, the work of a Princeton professor, should attract much interest from Yale men, both from the nature of the subject and from its dedication to Yale's President. The standpoint from which the history of Connecticut is viewed is not antiquarian or biographical, but concerns the relations of Connecticut's political development to democratic institutions in the United States. The author considers the democratic principles shown in the Connecticut Constitution of 1639 to be the starting point of the democratic and essential features of our present government, and gives a place of the highest importance to this State on account of its influence in shaping the National Constitution. The indirect influence of Connecticut, through men who have carried its ideas and principles into almost every other State of the Union, he has been prevented from touching upon by lack of space, this subject being one worthy of a separate volume. The later industrial development of Connecticut is an interesting study, the author exemplifying by it the old truth that an enterprising and energetic people are not dependent upon a rich soil or natural advantages for prosperity.

The Story of Alexander's Empire. By Prof. John Pentland Mahaffy, D.D. With the Collaboration of Arthur Gilman, M.A. The Story of the Nations Series. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50. For sale by Judd.

One of the aims of the publishers in issuing this series, namely, to show the philosophical relations of the history of one country to that of another, has been in this volume exceptionally well carried out. The story of Alexander is familiar to all, but the fate of the fragments of his Empire is not so well-known, nor especially has the influence of the ideas which Alexander impressed upon the nations he conquered been so clearly traced and emphasized as they are by this author. This work, therefore, although treating of a rather threadbare subject, will fill a place because of the new light it sheds upon a hitherto obscured feature of the times.

TO BE REVIEWED.

Beauchamp's Career. By George Meredith. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Zury. The meanest man in Spring County. A Novel of Western life. By Joseph Kirkland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Jesuit's Ring. By A. A. Hayes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Year Worth Living. By Wm. M. Baker. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

ACKNOWLEDGED.

The Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning. Vol. III. The Ring and the Book. Vol. IV. Christmas Eve and Easter Day. Men and Women. In a Balcony. Dramatis Personæ. Balaustion's Adventure. Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau. Fifine at the Fair.

The Angel in the House. By Coventry Patmore. Cassell's National Library. 10 cents.

The Discovery of Guiana. Sir Walter Raleigh. Cassell's. 10 cents.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

There could be no doubt about it—the Saint was grumpy: when we entered the study he sat in his old arm-chair with his back towards us and remained immovable under the fire of our politest greetings. It was quite evident that he still considered himself aggrieved in some degree, and not even the result of the Harvard game sufficed to cheer him up. As it was impossible to move him, we turned ourselves to do what we could alone on the Editor's Table; and were busy pulling down the house, that St. Elihu had built up out of the exchanges, in order to read them for review. This noise seemed to rouse the old man in a measure and he looked round rather testily; when suddenly something occurred to him and he said: "The nine must not become over-confident; whatever their chances are for winning the championship, it is well to remember the results of last year's over-confidence. Tell them that!" We promised to do so, muttering through our set teeth the while, "Castanæ," and the Saint sat down apparently at peace again with the world. For had he not made an original remark?

Just as he was dozing off and we were settling down to real hard work, up he started again, saying, "Before I forget it, I want to tell the crew that they have one fault: the boat goes and stops; they want to acquire the old whaler practice of sending the boat into the air and keeping it there." This time he seemed thoroughly awake and instead of settling down to another nap he seized his "old three-cornered hat" and went off with the explanation: "The *News* says that the Yale Orchestra is going to play a concert game, and after that——'87 is going to lecture on——customs; I am going to be tough and take them both in." So off he started, knee-breeches and all, to amuse the spectators of the sports probably as much as the legitimate entertainments themselves; and we were again alone in the silence of the study.

On looking through the various magazines we noticed considerable attention paid to "*Vers de société.*" Besides an able article on this subject in the *New Englander*, a writer in the *Dartmouth Lit.* gives a short account of some of the writers of light verse, and makes a plea for this form of poetry which seems rather needless just at present when all the world is running that way; it is, however, a very readable article and worthy of a place in such an excellent publication as is this number of the *Dartmouth Lit.* This magazine itself contains a little of the *Vers de société* in the shape of some triolets, one of which we add below by way of sample.

TRIOLET.

A kiss in this rose!
Is it wicked to steal it?
Now who could suppose
There's a kiss in this rose?
She thinks nobody knows,
But her cheeks did reveal it.
A kiss in this rose!
Is it wicked to steal it? —*Dartmouth Lit.*

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The Berkeleyan, from the University of California, is as solid and respectable looking a magazine as any in the intercollegiate series. The leader is an essay on Goethe, including his works,—being, as the heading informs us, "Extracts from a lecture delivered under the auspices of the 'Ladies' Silk Culture Society of California.'" An attempt, however to concentrate so much matter into such small space could not hope to be as "fine as silk."

The *Trinity Tablet* is very apt to contain a number of pleasing verses, and the present number is no exception; the following is a fair example of its style:

A KISS.

Forgive it dear, that I upset
The modest forms of etiquette,
But thy dear face, fair beauty's shrine,
Was just a bit too close to mine,
Sometimes you know love will forget.

Your beauty o'er my prudence won,
I hardly know how it was done,
That *accident* when our lips met.
Forgive it, dear.

You smile, your eyes with laughter fill,
Yet you are silent—waiting till—
I shall at length perhaps see through it—
Ah yes! you meant that I should do it—
You know you did—and so you will
Forgive it, dear. —*Trinity Tablet.*

It seems that an epidemic of kissing is running through the college periodicals. It is, we suppose, one of the signs of spring—the form that spring poems assume now-a-days.

The *Williams Weekly*, which takes the place so long filled by the *Fortnight*, now deceased, has a little corner devoted to "Cobwebs;" occasionally they resemble the gossamer of a summer morning, light and sparkling with dew; occasionally the heavy webs hanging from the rafters of some old and dusty barn. We will let our readers judge for themselves to which class the following belongs.

ANOTHER SPRING POEM.

Some gents who, it happened, were new
To college, and what we here do,
Wore suits of light gray,
New on Easter, bright day,
Back to Bill town—their number was few.

The first they struck was some snow,
The North wind with fury did blow;
And the mud—Holy Smoke!
(Thus one of them spoke,)
Reached down to the regions below.

Then they tenderly folded away
Those Suitings so spring like and gay,
And each one doth swear,
His ulster he'll wear,
Right through till the ending of May.
—*Williams Weekly.*

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Frank R. Stockton's latest story in the *Century*, "The Hundredth Man," though still unfinished, calls forth an article in the *Williams Lit.* It is a careful review of the qualities which make up the attraction of Mr. Stockton's writings, his peculiarities and genuine traits; while doubtless incomplete, it is very fair in its estimate of him. Another writer in the same magazine, who seems to have admired Mr. Stockton's style, without quite catching his spirit, contributes a story called "As I would have written it"—a rather clever idea, which, however, in its elaboration falls short of being fine. The following poem from this magazine has been already quite extensively copied among the exchanges.

THE TIME ARBUTUS BLOOMS.

It was about the time arbutus blooms
  On the south slopes, and hid in sunny nooks,
Fair spots of brightness in the dreary land
  Like golden words, hid in long-winded books.

I met her coming down the forest path,
  Decked with the fragrant blossoms; yet more sweet
Was she than they. I watched her as she sped
  Along the mountain side, with hurrying feet.

A many maids since that day have I seen,—
  Black-eyed and passionate, in southern lands,
And northern maids, with hair of sunny gold,—
  And, times, have met with favor, at their hands.

But still, about the time arbutus blooms,
  In sweet spring days, there comes again to me
A vision of gray eyes and parted lips,
  A lithe, live form, and brown hair floating free; .

Once more, up from the dusky past there floats
  That sweet faint scent I knew in former days,
And then—the fair dream fades, as fair dreams will.
  I turn once more to the world's weary ways.—*Williams Lit.*

The following lines from the *Bowdoin Orient* are put in with the hope that they may be of service to those who are at present troubled about choosing their next year's electives.

Alack a day! why did I stray
In mathematics far away?
While they who read Demosthenes
And all such other books as these,
To tennis, ball, and "gym." do run
Long, long before my work is done;
While I, with heated brain can puzzle,
In vain Old Calculus to muzzle.
Then up! away! make no delay,
Ere it shall be too late to say
"No mathematics in my cup,—
I thank you, sir,—my mind's made up."
—*Bowdoin Orient.*

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Supplement to] *MAY, 1887.* [*Vol. LII*

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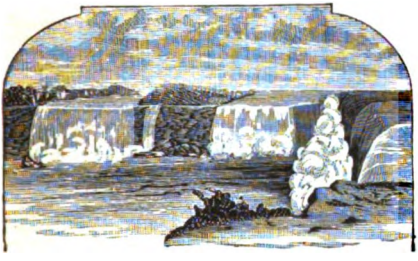
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VOL. LII. No. IX.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.



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Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

JUNE, 1887.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-second Volume with the number for October, 1886. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the Book Notices and Editors' Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued monthly from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is $3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at Thompson's. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

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THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LII. JUNE, 1887. NO. 9

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '88

J. FRANKLIN CARTER, EDWARD C. FELLOWES,
HAROLD R. GRIFFITH, RICHARD M. HURD,
FRANK I. PARADISE.

UNIVERSITY CENTERS.

THE best gifts of the years cannot be bought with dollars. What an institution has accumulated through a long existence, belongs to it, and cannot be taken away. A great institution has no other right to exist and to demand public support than this: that it stands for some great idea, and fills some pressing need. Look into the history of our schools and colleges. East and west it will be found that not one is living a full, active life which does not stand for an idea, and which does not fill a great need. One recalls at once the history of Exeter, Andover, Harvard, Williams, Dartmouth. The subtle influence which such institutions exert over their students cannot be bought, or in any other way acquired than through a long history, and through the traditions which belong to them, and which are moulded by the ideas and need upon which they are founded. And this influence, the gathering of the years, is the most important gift of every great college to her children.

I was thinking of this some months since, when the public press announced an enormous gift of money by a Worcester gentleman for founding a university in that

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town—to be, it was said, the rival of Yale and Harvard. The gift of one or two millions of dollars is a matter of great public interest because of the tremendous power it carries. And besides, in our present great need, we have a right to consider the economy of such a gift. Wisely given, it may be of infinite service to the world; unwisely given, it may be a positive harm.

Now it clearly seems to me that we have reached the close of the first stage in our educational growth and are entering upon a new career. Fifty years ago, the public interest and money were absorbed in the then highly useful work of founding schools and "universities" in the great western country. If we to-day are inclined to smile at these small institutions with their great names, we are wrong in forgetting the useful place they fill and the splendid work they have done. For the most part they meet the test we have named,—of filling a pressing need and of representing some great idea. The good men who gave up their lives to that work were in the highest sense missionaries.

And still it is true that a new need has come to this generation, in an educational sense, as great and as pressing as that of western schools. It is the need of University centers—the concentration of intellectual life. And this need grows out of the fact that no great intellectual movement is possible until first an intellectual atmosphere has been created. It is at early dawn when the songsters rival each other that the woods are flooded with music. Jonson meets Shakespeare and forthwith both are inspired. Whitney and Morse were contemporaries.

We can imagine that an English University man must be sadly perplexed in traveling through this country and meeting the names of the countless little colleges which are called Universities. He comes fresh from the traditions and influences of Oxford or Cambridge—those great centers of intellectual life in England, whose power has been untold for nearly a thousand years. Where has that power lain? In the fact that these two centers have concentrated all the intellectual life of the nation—so that

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they have had a moulding influence over every great question in politics, religion, philanthropy, art, literature. So also our own first literary awakening came not by chance, but from influences which for years had been silently working in and about Harvard College. Dana, Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, represented in themselves the highest culture of the times, and the inherited culture of their ancestors. Read the sketches of Mr. Higginson and Dr. Hale, and it will be seen that the atmosphere of Cambridge was impregnated with intellectual life. Mind was stimulated by contact with mind; study inspired by the general interest in intellectual things; and ever and anon across the water came the prophetic and inspiring words of Carlyle, to be answered by the sweeter and finer musings of our own Emerson.

I feel sure, then, that the great need in our intellectual life to-day is concentration, and that our weakness as a nation in literary things is due, in part at least, to the fact that our influences are scattered. In this great country there is but one form of intellectual concentration possible; that is in the universities; and for the present anyway, only in such universities as have the accumulated history and traditions of long years of service. One erratic gentleman proposed that we have two university centers—one in California and the other in Nova Scotia. The plan is not a practical one and recognizes but half the need.

Now the growth of Harvard and Yale is in the direction of meeting the full need of intellectual centers, but their movements are necessarily slow because of the lack of necessary funds. To be sure, large sums of money have been bequeathed to Harvard of late, but far from enough to meet her present requirements; while we at Yale are suffering for the want of the common necessaries of life. Look again at the secret of the power of Oxford and Cambridge. They have the accumulated history and traditions of nearly a thousand years. They have wealth untold, livings, preferments, fellowships, scholarships, parliamentary seats, at their command. They have honorable places to offer every desirable man whom they wish to remain con-

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nected with them. They reach out their strong arms after every great man in the kingdom, and bring him face to with their undergraduates. They have libraries which hold the collections of centuries. They have buildings which it is an education to study. They have civil, religious, political power.

Contrast all this with our own condition. We need money to support fellowships; to enlarge the graduate courses, to offer such support that great men can fill our vacant chairs without sacrifice, to bring master minds face to face with our students in the lecture room, to found scholarships. Since we have entered college some of the brightest and most stimulating of the younger members of the Faculty have left us, because, it is said, no provision could be made for them. We need university centers, but how are we to make them? A great teacher is buried in some little country college, and his influence practically lost; fragments of libraries are scattered up and down the land; the power of money is weakened by being divided among so many institutions.

And now the papers are loud in praises of the man who originates the idea of founding a new university midway between Harvard and Yale, within fifty miles or so of Amherst, Williams, Dartmouth, the Scientific School of Boston, and in the same city with another famous school of science. We began by saying that any institution which has a claim to public patronage and support must stand for an idea and fill a pressing need; that the most important gift of a university to her children is that spirit which belongs to it by its years of service, by its history and traditions. Of this new institution we can say that it stands for no idea and fills no need; that the best of gifts it cannot buy with dollars and cannot bequeath to her children; that it is another element in scattering our intellectual forces and a hindrance to the realization of University centers. And therefore what under other circumstances is amiable folly in this time of need becomes downright wrong.

And now what all this question of University center

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means to us personally is this. Yale is a center of intellectual life. Let us not forget it. All our manifold interests group about this central purpose of our being. The outside world seems to think that our other interests are first. Surely it is not so, as one knows who sees how our athletic life is pervaded by the intellectual. And the enthusiasm which is sure to follow the growth of the University idea among us will tend to make Yale more and more a center of intellectual life.

Frank Ilsley Paradise.

RECONCILIATION.

Oh, that some Raphael might idealize
  That quiet figure with its girlish grace,
  The peerless beauty of the pensive face,
That wealth of hair the sunlight glorifies!
Faint mirrored blushes of Italian skies
  Across her neck and bosom swiftly chase
  Each other to her heart, Love's hiding-place;
But Love, grown bold, steals glances from her eyes.

Love looks out sadly on the rolling sea—
  When, gleaming through a blinding mist of tears,
    A white sail flashes in the distant West.
The boat draws near; all phantom terrors flee;
  Forgot are all strange doubts and coward fears
    When sobbing softly on her lover's breast.

William Lyon Phelps.

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A REMINISCENCE OF MY FRIEND LEY.

WHOEVER read "The Valley of Unrest, or a book without a Woman?" I am sure I never did, and yet I could point it out amid an hundred other volumes. Indeed I see now its terra-cotta covers tied with black shoe-lacings, and its large, old-fashioned superscription beginning with an ancient and much abused Y-shaped character that was laid away about the time when people were regretfully longing for the impossible return of breeches and cocked hats, and whose proper pronunciation has never crossed the lips of our progressive generation. Once, in an idle hour, I went so far as to turn a few of its leaves, and at the right hand lower corner of each page were printed the first two words of the next as I had often seen them in that mouldy, kindly, old periodical, the "Gentleman's Magazine." However, I take a lively interest in this book. Why? Well, its writer, a very singular but most delightful gentleman, is a particular friend of mine, and his book (I do not mean his *words*, mark you!) is himself all over again. Ah! what a charming self is he! A bachelor, a man-of-leisure, a great beau, he has had, and has still large opportunity to become acquainted with people and things.

His peculiarities manifest themselves in diverse ways. As each February approaches, he devotes himself to the making of a dozen or more unique and costly valentines which bring a great price and much pleasure to their designer. He takes a great interest in young men, having lost, I am told, his once profound faith in womankind, yet by no means does he avoid the gentler sex, but his heart is whole, or perhaps I should say, still unhealed. And then his house,—what shall I say of his house! It is a curiosity without and within, and has more nooks and corners than any dwelling of its size I ever saw. Its angularity, nevertheless, seems but to multiply comfort, and of all its cute, crazy, cozy little places the study is the most so.

One wilting, dilapidating August morning—just the

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kind of morning that takes all life out of one's self and one's linen, and puts one in a decidedly pessimistic mood —I left the glaring pavements of the main street among whose prison houses I had been for some hours engaged, and, turning into a shady avenue to seek momentary relief from the oppressive heat, I found myself within a few steps of my friend's "Curiosity Shop." How fresh and cool the broad expanse of green lawn with its overshadowing trees and playing fountain! How breeze-inviting seemed the open windows! Had this man in his eccentricity discovered some charm against the heat of dog-days? So it seemed. With a half-wish to spoil his delightful mid-day dreaming, I passed quickly up the walk and rang the doorbell. "Is Mr. Ley within?" I asked of the servant. "Yes sir! You'll find him up stairs in the study, sir. You know the way?" I nodded and up I went. There he was in his great wicker chair, looking out of the window. An open volume of Saxe's poems lay on the sill. He was evidently musing, for he did not look up until I had touched his arm. "Why! my dear boy, how *do* you do! Just the man I wish to see. I have been longing for somebody to talk to for the past hour. Sit down, sit down!" He moved me an easy chair near his own. I looked out at the playing water and said nothing, conscious the while that he was closely watching me. "How's the world treating you now-a-days—coldly?" he asked. "No! Not to-day, at any rate." "Ah, yes! Now you know, I am as cool as a cucumber and as happy as a—well, as an old bachelor can be. I've been reading Saxe—'Miss McBride.'" Here he took the little volume in his hands, and, as he absently turned its pages, laughed softly to himself. "Beautiful man, that Saxe—large-bodied, large-souled! But the Law spoiled him. My dear boy, don't you ever go into Law. Not but that it's a fine thing to be a good lawyer, but there's gall in it—there's gall in it!" I saw little relevancy in this unexpected advice, but I practically accepted it, and promised never to look between the covers of a Blackstone. I was in a mood to promise anything. "Yes! a beautiful man," he repeated, "Shaggy

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as a lion but tender as a—tenderness itself." I smiled, for I knew what he would have said. He went on—"I read him a great deal. Strange that the same man could write 'The Coquette' and 'I'm Growing Old,' but it frequently happens so. Some men—rare, talented, sensitive men, half unwittingly bury their heart's gold under heaps of rubbish and nonsense, and we should never know that they had any treasure did not a merciful Providence send an occasional wind to blow away the chaff, and so discover it glittering in the sunlight." "Go on!" I said, but he seemed lost for a moment in deep thought, and then — "I met Saxe once. He wrote me a little quotation then, and I have it still." I was more than interested. "Tell me about it."

"It was a long time ago; I was sixteen, and had just entered college. I knew that Saxe was lecturing through the South, but had never a thought of seeing him. One day I was sitting in my room, hard at work, when I heard a heavy step coming along the corridor. Presently it stopped at my room and there was a sharp rap from the knocker. I arose and opened the door. There stood a large, pleasant-looking man—a total stranger, who enquired my name and handed me an envelope. With some astonishment I read the contents. It was a letter introducing America's most famous humorist to me, a lad of sixteen years. I found acquaintance an easy matter and we were soon on the best of terms. He spoke freely of many things, particularly of the South and the Southern people. His conversation delighted me: one moment it would flash like a diamond, and the next instant it would glow with expression of intensest feeling. Upon my centre table there lay a little volume entitled, 'Gems from English Authors,' which soon attracted the poet's attention. He turned its leaves over and over again, then carefully scanned the index. 'So they have nothing of mine here! I'll get ahead of the publishers this time,' and taking a pencil he wrote on the fly-leaf these lines (which, by-the-bye, I have since seen in print):—

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'Such a paragon is woman,
That I think it must be true,
She is always vastly better
Than the best that she can do.'

'You can't understand that now, my boy, but when you are twenty-six you will.'

"He remained only a very few hours and then left me, expressing the hope that we might meet again, but we never have met. I caught a glimpse of him one day as I was hurrying across New York; he had grown somewhat grey, it seemed, and his face had lost the happier expression that I so well remembered. When I was twenty-six years old I had occasion to deliver a lecture before a number of young ladies, to whom I repeated the quotation, and added that I at length understood the writer's meaning."

Ley arose and took from the corner of an upper shelf a little cloth-bound book, fresh as the day it left the publisher's hands. It was "Gems from English Authors," and on the fly-leaf I read the words and name of John G. Saxe. As I walked homeward a heavy wind was passing through the trees—cool forerunner of a thunder-storm. My thoughts fled far away to a lonely room in Albany where there sat, in silence and in sadness, a poet whose songs were dead upon his lips—a broken-lived and broken-hearted man. Ah me! It was his own foreboding soul that sang,—

"Time bears for youth a muffled bell,
And hides his face in flowers."

Hubert W. Wells.

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CHOPIN AND GEORGE SAND.

"Gentle, sensitive, and very lovely, he united the charm of adolescence with the suavity of a more mature age; through the want of muscular development he retained a peculiar beauty, an exceptional physiognomy, which if we may venture so to speak, belonged to neither age nor sex . . . It was more like the ideal creations with which the poetry of the Middle Ages adorned the Christian temples. The delicacy of his constitution rendered him interesting in the eyes of women. The full yet grateful cultivation of his mind, the sweet and captivating originality of his conversation, gained for him the attention of the most enlightened men, while those less highly cultivated liked him for the exquisite courtesy of his manners." —*Geo. Sand's sketch of Chopin.*

SOON after the unsuccessful Polish revolution of 1830, Chopin, with a few of his persecuted compatriots, left his home in Warsaw to find in England a refuge from the tyranny which seemed to have finally gained full sway in his native land. Though but a youth of twenty, he had already received a well rounded education at Warsaw College, and had fully established that weirdly beautiful style of composition and rare delicacy of playing to which he adhered so closely during his artistic career. His wonderful improvising had already won the heart of Franz Liszt, who was ever afterward his warm, though sometimes rather too patronizing friend; and short trips to Berlin and Vienna had brought him into an enviable reputation as a pianist.

He probably had no intention of stopping in Paris more than a few days at the utmost, but his fame had preceded him and roused so much curiosity that he was persuaded to protract his visit more and more, till finally he made his permanent home there. This delay was the thing which molded the whole of Chopin's subsequent life; for here at Paris he first breathed the atmosphere of the *salon*, the sphere of life for which his refined and fascinating bearing and the enlightening influences of his home training had so well fitted him. Owing partly to the favor of Baron Rothschild, he was almost immediately received into the brilliant circles of artists and literary

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characters which made famous that early period of the reign of Louis Philippe. Here he met the rising lights of the recently formed romantic school of painting and literature, and found them ready to welcome and sympathize with his own similar efforts in the development of music. Among them was the poet Heine, whom he found especially congenial, and with whom he formed a sincere and lasting friendship, based on their similarity of temperament, and that intensity of feeling which made each the master lyrist of his own peculiar art. Chopin's interesting personality and polished manners charmed all whom he met. Yet the attention and praise which he received was entirely unsought, and he even seemed to shrink from contact with any except a few intimate companions. He afterward used to refer to this turning point in his life by sadly saying, "I passed through Paris." Sadly—for in this brilliant assemblage of wit he met the woman on whom his future peace and happiness was to depend, the woman who saved him, as it were, from the jaws of death only to inspire in him those hopes, impossible of fulfillment, which darkened his later years.

George Sand, at this time, had just passed through what Matthew Arnold calls the "period of revolt" in her literary life, the period which had culminated in the writing of "Lelia," that story so full of bitter invective against man, and cutting sarcasm upon the customs of society. She had created for herself an ideal world, and now looked around for some tangible realization of it. Having wandered far away from the sources to which others looked for their pleasure and happiness, she thought she saw in the talented, melancholy young musician, the creation of her dreams, the one who could fill the place in her heart from which she had violently though willingly driven the world. It would seem that the masculine element in her nature sought out the trustful, almost effeminate quality in Chopin's character, and found in it the counterpart of her own mind, the companion which she long had craved. Yet she herself would not admit that her feelings toward him ever passed the limits of a friendship arising from

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community of literary and artistic tastes, and her desire to prevent the impending failure of his health. In her autobiography she says: "J'avais pour l'artiste une sorte d'adoration maternelle très-vive." And ere long indeed she had abundant opportunity to show her motherly devotion, if such it was; for the late hours and the excitement of gay Paris life rapidly brought on the consumption which had always threatened Chopin's weak constitution. The end seemed near, and must certainly soon have come, if it had not been for Madame Sand's watchful care. She prevailed on him to go with her to seek health and rest on the shores of the Mediterranean; and there at Majorca was passed the most happy and romantic portion of the great composer's life. Coming, as he did, sated with the giddy whirl of society and the adulation of its leading spirits, is it strange that in the rest and mild climate of that beautiful isle of the South he was enabled to combat successfully the invading disease, especially when cared for by the woman whom he had gradually come to love with a passionate devotion such as only a poetic and intense nature like his can feel? As his health improved he became filled with the not unreasonable hope of marrying Madame Sand, and during this time, when the clouds seemed to have lifted a little from his pathway, he composed some of his most beautiful and inspired music. But his hope was doomed to be shattered. The night of disappointment and sorrow shut down over him more thickly than ever. The idea of marriage was utterly at variance with the creed which Madame Sand had established for herself. It may be, moreover, that the passion which she had felt for him began to wane. For passion we must call her attachment, when viewed in the light of other events in her life. At any rate, the deep, all-consuming love which she had roused in his heart was ruthlessly sacrificed on the altar of her philosophical opinions—whether with her sincere regret we cannot surely determine. She has described, in the story "Lucrezia Floriani," the life at Majorca and the final separation. In this she makes much of Chopin's irritability and exacting disposi-

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tion, but it is evident from other sources that these qualities only developed in him after the great shock of her refusal had taken away all his happiness and interest in life. It would seem that she had exaggerated and misrepresented this side of his character, that by constant repetition she might make herself believe that she was justified in her conduct toward him. The dashing of these hopes was more than the feeble physique and tender heart of Chopin could endure. His formerly sweet and lovable disposition became almost sour. His naturally sensitive and melancholy nature became at times morbid; and the new lease of life which he had obtained through Madame Sand's attention seemed so dependent on the smiles of her favor that, when they were finally withdrawn, it soon expired.

After the final rupture between them they met only once again, at the house of a friend. She extended her hand and addressed him by the name so often on her lips in days gone by—"Frederic." He looked at her a moment from the depths of his great brown eyes, then, quelling his rising emotion, turned away in silence. His refined and sensitive nature had been too rudely treated. His heart was broken. He took no further interest in life, and soon succumbed to the disease which had hung over him since childhood. But he has left to the world the history of his sorrows and disappointments in those wonderful nocturnes and weird Polish dances, which seem to be the direct outpouring of his sensitive, affectionate heart.

John C. Griggs.

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A SONG OF THE DAYS.

I.

THE PICTURE.

Beautiful tender eyes
  Suffused with a violet glow—
Strips of blue from Italian skies
  Just deepened a shade or so.

Cheeks of a pale rare rose,
  Lips of a rosier red,
Dark brown hair that languidly flows
  Over an exquisite head.

A speaking picture this
  Tojettian Appennine flower,
Born on the vine-clad trellises
  And plucked in a happy hour

To brighten a darkened wall
  With innocent childish grace,
And a mystic something that one might call
  The spirit-light of the face.

Strange that these Western skies
  With their long, long winter time
Should deepen the depths of those soulful eyes
  Rare in a Southern clime.

Ah! it is no surmise!
  Look from your silent blue;
Tell me none of your pretty lies,—
  She has been smiling at you.

II.

THE ROBE OF THE DAYS.

When we parted she said, looking into my face,—
  "The sweetest days of the year have fled,
  And in my trembling hands I hold
  A knot of ribband, some cloth of gold,
Albeit only a shred from the beautiful robe of the Days,
  The robe of ethereal Days."

"It is woven of film so fine that only the heart can trace
  The measure and treasure of every line.
  A little snatch from an old love song,
  That fluttered into my breast and clung
And was wholly, wholly mine, from the web-woven robe of the Days,
  The robe of the beautiful Days."

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"Or it may be that a thought from the silent and nebulous deeps
Of your soul has into my being wrought—
Into my being until it became
Of me and mine, and its subtle flame
Has glowed in a fibre of gold, in the wonder-wrought robe of the Days,
In the robe of the exquisite Days."

"Lo! where the sunlight falls mockingly over the wall!
Is it a shadow, or do I trace
Tears in her eyes for this broken dream,—
Eyes that have watched us until they seem
A part of the beautiful shred that I caught from the robe of the Days,
From the robe of the halcyon Days?"

III.

APRIL SHOWERS.

The snows had melted from the ways
And bared the withered grass and leaves.
Warm rains from heaven's dripping eaves
Bade earth's sad bosom be at peace,
And stirred within the hearts of flowers
A longing for this world of ours.
Out of the dreamy meadow's deeps
At Nature's benedicite
The cowslips wakened with a sigh.
In crevices of rocky steeps
The lover wind sang lullabies
To all his sweet anemones.
Like opals lay the busy bees
Deep in the bloom of locust trees.
I sought the blue of Southern skies
And deeper blue of Violet Eyes.

IV.

SCATTERED CLOUDS.

When we parted she said, looking into my face,—
"The sweetest days of the year have fled:"
But now she bowed her lovely head
And whispered, "They have come again."
Soft sunlight through the pane aslant
Fell on those depths of golden hair,
Lingered, then slowly passed to where
A pictured head of other days
Hung from the gilded cornices.
"Our hearts are happy, Violet Eyes!"

Hubert W. Wells.

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VICTOR HUGO'S HUMANITY.

"ARE we right in saying that the dust has already begun to settle upon the volumes of Victor Hugo on the library shelf?" The critic answers his own query in the affirmative. Whether we agree with him or not, it may yet be well, under the inspiration of the hostile criticism recently revived against him, to reconsider the grounds of our admiration for Hugo, and to estimate how well his fame is calculated to withstand the severe test which the "morrow of the death of a public favorite" is apt to put upon his memory.

One thing is absolutely essential for a true conception of the value of Hugo's literary work. This is a recognition of that loving spirit which, for want of a better term, we may call "humanity," breathing out in all his writings, and animating them with a life peculiarly their own. A few scattered, yet suggestive thoughts, gathered like flowers at random from several of his greatest productions, may serve to illustrate this characteristic, at once an explanation of the world-wide popularity attending his later years, and the reason for a well-founded belief in the immortality of his fame.

In the earlier writings of Hugo, this broad humanity finds expression in the thorough appreciation with which he portrays and analyses character. Quasimodo, in Notre Dame de Paris, is a brilliant example. In him we see a deformed soul in an ugly, misshapen body, yet the heart is not too depraved to show faint touches of a higher nature. So far from illustrating Hugo's fancy for delineating monstrosities, as some have wrongly asserted, such unfortunates as Quasimodo are a type of the logical sequence of human cruelty and immorality in its final analysis, all too true to life, as history or the present can testify. Nothing could be more real or touching than the tender sympathy with which Hugo does justice to human nature by showing that even in its lowest forms some of the

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nobler feelings yet remain. This was perhaps no small part of his mission, and in thus turning the sympathy and aid of many to those outcasts commonly considered beyond the possibility of reclaiming, he has achieved an inestimable good for his fellows at a time when there is much need of it.

Hugo has been accused of a love for antitheses in his characters, the balancing of one evil trait of mind by an opposite good one. The charge is superficial. Careful study of the mental action of Triboulet in Le Roi s'Amuse, for example, reveals but another phase of that eternal struggle between right and wrong in the human soul which we all recognize in ourselves to some degree or other. Instead of abandoning his characters to the full swing of one tendency or passion, as all but a few of the greatest writers have done, with a truer perception he shows us living examples of that subtle antithesis, or rather synthesis of character which marks the universal experience.

Like Jean Paul, Victor Hugo could never look upon a little child without reverence and love, therein revealing the depth and purity of his nature. In "Ninety Three," the doings and prattlings of three little children amid the horrors of the French Revolution are portrayed with almost perfect realism; few of his characters have attracted more admiration than little Gavroche in "Les Misérables," and his tender reverence for childhood has found expression in some of the most beautiful of his poems, in fact of of all lyric poetry.

As the troublesome years of Hugo's life pass on, we detect the element of ardent love for all mankind blending more and more vividly into the workmanship of the masterhand. The keen sympathy of experience is drawing him yet nearer to the suffering heart of the down-trodden and oppressed. The "Toilers of the Sea" and "The Man Who Laughs," written during his exile, present two phases of that great battle of which the world is the field. In the former, as hardly elsewhere so strikingly in all literature, the adverse forces of nature and circumstances

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submit after a combat unsurpassed in grandeur, to the indomitable resolution of a human will. Within certain limits, few books ever written could inspire more cheer or courage in the hearts of the struggling.

L'Homme Qui Rit depicts that other battle between the oppressors and the oppressed, of which our century is witnessing some of the latter stages. The main purpose of the work is admirably summed up in the words of Gwynplaine before the House of Lords: "My Lords, I impart to you a novelty. The human race exists." And in the light thrown on dark places by this book, the inevitable results of great abuses and the necessary means for placing society beyond the reach of revolutions can never again go without some degree of recognition, even by those who to-day, in some lands, seem willing to neglect them.

The innumerable evidences of Hugo's loving appreciation of humanity with which Les Misérables is teeming, must be dismissed with reference to only one. It is said that before Byron dreamed Haidee, the most charmingly real account of a lover's wooing in all literature was the "balcony scene" in Romeo and Juliet. For beauty and truth of narration, as well as for the sparkling spontaneity of the lovers' questioning and repartee, the record of the love of Marius and Cosette may justly be compared with the two others we have mentioned.

Hugo's later years present yet another phase of his humanity, the prophetic. It was fitting; after the long years of meditation on the lonely isle, comes the clear foresight. Yet it was strange in its expression, for Hugo is the chief of optimists, and after so much suffering a note of sadness might well have been expected in his song. Perhaps there is a lesson suggested in the fact that one of the great thinkers of our age, through unceasing toil and many tears, reaches *hope;* another, with opulence, and an easy life in the possession of a sinecure, reaches *despair.* But Hugo was no less fitted to voice the aspirations of the people than their sorrows. Some faint conception of his calm trustfulness in the future may perchance be gained

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from the following lines: "We are entering into the great centuries. The sixteenth will have been the century of painters, the seventeenth the century of men of letters, the eighteenth the century of philosophers, the nineteenth the century of apostles and prophets. To suffice for the the nineteenth century, one must have that religious love for humanity which constitutes apostleship and makes the future clearly discernible. In the twentieth century, war will be dead, the frontier will be dead, royalty will be dead, dogmas will be dead; and man will survive. There will be over all but one great country—the whole earth; and one great hope—the whole heaven."

In view of the deep sadness of his life, this optimism of Hugo's commands our admiration, whatever we may think of his conclusions. The more one studies Hugo, the more charitable and generous he becomes toward his critics. There is so much that can be admitted without detraction. Whether his volumes grow dusty on the shelf of the reviewer for want of appreciation matters little now. Mankind, for whom he toiled, has already rendered him the tribute of gratitude. As the great masses who are to be the reading public of the future advance toward a higher civilization, the genius of the writer who recorded the phases of their progress and contributed to it the loving sacrifice of his life, will be ever more appreciated, until the love of the heart and the judgment of the mind unite in giving him an honored place among the most distinguished men of our century.

W. H. Beckford.

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MARJORIE FLEMING.

THE common conception of a precocious child is an unnatural and offensive being, wise in the things that do not concern it, ignorant of the truest child-wisdom, a thing of weakened body and unhealthy brain, destined to end its days in an asylum. Nor can we declare the common report far wrong. There is not one of us but has known and pitied these victims of their own erudition, and so the story of a child that was sweet and lovable beyond the wont of other children, and yet knew more at seven than other children do at twice that age, may at least stimulate our curiosity. The story of Marjorie Fleming does more. She was so fresh and child-like, such a "canny wee wifie," with all her wonderful gifts, that we grow to love her unaware, and our hearts go out to her across the century.

She was one of Scott's friends, one to whom he resorted, in spite of the great disparity in their ages, for diversion and comfort. There is something very beautiful about the friendship of these two. Scott, the great-hearted, whole-souled man, "all rough and alive with power," and our sweet Marjorie, vigorous, too, and with the seeds of power, but withal so bright and sunny, as true a child as he was a true man. Sometimes their intercourse was on the plane of Scott's thinking, and then she would repeat to him Constance's speeches from *King John*, till the tears ran down his cheeks. He used to say, "She's the most extraordinary creature I ever met with, and her repeating of Shakespeare overpowers me as nothing else does." At other times he would come down to the level of her childhood and play the scholar to her teaching, and learn, after much stumbling and many rebukes, some one of her favorite nursery rhymes, as "Jiccotty, diccotty, dock, the mouse ran up the clock," or "Onery, twoery, tickery, seven; Alibi, crackaby, ten and eleven." So each could live in the other's life, and in everything but age they were a well matched pair.

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Marjorie left to us her diary, and from it comes almost almost everything that we know of her. But it shows us the true Marjorie as no amount of anybody else's writing could, and what we find in it is so pure and frank and simple, and above all so loving and true, that this diary of a little Scotch girl of seven summers is altogether good and beautiful. Her use of language is remarkable, so fine indeed, that it seems at times as though a gifted woman had gained an entrance, in some miraculous way, into the mind of a vigorous, natural and affectionate child, and written down what she found there. Marjorie's ease in writing came legitimately from her extensive reading, for this child of seven had read Shakespeare and Burns and Swift and Pope and Thompson, and had not only read, but had committed much to memory. Nothing seems to have come amiss to Pet Marjorie. "Tom Jones," "Grey's Elegy," "Mysteries of Udolpho," "Newton on the Prophecies," the "Arabian Nights," and the "Newgate Calendar" all shared her attention and approbation. But most of all she read the Bible, and the diary is full of references to it. She says of it: "I wonder if there is another book of poems comes near the Bible." Indeed, Maidie was of a very religious turn of mind, and we find her often bewailing her falls from grace, and that in the most beautiful way. She had forgotten one day to say her prayers, and thus she writes of it: "I am very sorry to say that I forgot God—that is to say, I forgot to pray to-day, and Isabella told me that I should be thankful that God did not forget me—if he did, O what would become of me if I was in danger and God not friends with me—I must go to unquenchable fire, and if I was tempted to sin, how could I resist it—O no, I will never do it again—no, no—if I can help it." And what could be more quaint and pretty than this: "My religion is greatly falling off, because I don't pray with so much attention when I am saying my prayers, and my charecter is lost among the Braehead people. I hope I will be religious again, but as for regaining my charecter, I despare for it." Although Marjorie tells us that she is "a Pisplekan just now and a

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Prisbeteran at Kirkcaldy," her theology was rigidly orthodox, and here and there are passages that have upon them, as her historian says, "the very dew of youth and of holiness." She reflects thus upon the story of Haman: "It was a dreadful thing that Haman was hanged on the very gallows which he had prepared for Mordeca, to hang him and his ten sons thereon, and it was very wrong and cruel to hang his sons, for they did not commit the crime; but then Jesus was not then come to teach us to be merciful." It needs no comment.

But woven in with Marjorie's great talent her child nature keeps always coming to the light, pure, healthy and genuine. She confesses to several "ofers of marage," and even admits once that she might have been won for the asking. Her heart was so full of love that it kept forcing an outlet at every point. Her affection for her mother and sister was especially warm, and she gives expression to it continually. This is from a letter to her mother, written a few months before her death: "I long for you with the longings of a child to embrace you—to fold you in my arms. I respect you with all the respect due to a mother. You don't know how I love you. So I shall remain your loving child—*M. Fleming.*"

Our Maidie had a keen sense of humor, which made itself continually felt in her diary and in her poems, for she had the "divine gift of poesy" superadded to her many perfections. In a "Sonnet to a Monkey," she writes:

> "His nose's cast is of the Roman,
> He is a very pretty woman.
> I could not get a rhyme for Roman,
> So was obliged to call him woman."

It is in her poems, too, that the deeper feelings of her heart find their truest expression. There is one short piece—the last she wrote on earth—beginning "O Isa, pain did visit me," that is full of all womanly endurance of suffering and holy self-forgetfulness. This wonderful little woman seems to have formed her ideas on a very wide range of subjects. She was much disturbed about

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the lack of warlike abilities in her sex. "Fighting is what ladies is not qualyfied for; they would not make a good figure in battle or in a duel. Alas! we females are of little use to our country." Her views on historical matters are equally distinct and vigorous:

> "There is a thing that I must tell,
> Elizabeth went to fire and hell;
> He that would teach her to be civil,
> It must be her great friend, the devil."

Through all that she wrote there is this same frankness and innocence of thought and expression which is the mainspring of her attractiveness. Scott must have had very much to do with Marjorie's education, and her strength must have sprung, in part at least, from her companionship with him. Yet marvelous as were Maidie's literary talents and acquirements, they were not her greatest glory. All that she was to those who knew her, all that she is to us, is based and founded on her unfeigned truth and gentleness and love, on the genuine quality of her childhood. Love was to her the end of all things. In the words of John Brown, who has preserved her story for generations to come, "Love was, indeed, 'her Lord and King'; and it was perhaps well for her that she found so soon that her and our only Lord and King himself is Love."

Gifford Pinchot.

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PHILOCTETES.

The wind is silent on the sea of isles;
No ripple stirs its surface. All the waves
Have slipt within the bosom of the deep,
Like the last light that fades from dying eyes,
And all is quiet save this withered shape
That breathes its hour-long moan among the rocks,
Eyes hard with staring, and limbs wet with dew.

Oh gods, vast, cruel, starlike and serene,
That lift your hands and measure out the ills
Ye cannot know, could ye bend down and see
From your large godhood one who lies alone,
A petty mortal, who in petty spite
Folds all your large world in his little curse,
Wrenched with the darting pain, upon whose brow
The drops creep out and mingle with the dew!

O, thou that floatest through the trembling stars,
Like king Apollo's silver-throbbing voice
Among the choral Muses, are there none,
Saving thy Latmian shepherd, in whose eyes
Thou canst look kindly? Pity me in pain!
The echoes only answer, and they say,
"In pain."

A wind comes from the sea,
A touch of light where sky and waters meet.
It grows and brightens. Beautiful, O gods,
Is morning! Its first faltering flush, so like
The light I saw in eyes when life was sweet,
And pain conception. On long winter nights
When I have hugged myself against the cold,
And felt the mighty pulses of the deep
Throb through the rocks, I oft have seen those eyes,
And thought the dawn was near.

A knotted thread
The Parcae spin. I here, and far away
Upon the windy plains of Troy the Greek
And Trojan clash, and there Achilles heaves
His mighty shoulders through the press, and sweeps
The chariots empty. Hector's horse-hair plume
Floats like an evil spirit. Theirs is fame,
And some have love, some wisdom; I but know
That life is weeping, death is rest: and I would die.

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I must arise and bathe me in the stream
That bubbles near. The only pleasant thing
In this rock-island, this uprooted crag
Dropped by some tumbling Titan in midseas.
Perchance, indeed, the end is not far off,
When death will like this stream flow over me,
Yet something in me whispers, "Thou shalt see
The Greeks once more, and the high walls of Troy,
And thy blind arrows in the midnight storm
Shall vengeance take on the sole cause of all,
Paris, the son of Priam, who has made
Fair Greece a land of widows, and great Troy
A desolated city of the sad."

A. W. Colton.

GEORGE ELIOT'S STUDIES OF CHILDHOOD.

JOHN BLACKWOOD, in a letter written before the publication of George Eliot's first novel, says of it: "I am not sure whether he does not spoil it a little by specifying so minutely the different children and their names;" and then, a week later, confesses that his point is not well taken. In both respects we may agree with him, for at first the conviction must strike us that she has given children undue prominence, a prominence that most authors have avoided. They slip into her books from all sides, sometimes in groups and again a single one, clearly cut against the background of brothers and sisters, and form through all an undercurrent which comes rushing and surging to the surface in the story of Maggie Tulliver. But on a later reading, we, too, must confess that these pictures of childlife add not only charm, but also dramatic force. And how to account for this novel as well as charming element is the question that naturally presents itself. She has written so few and such meagre prefaces that we are obliged to gather what we can of her motives from her life and from chance expressions in her stories. Most obvious of these seems to be her desire to portray

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truthfully the twistings and distortings of purpose that fall to the lot of each man in the formation of his character, and make up so much of the history of childhood. But even a stronger motive was her love of nature, a love that permeated all her writing, and found its best expression in telling of childhood, the time of life when nature is dearest, the time, in fact, when our love for her is born and grows strong. This favorite idea of hers, that "we could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it," had its rise undoubtedly in the story of her own early life at Griff. In the midst of the flat farming country of Warwickshire, nestled in among the trees and hedgerows, stood her ivy-covered home; a real old-fashioned farmhouse, always redolent with the odor of fresh milk and cheese; behind it clustered the barns, with the cows and pigs and chickens so delightful to the children, and a little beyond was the pond where the fat ducks waddled and swam while the children watched them with envy, for Mrs. Evans had a horror of muddy ponds, and her word was law. All around lived the country people, whose homely dialect has become charming through the magic of her pen;—into these surroundings came the wilful changing nature of the future author, and by them was it softened and toned down. Excessively ardent and impetuous, she rushed from one extreme to another, from the deepest woe to the sublimest happiness, until her poor little childish mind was in a perfect agony of confusion, and ready to follow any loving hand that was held out to guide. When her teacher, a strict Wesleyan, but full of love and sympathy, was always with her, guiding and directing her impetuous actions, what wonder is it that she plunged into Methodism with all the ardor of her nature; but perhaps this very impetuosity made the rebound more severe when her craving was not satisfied. It was fortunate for us that she had this taste of religious experience; for without it the grace and beauty of many scenes would be lost, and perhaps even the lovely character of Dinah Morris that it seemed at first so hard to reconcile to George Eliot's later scepticism. The impressions made on her

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mind by these conflicts of her child's soul find their way into the thought of much of her writing, and culminate in the story of "The Mill on the Floss"—a book that is almost the story of her girlhood. It seems to us that one of the greatest marks of George Eliot's genius is her ability to portray successfully characters that in the hands of lesser genius would be clumsy, unnatural creations, or else so overdrawn that by their side even the wonderful children of storied fame would melt into insignificance. And in no better way is this illustrated than when, as her own model, she pictures Maggie Tulliver in "The Mill on the Floss." The charm lies not in the story itself but in Maggie's character; in her childish yearning for something better and higher; in the battling of her opposite natures for the mastery, making her sometimes gay as the sunshine, sometimes turbulent as her own Floss; and above all in her intense longing for the love of her fellow beings. And yet the strugglings of her young soul are not the whole charm, for now and then we strike a vein of richest humor; in fact, we may say truthfully that George Eliot's humor reaches its height in the quaint touches with which she illumines the children's talk. Quaint and even dry they are—there is no boisterous merriment on any page of her writing. Thus the comical situations are not overdrawn, even when an *enfant terrible* like Tommy Poyser makes blunders of the most outrageous description. Perhaps it is due to the quiet monotony of her childhood's surroundings, and the influence of the level, smooth country where she lived, that, unlike her character, her writing, whether she tells of gaiety or of pain, never runs to excesses. In a charmingly natural way, little Lillo discourses innocently, surveying his fat legs with complacent satisfaction, and Romola, standing beside him, is suffering the anguish of hell at the depth of her husband's wickedness. So throughout the saddest, most harrowing scenes the prattle of baby voices relieves the press of woe, and gives us a picture that is neither too bright nor too gloomy—a very kaleidoscope; the lights and shades, the brightness and the gloom blended together so perfectly that the turning wheel shows only a

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succession of harmonies. This charm that hovers over all her work, of picturing gently and yet dramatically, was the one element that she feared was lacking to make her a successful writer of fiction. In spite of her brilliancy as an essayist, it was with a heart little sanguine of success that she began to write "Amos Barton," a novel that proved to be startling in its dramatic force. But the highest proof of her ability as a novelist must be the way in which our hearts reach out in sympathy to the children, the little rays of sunshine in mediæval terrors, the light of honest midland homes. Just as in her hands the low uninteresting fields of Warwickshire are transformed "into many an idyllic picture," so the stiff unnatural children of many novels are transformed into flesh-and-blood realities, hearty, happy, laughing creatures. *Edward L. Parsons.*

NOTABILIA.

By the time this number of the Lit. reaches our subscribers, the Seniors will have endured the torments of semi-annuals for the last time here at Yale, the Juniors and Sophomores will have each moved up a peg in the scale of the college world, with vast increase of the dignity of importance, and the Sophomore fence will have again borne its crowded row of blushing Freshmen, now no longer Freshmen. The pow-wow, the fence orations and the last examinations will have changed from the future into the past. The year of the class of '87 will hold in store only—how large an only—Commencement week, the two final Harvard games and the race. Yes, the year is nearly enough spent to enable us to take a brief review of what it has brought to Yale University. And such a review must be a very pleasant and inspiring one for all of Yale's undergraduates and alumni. The new administration has made a start which has been even

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more brilliant than was predicted. Its effects have become gratifyingly visible in the broadening and liberalizing of our curriculum, and an increase of prosperity in every line of every department of the University. Perhaps the most prominent and important effect has been the remarkable enlargement and growth of the Graduate department. It is in the intellectual life of this department that every University, perhaps, has its greatest usefulness to the world, and its strength is essentially the strength of the University. But it is the changes in our curriculum which come most home to us, and for which we feel the warmest gratitude. For although we are not yet free from the reproach of being unable to study the classics as literature or to gain more than the most superficial acquaintance with the great literature of our own tongue, yet we have gained in the last two years more in the line of increased liberality and breadth than could possibly have been anticipated, and Yale need no longer blush to compare her elective pamphlet with Harvard's. There has been already in the college press a jubilee over the upspringing of a vigorous, earnest literary spirit here, and in outward signs, at least, it would seem to be justified. In athletics the year has been so far, and bids fair to be to the end, a red-letter one for Yale. The never-to-be-forgotten winning back of the real championship in foot ball last Thanksgiving in spite of unparalleled fair and unfair obstacles, the overwhelming victory at Mott Haven with its placing of three new intercollegiate records to the credit of Yale—these are behind us; no mean year's record of themselves. Before us lie the base ball championship and the race. Are we to be crowned with the quadruple laurel wreath, or must we rest satisfied with a more modest chaplet? We are no oracle, yet surely we may with confidence await the result of our remaining ball games, while our chances with the Crimson for New London's honors are at least even. In any case our athletes in all branches deserve and have the warmest admiration, gratitude and good-wishes of our University.

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IN this last issue, before the long, free, summer vacation, we wish to speak a few words of advice and exhortation to our contributors. In the first place we would most warmly urge those who intend to submit pieces for insertion in the October number of the LIT. to not only begin, but finish them before returning to college in the fall. The competition for this number, especially in the junior class, is extremely heavy, but not usually of very good quality—which last fact is, of course, due to the hurried composition of the essays in a week or two at the commencement of the college year. This fall the time will be even shorter than usual in which to work on pieces after the return to college, as the board, in pursuance of their plan of gradually bringing the date of publication earlier in the month, will call for all articles about the 9th or 10th of October, or even possibly earlier. It will be seen that this will make it next to impossible to submit a thoughtful and polished piece of writing unless most of the work be done during the vacation. It would be well not to lose sight of the fact that original and vigorous thought is the first and highest recommendation in any essay. It is a less great fault to be rugged and even harsh in a successful attempt to express a valuable idea, than to be ever so graceful and harmonious in the setting forth of commonplace or borrowed thought. In view of several recent contributions we would also suggest that allegory is a rather bygone form of literature, and unless penned by the hand of a genius, more ludicrous than edifying. In conclusion we wish to say that the low grade of the competition for the LIT. medal which has made an award impossible for three out of the last four years, is a disgrace to the college, an advertising to the outside world of the lack of ability of the present college generation of writers; and that therefore it is quite within the bounds of possibility that a failure to make an award possible next fall will cause the entire withdrawal of the medal. When the position of honor that this prize holds in college opinion is considered it is inexplicable why the three months of freedom from other work do not bring forth a competition worthy of the college, of the LIT., and of the prize.

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PORTFOLIO.

——Whatever may be our views as to Poe's responsibility for the terrible habit of intemperance which darkened his whole life, and was finally the cause of his death, we can not resist a feeling of sympathy and even of affection for the man, when we read his poetry.

In all those particulars which go to make up a musical poem, Poe was a master. He once said, "The comprehension of sweet sounds is one most indefinite conception." Hence he found the use of rhyme, rhythm, and words which suited sound to sense well fitted to that vague melancholy pleasure in which his soul seemed to revel. When we read his more important poems it is with some indefinable sense of a magician's power at whose summons come the fairest graces of expression,—words from near and words from far, falling at his call, each to its place. Repeat his lines or listen to them repeated, and then you will know that words spoken may be music as truly as words sung.

The most prominent characteristic of his poetry is, however, the vein of melancholy which runs through it all and limits him to so few themes. These themes, being of a sad, hopeless kind, correspond well with his natural dejection, which was deepened by his poverty, the sickness and death of his wife, and other misfortunes. Because of this trait Poe has been compared to Byron, but, though similar to him in his morbidly sensitive temperament and in the ability to express the intense melancholy beauty which was so large a part of his nature, we do not find in his poetry passages of bitter satire and heartless mockery such as give the tinge of misanthropy to so many of Byron's writings.

Poe was not a poet of affection as Longfellow, nor of nature as Bryant, nor of liberty as Whittier, but rather the poet of mystery and gloom. While there are but few of his works which are firmly established in popular esteem, we can safely say that those few are well nigh immortal. The poem of "The Bells," whether taken as a whole or subjected to analysis, when viewed in its true and powerful description whether of outward fact or inward feeling, in its symmetry of construction, in its

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imaginative delicacy and strength, and in its melody of expression, must ever be considered a masterpiece. And "The Raven," which can never die, lives as all lasting things live, not by virtue of meretricious beauty, not by the spell of its dramatic weirdness, but because underneath the strange, wild, dark, yet melodious form of the poet's fancyings is the real experience of the human heart. How better could the new, despairing sorrow of bereavement or the lasting pang of remorse be described than in this its closing verse?—

"And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!" J. C. G.

——The advance that literature and literary taste has made during the last two centuries seems very wonderful. The great masterpieces belong, of course, to all ages, but in the minor literature we may see mirrored, in all their startling originality, the commonplace thoughts and ideas of our forefathers. This startling originality was brought strongly before me the other day by the discovery among some old traps of a dusty little volume. There is a subtle fascination that lurks in the brown covers and worm-eaten pages of old books—a fascination that lures one on until he finds himself reveling in wonderfully constructed sentences of doubtful meaning, or laughing in spite of himself at some stock joke that brought tears to the eyes of his grandsires. John Pomfret, however, had written these long forgotten poems with no intention of making his readers laugh, for even from the title page there is a spirit of earnest sincerity that may, in some measure, compensate for the bad meter and singular ideas. A warm admirer who styles himself "Philalethes," opens the book with a short life of the author, who, we learn, was a quiet country clergyman living in England at the end of the seventeenth century. His own preface follows, containing his reasons for writing—love of the pastime and a hope to do others some good; but no thought of fame, as we can easily see from the first poem, "The Choice," in which he expresses his views on happiness. A very cheap happiness it seems to our modern minds, teeming with visions of fabulous wealth or world-wide fame, as all he desires is comprised in a quiet country house, a few friends, some books, and a little vault,

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"always stor'd
With the best wines each vintage could afford."

In this strain, but on a wide range of subjects, including some unfortunate attempts to imitate Vergil, the book proceeds until we reach what to my mind is the most interesting piece of all—an essay "On the General Conflagration and Ensuing Judgment," a subject that, in spite of its loftiness, Pomfret is not at all afraid to attempt. Countless are the woes foretold to sinful mortals and manifold the changes on the face of nature as the sun turns to darkness and the moon to blood. Death gives up his sceptre; the wicked are condemned, and the righteous listen to the recital of their rewards, until the climax is reached in a whirl of bad poetry and confused ideas:

"The final sentence pass'd, a dreadful cloud
Inclosing all the miserable crowd,
A mighty hurricane of thunder rose,
And hurl'd 'em all into a lake of fire
Which never, never, never, can expire,
The vast abyss of endless woes;
Whilst with their God the righteous mount on high,
In glorious triumph passing thro' the sky
To joys immense, and everlasting ecstasy."

This is his highest flight, and from it we pass rapidly to the end, through a few epistles and another "essay" or two. It is a very queer little volume, but well worthy of more than a superficial glance, for it serves as an illustration of the way that our ancestors combined serious thinking with their lighter, gayer feelings. E. L. P.

——More famous women have lived than Catalina de Erauso, the Spanish Military Nun, but none whose story is more extraordinary. Merely to say in starting that she was a brigand is surely enough to excite some interest in her, for female outlaws are not numerous. The walls of a cloister were too narrow for her restless, fiery spirit, and about the year 1607, when fifteen years old, she ran away from a convent in northern Spain, and going to a wood, changed her petticoats into a pair of trousers, and was ready to start on her adventures. Sailing to South America she enlisted in the Spanish army. When off duty, gambling, stabbing and robbing were her chief pastimes. One of her curious caprices was by every art to gain the affection of a young lady and then to disappear before the marriage-day, leaving the poor deluded girl to wonder what had become of her lover. But De Quincey, in his sketch of her, gives another version of her love episodes.

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He says that a young lady named Juana *fell* in love with this handsome young soldier, who took pity on her and was very kind, and one day Juana's mother found Catalina with her arm about her daughter's waist. Catalina murmured something about "fraternal affection," but failing in her excuses allowed herself to be installed as Juana's lover, and waited till her usual good luck came to her aid.

Finally she was obliged to disclose her identity, and was sent back to Europe, where she was welcomed with intense interest and enthusiasm by all classes. The Pope forgave her offenses and allowed her to wear male attire the rest of her life. After ten restless years in Europe she sailed again to America, and on landing at Vera Cruz suddenly disappeared, and no one ever knew what had become of this strange, impassioned woman.

The interest which I feel in Catalina is not alone the interest which almost every one takes in the story of a brigand, but is largely composed of sympathy and pity. Her story—and, alas! it is a too frequent story in the case of boys—is that of a person of strong will and fiery passions whom circumstances left to fight for herself among a lawless set of companions. Had she spent her youthful days in a civilized community and turned her energy into channels of usefulness to her country, she would doubtless be far more famous now, for she had great intellectual endowments—as her autobiography written in pure classic Spanish shows—and distinguished herself as an able woman in whatever she undertook. B. R. A.

——Whatever we meet with constantly in our readings, be it a human character or a great city, a mountain or a river, comes in time to be familiar to us, and we almost feel as if we were acquainted with it in all its reality. Considered in this light I can say with truth that I know the Yarrow. In my mind I can see it the very image of silence as it flows slowly and tranquilly on its way. No sheltering trees rise gracefully from its margin, no towering hill or crag breaks the sameness of the landscape, but from either shore rise the broad, undulating braes, bounded only by the horizon. And yet with all its monotony and loneliness it is beautiful. Such is the picture of that famous stream which has inspired the songs of so many poets.

As might be implied from this description the Vale of Yarrow is a vale of sadness, for the songs of the Yarrow are the most tragic and poetic in the Scottish literature. The poets of

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Scotland have loved to picture in their verse the scenery of their native land, and have given to every mountain and river an individual character of its own. The Tweed is the river of love; the Yarrow the river of sorrow. To the latter Wordsworth addressed the well known lines:

"Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy,
And grace of forest charms decayed,
A pastoral melancholy."

In such guise the Yarrow has assumed a definite place in literature, and the fame of its beauty has spread far and wide. But the bards of the North, on account of their strong enthusiasm for their native land, have been suspected of exaggerating the beauties of nature; consequently an English poet, unwilling to visit what he feared might be a disappointing reality, expressed the wish,

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown;
It must, or we shall rue it;
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?"

Around the Yarrow, adding greatly to its natural attractions, are clustered many stories and traditions of earlier ages; for on its banks are laid the scenes of the saddest and most pathetic of the ballads of Scotland. There dwelt the "Flower of Yarrow" and her warlike spouse, and there too were fought many of the bloody battles between the hardy border families, the ruins of whose strongholds still remain to increase the mournfulness of the surrounding scenery.

However, the Yarrow is fair and beautiful in itself, so fair indeed, that when Wordsworth at length saw it gliding before him, he acknowledged that nature's picture was lovelier than the vision he had formed. Therefore it needed no traditions of the past to move one of Yarrow's poets to the following tribute of his affection:

"Oh Yarrow! garlanded with rhyme,
That clothes thee in a mournful glory,
Though sunsets of an elder time
Had never crowned thee with a story,
Still would I wander by thy stream,
Still listen to the lonely singing,
That gives me back the golden dream
Through which old echoes yet are ringing.
Love's sunshine, sorrow's bitter blast,
Dear Yarrow, we have seen together,
For years have come and years have passed
Since first we met upon the heather.

P. T. S.

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MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The Spring Regatta

Was held at Lake Saltonstall, May 21. The single scull race for the Cleveland cup was won by A. R. Pennell, '87. Course, 1½ miles with turn. Time, 12 m. ½ sec. Dunham club single scull race, 1 mile with turn, won by H. W. Vernon, '89. Time, 9 m. 38⅘ sec. Four-oared barge race between crews from D. K. E. and Psi U. resulted in a tie. Four-oared barge race between Fat Men and Lean Men, won by the latter. Two mile straight-away for class crews, won by '89; time, 10 m. 29½ sec., lowering Saltonstall record by 1 m. 4½ sec.

Yale vs. Columbia,

At Staten Island, May 21:

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Yale,	7	1	1	5	2	4	*	—20
Columbia,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 1

Time of game, 2 hours and 10 minutes. Earned runs, Yale, 3. Two-base hits, Noyes, Spencer, 2. Three-base hits, Noyes, Hunt, Spencer. Base on balls, Yale, 6; Columbia 2. Bases on errors, Columbia 1; Yale 4. Struck out, by Edwards 2; Cooper 1; Stagg 7. Passed balls, Dann 3; LaMarche, 15. Wild pitches, Stagg 1; Edwards 5. Umpire, Mr. Fulmer.

Junior Society Elections

Were given out Tuesday, May 25. The following men were elected:

PSI U.

H. C. Atkins, Indianapolis, Ind.	H. E. Mason, Chicago, Ill.
A. P. Austin, Philadelphia, Pa.	A. H. Mosle, New York City.
D. McL. Barstow, Flushing, N. Y.	E. L. Parsons, New Rochelle, N. Y.
J. W. Beckwith, Chicago, Ill.	G. B. Pike, Middletown.
W. S. Brewster, Brooklyn, N. Y.	Gifford Pinchot, New York City.
George Coggill, New York City.	H. S. Robinson, Hartford.
A. St. C. Cook, Hartford.	W. H. Rockwell, New York City.
W. H. Corbin, Hartford.	J. G. Rogers, Chicago, Ill.
T. E. Donnelly, Chicago, Ill.	R. O. Rogers, Scarborough, N. Y.
R. F. Griggs, Waterbury.	H. W. Vernon, Brooklyn, N. Y.
R. W. Huntington, Jr., Hartford.	L. S. Welch, Hartford.
C. S. King, Wabash, Ind.	P. P. Wells, Louisville, Ky.
H. L. Magruder, Chicago, Ill.	Horace Wylie, Washington, D. C.

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DELTA KAPPA EPSILON.

W. L. Armstrong, Cleveland, Ohio.
C. T. Brooks, Salem, Ohio.
T. W. Buchanan, Albany, Vt.
Augustus Coburn, Indianapolis, Ind.
E. H. Dupee, Chicago, Ill.
J. G. Ewing, Harrisburg, Pa.
S. H. Fisher, Cincinnati, Ohio.
L. J. Francke, New York City.
J. R. Galt, Newburgh, N. Y.
C. O. Gill, Orange, N. J.
Robert Hartshorne, Highlands, N. J.
Howland Hoadley, New York City.
L. L. Hull, Cincinnati, Ohio.
J. S. Huntington, Jr., Old Lyme.
C. C. G. Lane, Sandusky, Ohio.
J. W. Lucas, Philadelphia, Pa.
J. S. McMahon, Dayton, Ohio.
W. E. Merrifield, New York City.
J. F. A. Merrill, Portland, Me.
W. C. Moore, New York City.
H. F. Noyes, Georgetown, Mass.
H. J. Sage, Cincinnati, Ohio.
W. D. Sawyer, Dover, N. H.
T. G. Shearman, London, Eng.
C. H. Sherrill, Jr., Washington, D. C.
S. L. Smith, Cleveland, Ohio.
H. S. Stokes, Detroit, Mich.
John Underhill, Bath, N. Y.
H. F. Walker, Detroit, Mich.
T. P. Waring, Savannah, Ga.
DeWitt C. West, Lowville, N. Y.

Speakers for the DeForest Medal

Are as follows:—H. Perkins, Johnson, Beard, Phelps, Peet, Bennetto.

Senior Society Elections

Were given on the campus May 26.

SKULL AND BONES.

Name	*Given by*
O. S. Isbell,	O. G. Jennings.
G. M. Gill.	John Bennetto.
F. P. Solley,	C. L. Hare.
S. S. B. Roby,	W. L. Thacher.
F. A. Stevenson,	A. B. Coxe.
J. H. McMillan,	G. G. Haven, Jr.
D. W. Morison,	W. B. Kendall, Jr.
R. M. Hurd,	J. N. Pomeroy.
H. L. Stimson,	William Kent.
Irving Fisher,	R. N. Corwin.
H. W. Cooley,	W. H. Cowles.
M. R. Waite, Jr.,	John Rogers, Jr.
S. J. Walker,	Samuel Knight.
A. A. Stagg,	W. B. Sheppard.
W. H. Seward, Jr.,	W. R. Douglass.

SCROLL AND KEY.

Name	*Given by*
F. L. Woodward,	G. S. Woodward.
E. C. Fellowes,	C. P. Anderson.
H. R. Griffith,	A. R. Pritchard.
C. B. McConkey,	C. T. Morse.
J. F. Carter,	C. H. Ludington, Jr.
T. E. Ripley,	W. B. Chambers.
Harry Beecher,	J. M. Gillespie.
J. O. Heyworth,	Fred Sprague.
C. H. Brigham,	G. H. Young.
Chas. Neave,	H. F. Perkins.
Edmund Allen,	W. S. Brigham.
W. B. Brinsmade,	C. M. Hinkle.
Arthur White,	J. R. Sheffield.
Edwin Parsons,	F. S. Chase.
F. W. Wallace,	R. I. Jenks.

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The Intercollegiate Games

Were held on the Manhattan Athletic grounds in New York, May 28. Yale was an easy victor, winning six first prizes and four seconds, as follows:—100 yards dash, Sherrill, '89; time, 10⅗ sec. Mile run, Harmar, '90; time, 4 m. 36⅘ sec., breaking the Yale record by ⅘ sec. 120 yards hurdle race, Ludington, '87; time, 17⅘ sec. Broad jump, Shearman, '89; distance, 21 ft. 7½ in., breaking the record by 3¾ in. Throwing the hammer, Coxe, '87; distance, 98 ft. 8 in., breaking the record by 2 ft. 9 in. Putting the shot, Coxe, '87; distance, 40 ft. 9½ in., breaking the record by 8 in. Robinson, '90, was second in the 220 yards dash; Berger, '88 S., in the hurdle; Robinson, '90, in the broad jump; Shearman, '89, in the pole vault.

Athletic Team Captain.

W. G. Lane, '88, was elected captain of the Athletic Team for next year.

Yale vs. Princeton

At the Field, June 4th.

YALE.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stagg, p.,	5	3	2	2	1	12	0
Kellogg, l. f.,	5	2	2	3	0	0	0
Noyes, s. s.,	4	3	2	2	0	2	0
Hunt, c. f.,	4	1	1	1	2	0	0
Dann, c.,	5	1	1	2	10	3	0
Cross, 3 b.,	5	1	1	1	0	1	0
Spencer, 1 b.,	4	1	1	3	8	0	0
Stewart, 2 b.,	2	2	1	1	5	1	0
McClintock, r.f.,	4	1	1	1	1	0	0
Totals, . .	38	15	12	16	27	19	0

PRINCETON.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Price, s. s.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	1
Reynolds, l.f., 2b.,	3	0	0	0	2	0	1
Evans, c. f.,	3	0	1	1	4	0	0
Mercur, p., l. f.,	2	0	0	0	0	8	1
Wagenhurst, 3b.,	3	0	0	0	3	0	1
Larkin, 1 b.,	3	0	0	0	7	0	0
Brownlee, c.,	3	0	0	0	6	2	1
Durell, r. f.,	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
King, 2 b., p.,	3	0	0	0	1	2	1
Totals, . .	27	0	1	1	24	12	6

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Yale, . . .	0	1	0	0	4	7	3	0	x—15
Princeton, .	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0— 0

Earned runs, Yale 4; struck out, Yale 4, Princeton 11; base on balls, Yale 7, Princeton 1; wild pitches, Mercur 1, King 1; passed balls, Brownlee 8; two-base hits, Kellogg, Dann; three-base hit, Spencer; umpire, Mr. Eagan; time of game, 2 hours, 15 minutes.

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Yale vs. Harvard

At Cambridge, June 8th.

YALE.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Stagg, 1,	4	2	2	2	1	8	0
Kellogg, 9,	4	2	2	2	0	0	0
Noyes, 6,	4	0	0	0	0	4	1
Hunt, 8,	4	1	2	3	6	0	0
Spencer, 3,	3	0	0	0	6	0	0
Dann, 2,	4	0	0	0	10	2	1
Cross, 7,	4	0	1	2	2	0	1
McConkey, 4,	4	0	0	0	2	1	0
Stewart, 5,	3	0	0	0	0	1	0
Totals, . .	34	5	7	9	27	16	3

HARVARD.	A.B.	R.	IB.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Weistling, 6,	5	1	1	1	2	2	0
Foster, 7,	4	0	1	1	3	0	0
Campbell, 5,	5	0	1	1	2	1	1
Willard, 3,	4	1	1	3	9	0	2
Henshaw, 2,	5	1	1	1	7	2	0
Boyden, 8,	4	1	1	1	1	0	1
Bingham, 1,	4	1	3	3	0	6	0
Mumford, 2,	4	2	0	0	1	4	1
Linn, 9,	3	0	1	2	2	0	1
Totals, . .	38	7	10	13	27	15	6

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Yale, . .	0	1	2	0	2	0	0	0	0	— 5
Harvard, . .	0	4	0	0	0	2	0	0	1	— 7

Two-base hits, Hunt, Cross, Linn; three-base hit, Williard; struck out Yale 7, Harvard 5; base on balls, Yale 1, Harvard 4; double play, Dann and McConkey; umpire, Fulmer; time of game, 2 hours and a half.

Commencement Appointments.

The appointments for the Commencement exercises are as follows: T. H. Curtis, New Haven, "Valedictory Oration." C. L. Brownson, New Canaan, "Latin Salutatory." G. H. Beard, Chicago; C. L. Bliss, Newburyport, Mass.; J. C. Diehl, Erie, Penn.; J. H. Kirkham, Newington; Y. P. Lee, Fragrant Hills, China; C. T. Morse, Chicago; W. L. Phelps, New Haven; J. N. Pomeroy, San Francisco; J. G. Rosenzweig, Erie, Penn.; F. R. Whittlesey, Southington, Commencement speakers.

Yale, '90 vs. Harvard, '90

At the Field, June 8th.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Yale, '90, .	2	0	0	0	0	2	1	5	x	—10
Harvard, '90, .	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	— 2

Earned runs, Yale 1, Harvard 1; base on balls, Harvard 4, Yale 3: two-base hits, Yale 3 (McClintock, Traver and Strait); passed balls, Young 8, Day 1. Umpire, Mr. Eagan. Time of game, 2 hours and 25 minutes.

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BOOK NOTICES.

"*Beauchamp's Career.*" By George Meredith. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Price, $2.00. For sale by Judd.

It is with no small hesitation that we attempt to notice the work of an intellectual giant like George Meredith. It will be one of the reproaches of our day that we have not more generally or more fully appreciated the work of this man, the greatest novelist, in our opinion, who has written in the English language since the death of Thackeray—certainly with the exception of George Eliot—and who has produced more genius-touched books and less of mediocrity than any other prose writer of the century. For Mr. Meredith has not been a rapid or prolific writer, preferring to devote all the time necessary to his eight novels and his few shorter stories. And the result has appeared in his last book, "Diana of the Crossways," of which it is hard, in the enthusiasm of a recent reading of it, to speak coolly. That novel has at last forced England and America into an appreciation of this man's wonderful genius, and just as he is living out the close of his life, his work over, he is seeing the fame so long denied him coming within his grasp. We do not believe that George Meredith will ever be a favorite author of the public which clamor for Rider Haggard and the summer novel, but we also do not believe that any writer of fiction has ever gained for himself a warmer place in the affection and admiration of those who can appreciate him, than George Meredith is destined to hold before the close of this century. Of the volume in the excellent edition of his works which Roberts Brothers are issuing which is lying before us, we can only say, that while it is not by any means Mr. Meredith's finest work, yet it could not possibly have been written by any other living writer. It is a book that once read can no more be forgotten or lie uninfluencing in the mind than *Pendennis* or *Romola* or *A Tale of Two Cities.* H. R. G.

Katia. By Count Lyof Tolstoi. New York: William S. Gottsberger & Co.

In his divided interest between social reform and novel writing, Count Tolstoi furnishes another example of the common truth that men can but rarely judge in which of two or more lines of work they are accomplishing the most, either for themselves or for the world. To Count Tolstoi his practical work among the peasants is, together with the teaching of his doctrine of social needs and remedies, the all-important work of his life, and his novels are but diversions. The world, however, has another standard, and while criticising many of his social endeavors as unpractical, misdirected and ineffective, it welcomes eagerly the contributions of his genius, and pronounces him the greatest of Russian novelists. He has given us already, in the dozen odd books with which the English-speaking public have become acquainted, descriptions of his social theories, and brilliantly realistic views of Russian life, past and present, and now in "Katia" he presents us with a charmingly simple picture of domestic life. Sweet and tender, it reminds one of such works as "Picciola" or "Paul and Virginia"

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or "Undine." With its graceful delicacy of touch and gentle yet deep sentiment, it is of too fine an essence to be described in words. It only tells the inner romance of an outwardly happy married life. It only tells of the birth of a first love in a young girl's heart, of a misunderstanding with her husband—concealed, but for years a gnawing pain—and of a final understanding and deathless love. Yet all has been so simply and lovingly wrought out that, unconscious of the vehicle in which it was conveyed, we wonder if it is not all real, and then wish with a sigh that there were more people in the world like these creations of the great-hearted Tolstoi.

The Appeal to Life. By Theodore T. Munger. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The art of thinking clearly and connectedly is a rare gift now-a-days. Page after page is written in the attempt to express understandingly a simple thought, and then what is the result? The thinking powers of man, it would seem, are on the wane. But Dr. Munger, in his previous works, has proved himself an exception. His is a forcible, clear and well expressed style, driving thoughts home to us whether we will or no. What kind of a book, then, is this we have here? Let us open and glance at its pages. Sermons! Ah, my reader, thoughts of self-culture are irksome to us. But no wonder the thought of reading sermons is not interesting, judging by those we have heard. Either elaborated discussions of the doctrine of church unity, or of a simple text stretched and distorted from its original meaning, are the sermons of the present day. These here are of no such characteristics. They are pregnant with thoughts, the truths of Christianity. They are different from other sermons in another way, also. Ordinary sermons are deductive, these are inductive, as he says in his cleverly expressed preface. "Particular truths are well enough, but general, wide-reaching facts are much the more preferable." There is one of the sermons particularly worth reading by every one. For this age so full of pessimistic opinions is apt to regard life in a very unfavorable manner. The sermon is called "Life, not Vanity." One sentence in it seems to get at the root of the whole evil. It is: "Analyze man or society and you will find enough evil, but put them together, set man in all his relations, get down to the resultant of the forces of society, and you will catch sight of a total good." Is this not a well-worded thought? It is only one amongst the many which this excellent book contains. B. R. W.

A Tramp Trip. How to see Europe on Fifty cents a Day. By Lee Meriwether. New York: Harper and Brothers. For sale by Judd.

So many are the books about Europe at the present day that the appearance of a new one is hailed, as a rule, with some misgivings as to its usefulness and reason for existence. The title of the book before us, however, is reassuring. The man who can "see Europe on fifty cents a day," may congratulate himself on accomplishing what many thousands of Americans fail to do for ten times that sum. And no one can doubt after reading his book that he has seen Europe, and seen it in a way not only more thorough but infinitely more affective than the average American on his "Grand Tour." Hardships, of course, have to be endured, but the author is a philosopher,

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who laughs at discomforts and makes it his sole object to see as much and learn as much as possible about the countries and peoples he visits. The lower classes especially are those with whom he mingles and sympathizes, and that in a way which makes him their friend and confidant. The inside view of their modes of living thus obtained he portrays most vivaciously and accurately. Indeed so deep does he go into this branch of his subject that his book might almost be called "A Practical Glance at the Labor Problem." Statistics, very interesting in their way, are given of the earnings and cost of living of laborers in all parts of Europe, and the author takes the occasion in conclusion to advocate as a remedy for social ills, universal Free Trade.

A Year Worth Living. By Wm. M. Baker. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The history of a townspeople, carefully studied and interestingly narrated, is the subject of Mr. Baker's new book. To be presented with something new in the way of personality in place of character, such as is strikingly here depicted, is always very gratifying to even a casual reader, and to those who have the time and interest to read a really large number of the novels which are constantly making their appearance, Mr. Baker's book will commend itself for originality of purpose and conception. There is no character unknown to us indirectly in some connection or other, yet the circumstances under which they are placed bring them out in a new light which is positively refreshing. The result of climate on the human character is the strong motive in the description of a people, who are treated individually and as a community by themselves. Particularly happy is the author in some of his descriptive paragraphs. A stormy night spent upon an old seagoing steamer, whose days may be said to have been numbered, is wonderfully well appreciated by the writer. It is a characteristically written chapter, abounding in clever touches. One feature is of especial merit. Although in almost every case the particular personality of a character in question is strongly dealt with and carried out in all its essentials, yet it is done with such relief as never to become monotonous. The reader will unhesitatingly concur with the author that it has been a Life Worth Living. W. B. G.

The Phillips Exeter Lectures. By Presidents McCosh, Walker, Bartlett, Robinson, Porter and Carter, and Rev. Drs. Hale and Brooks. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, $1.50. For sale by Peck.

This volume contains some of the lectures delivered before the students of Phillips Exeter Academy during the year 1885–1886. The list of names and subjects will alone be sufficient to rouse much interest in this publication especially, it is to be hoped, among college students, inasmuch as the Presidents of six colleges are contributors to this series. The subjects treated are such as to be worthy of careful attention by college men as well as by the students of a preparatory school, including, as they do, such topics as "The Sentiment of Reverence," "Socialism," "The Ideal Scholar," "Physical, Mental and Spiritual Exercises," "The Spontaneous Element in Scholarship," etc. This book may seem to labor under the disadvantage of being a collection of lectures upon widely differing and disconnected subjects, but, considered a little more carefully, the essential unity of the whole

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will be understood and it will be perceived to be consistent and interdependent, inasmuch as every lecture treats of some phase of the development of the Mind, Body and Soul of a young man.

The Story of Assyria. By Mme. Zenaïde A. Ragozin. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50. For sale by Judd.

The cry of the times is for conciseness in writing. To be sure even in novels, essays, etc., it is a great advantage, but in the fields of science and history, where everything, down to the most petty minutiæ, is analyzed and commented upon, it is an almost impossible endeavor. Thus a historian is expected to fulfill both these demands, and what in former times was a comparatively easy thing,—the mere joining together of facts,—has now become one of the most difficult problems the present age offers.

A historian also must possess talents capable of a diligent research, and also of powers able to arrange and mould the cumbersome form of his subject-matter into one at the same time possessing clearness, conciseness and polish.

Mme. Ragozin has done the work of the especially difficult task she had in hand in a manner deserving of the highest praise. This history of hers on Assyria, perhaps, would not be called an exhaustive treatise of the subject, nor does it pretend to be one. Its object was to cast light upon the beginnings and early history of a once famous empire, an empire which few now could even locate. Those who read the book feel as they proceed that it is the hand of no mean master who has shaped its pages, but a person clearly and understandingly talking about a matter with which she was perfectly familiar. This is the highest praise that Mme. Ragozin could receive, for being familiar with a subject like this, pre-supposes a woman of remarkable intelligence and intellect. B. R. W.

Zury; the Meanest Man in Spring County. A novel of western life. By Joseph Kirkland. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50. For sale by Judd.

There is about this novel a very strong local flavor imparted chiefly by the dialect, but admirably enforced by touches of description and character-drawing. The style is almost conversational, the characters being allowed to portray themselves through their own sayings as the story advances, rather than being analyzed and distinctly depicted. The main interest centers about two figures, "the meanest man in Spring County," and the heroine of the story, "Anne Sparrow." For these leading characters one can hardly fail to feel a genuine interest, but as for the subordinate personages, although well portrayed, they are neither attractive or interesting people. In power and a certain animation and interest "Zury" stands forth as a remarkable exception to the common run of western novels, the literary quality of which is apt to be disappointing.

Memorials of a Half-Century. By Bela Hubbard. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale by Judd.

This is a book full of the flavor of old-time reminiscences. Embodying, as it does, the observations and reflections of a life-time, it gives in palpable form the inner history of the changes in the aspect of the country and in the

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climate noted by the author during his fifty years' residence on the outskirts of Detroit. The work has four subdivisions which will sufficiently indicate its scope. "Scenery and Description," "Historical and Antiquarian," "Fauna and Flora," and "Climatology." It is a collection of notes, descriptive of the civil, natural and social features of a district, which although chiefly of local interest are not without value to the country at large.

TO BE REVIEWED.

Sabina Zembra. By William Black. Harper & Bros.

ACKNOWLEDGED.

Papers of the American Historical Association. Vol. II, No. 3. William Usselrix. By J. Franklin Jameson, Ph.D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00. For sale by Judd.

Murder as a Fine Art. The English Mail Coach. By Thomas DeQuincey. Cassell's National Library.

Natural History of Lilborne. By Rev. S. White. Cassell's National Library.

Trips to the Moon. By Lucian. Cassell's National Library.

Plutarch's Lives of Cato the Younger, Agis Cleomenes, and the Gracchi. Cassell's National Library.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

When I entered the study for the last time before vacation, I found the Saint in great glee, walking up and down with his hands in his pockets, and whistling his happiness that all might hear. He told me he was feeling happy for the first time in a year, because he was going to be free for three months from reading exchanges and contributions. He said to me: "My boy! you are still young, and have only begun to find out the wretchedness, the dreariness of reading undergraduate writing. For one gem you come across in a month, you must wade through pages of nude thought, poorly expressed; and in a year, a month, or even a week, you will find lots of new pieces on the same old subjects your fathers wrote about when in college. A stand-by is very well in its way, but when you have—like me—read 1376 essays on George Eliot, and as many more on Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and as it seems now even Howells, you will then, like me, cry out 'enough!' And the prospect of a near vacation will so cheer and encourage you, that even if you don't whistle as you found me doing, you will show your joy by betting recklessly that Harvard will not score in

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the Cambridge game, or something equally foolish." I was not altogether pleased with the old man's sweeping denunciations of college writing; and so I attempted to stand up for the old subjects he had mentioned by saying that it was no doubt true that many of these subjects were much written on, but that only proved them the better subjects, and then there was always the chance of some new light being thrown on old subjects, however threadbare. The Saint gave a smile of superior wisdom and said: "Your argument would be very good considered apart from the facts, but the facts show that all college writers think just about so far into a subject and then stop; so there is seldom a chance for new light to be thrown upon them; and as for their being good subjects; that in no way invalidates what I have said about their being too much written upon. Then there are the stories! How often do I come across anything new in that line? Almost never! The plots have been used over again till they are so worn out and weak that they are scarcely able to stand, even though very finely gotten up and supported by all kinds of patent devices. There is no one like your young writer for taking a fine melancholy view of life. His stories are love stories, and all tell of 'blighted' affections and broken hearts; seldom looking upon that bright and cheery side of life which he would find to be by far the largest if he would but look at it so." The old man had been quite carried away by his own remarks, and continued to walk up and down excitedly, as I turned my attention to the much abused and long suffering exchanges.

The *Dartmouth Lit.* fell first into my hands, and struck me as not being up to the standard which that excellent magazine usually keeps. An article on the "Poverty of American Thought" takes the view that Americans, owing to their habits of haste and hurry, do not take time to think deeply into matters! but it says that in times of danger and necessity the nation rises to the occasion and meets the needs of the moment with profound wisdom—a thing sufficiently disproved, we might think, by the actions of Congress during and after the late war.—The writer's first point is well taken. Another article criticises the great journals of to-day for the indecency of much that they contain; and contrasts them with the *Spectator*, a model for newspapers in its way. The following poem from that magazine is rather good:

EVENING.

To eastward, o'er the green, long shadows creep,
The sunlight steals from vales in quiet sleep
To crown with mellow glow and tints, so deep,
The distant height.

The night breeze, rising, hastens on apace;
It fans with cooling breath all Nature's face;
Low vespers float from quiet dells, through space,
In upward flight.

Her trailing robes of light Day closer twines;
She sinks in glory o'er the distant pines,
And from her warm embrace the world consigns
To arms of Night. —*Dartmouth Lit.*

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"English Philanthropy," the leader in the *Williams Lit.* for June, is a carefully written historical sketch of the rise of public opinion on the subject of a Christian treatment of the poor and prisoners. The trouble with it is that it is too statistical, and does not attempt enough to group its facts. "A Clerical mistake" is quite a good story of the blunders arising from one man's trying to woo, by proxy, the sister of the girl the other man loved. "The French Markets of New Orleans" is the best thing in the number; it is a sprightly, effective description of the old Creole city in the early morning hours, before the heat of the day.

WITH DYING LIGHT.

With dying light, all in the west,
The weary moon hath sunk to rest
Beneath the shadow of the hills,
Lulled by the murmur of the rills,
An orison that seemeth best.

Love waneth in my love's fair breast,
Of fancies sweet the favored nest,
And, fading fast, my sad heart fills
With dying light.

No room is there for quip and jest;
Flown in the night are all things best,
When love its vesper hymn now stills
And darkening cloud the vista chills
In shadows that my sight invest
With dying light. —*Williams Lit.*

The leader for the May number of the *Nassau Lit.* is a temperance sermon entitled "Bacchus." It takes one of the old myths of the god of wine, and by slightly altering and warping it, it transforms the story into a pretty good total abstinence discourse; but we would ask of the *Lit.*, is such sermonizing literature? "The Sunk Mine" is a story in the same number, well enough told, but, unfortunately, like too many other stories, too well known in its main outlines to be wholly surprising. The article which challenges most attention is one called "Shall Princeton become a University?" It endeavors to arouse in the undergraduate mind of our sister college some appreciation of the vast array of reasons why Princeton should become a University. The undergraduate is after all the truest conservative, and is here represented as hanging back from taking the necessary step in advance.

THE ROSENGARTEN.

At evening, when the sun has gone to rest,
When Botzen's vale has lost each lingering ray,
The lovely Rosengarten's golden crest
Still keeps the gladness of departed day.

Its face, illumined by the after-glow,
Sheds a soft light upon the darkened vale;
The sun, though lost to all the town below,
Still holds the lofty mountain in its pale.

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So, when the day of early joy shall fade,
If still we keep a cheerful after-glow,
Then will youth's memories pierce the growing shade,
And from that light our lives the brighter grow.
—*Nassau Lit.*

The *Amherst Lit.* opens with a character sketch called "Matris Amore." It is pretty well done, and keeps the interest and attention while describing the person under treatment. "A Social Club" is an example of the allegorical tendency we have noticed lately in a number of pieces. It seems to us bad, and unworthy the attention of a serious writer.

The following from the *Williams Weekly* is rather a good take-off on Browning's ultra style:

A POEM IN BROWNINGESQUE.

Who, which, when the coming not mangled an apple,
But wildly she hissed "Whoop-la, tra-la-loo!"
Augustus Ben Johnson the soup cannot foretell
Hell's damnable combobulation crushing,
Shrieks: Jack-pots-Alack-Ultimum-Esto—. Farewell.
—*Williams Weekly.*

We have previously spoken of the pleasing verses often to be found in the *Tablet;* the following is very smooth and musical, and up to the standard:

SERENADE.

O broad Moon! June Moon!
Shine on the silver sea.
O broad Moon! June Moon!
Smile on my loved one and me.
Through warm-breathed tangle of tree and vine
Where over the brook the wild grapes twine,
Glide and shine, sleepily shine,
While perfumes roll up that are sweeter than wine,
All, sweetheart, for thee!

O Fire-fly, Fire-fly,
Floating the meadow above,
O Fire-fly, Fire-fly,
Twinkle for me and my love.
Gleaming bright where the shade is deep,
Flashing light upon pools that sleep,
Slowly sweep down from the steep
And bury thy light amid grasses that weep—
She is sleeping, my dove! —*Trinity Tablet.*

The Harvard papers are always sure to contain some fine verses and the *Advocate* is no exception as shown by the two following. The last we think particularly good.

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D'APRÈS LAMARTINE.

The Book of life is the Book supreme,
We cannot open it nor close it as we choose;
The sweetest passage can be read but once,
The page turns o'er, and doth a second glance refuse.
Would we read o'er where our love written stands
The page whereon we die is trembling in our hands.

A DEAD GIRL.

What had death to do with her,
With her innocent, laughing eyes
And her quiet curving lips
With their softly spoke replies?

Had she but sidewise glanced,
But sidewise glanced and smiled
With a sunbeam on her hair,
Even death had been beguiled.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

The following from the *Harvard Monthly* will do extremely well as a closing piece, being one of the happiest among the present exchanges.

NATURE'S POEM.

Dame Nature once in God-like mood
Was with poetic fire imbued;
So, calling to her aid each Grace
That lived in secret woody place,
She robbed the roses of their hues,
She stole the freshness of the dews,
Their purity from lilies took,
Their perfumes from the violets shook;—
And thus with her wild offspring's aid
Was Nature's perfect poem made.

Such grace it had she could not bear
To see it lying lifeless there,—
With glowing breath she made it human,
And called her fairest poem Woman.

—*Harvard Monthly.*

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YALE LIT. ADVERTISER.

Supplement to] *JUNE, 1887.* [*Vol. LII*

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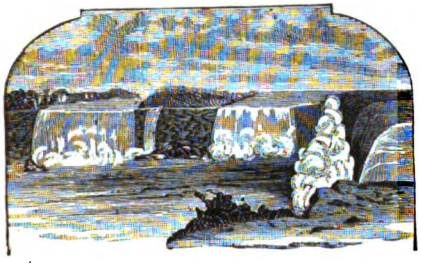
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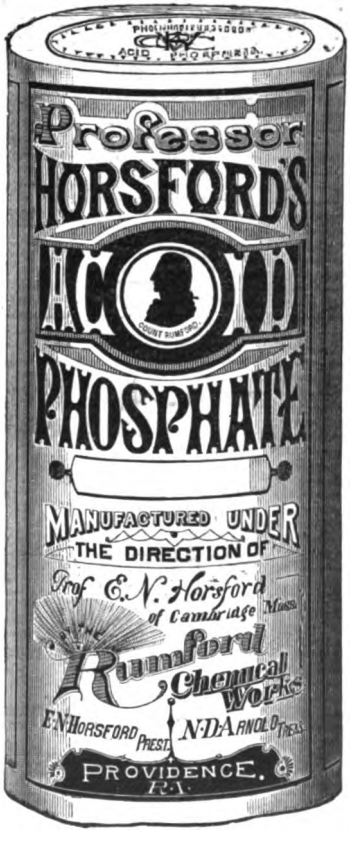
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